NEW · LETTERS OF AN · IDLE · MAN

H · J · Warner

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NEW LETTERS OF AN IDLE MAN

NEW LETTERS OF AN IDLE MAN

BY

HERMANN JACKSON WARNER

AUTHOR OF 'EUROPEAN YEARS'

EDITED BY

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

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EDITORIAL NOTE

The volume published last year under the title *European Years*,—a collection of letters written by an American gentleman during a residence of forty years abroad at the end of the last century,—found its friends, and occasioned besides some rummaging in old desks for more by the same hand. One cabinet gave up a packet which has the merit of filling the gaps of the first volume,—whole years and voyages whose record the undiscriminating hand of time had apparently destroyed. The material here is therefore new; but the personal touch of the writer is the same, with the power to engage us in his little affairs of the moment, his blend of seriousness and triviality, his stout independence of view, and—notwithstanding ebullitions and explosions—his good nature in a very trying and impenetrable world. The collection is slightly different from the preceding in tone, and illustrates the subtle way in which a letter-writer responds to his invisible correspondent by an unconscious mood in himself, pre-established by 'auld acquaintance'; this packet is of a lighter sort, is more indulgent to whim and weariness, and an etymological interest takes the place of political economy.

There is no need now to introduce the writer; the brand is known,—the soundness of the grape and the fragrance of the vintage; and he has given his name to it. The 'Idle Man' has bestirred himself, and declares his authorship. Anonymity may be a burden, and as usual soon proved to be a useless one. It is time, therefore, for the editor to leave the scene; his part, at best, was only that of an old hand at print; and he withdraws sincerely happy for the accident of life which allowed him to be instrumental in preserving this fragile record of a type which is passing away,—one of the final forms, in the latter days, of that old Puritan stock which was the great tap-root of America.

G. E. W.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

VISITS TO AMERICA

1881–1886

PAGE

A Voyage—Assassination of President Garfield—Lake Mohonk—American Riches—Thirlwall—Boston Scenes—Leslie Stephen—French Travellers — Scherr — Twining's Letters — Colour-words in English and German—Àpropos of the Author's Marriage — Philadelphia — Hawthorne — On Preserving the Language — An Iceberg Scene — Adelsberg — On Meeting People 1

CHAPTER II

JAPAN AND THE FAR EAST

1887–1888

The Pacific Voyage—Yokohama—Miyanoshita—Tokyo—Nikko—Shanghai—Hongkong—Bombay—Darjeeling—Benares—Agra—The Red Sea—Suez—Cairo—Athens . . . 47

CHAPTER III

ITALIAN WINTERS AND GERMAN SUMMERS

1888–1891

Reflections on the Far East—*Bliemchens*—Ibsen—German and American Style—The Japanese Experiment—American Retrogression—Rome in the Sixties—Christmas—The Carnival—George Bradford — Perugia — On Drinking Tea — Middle Names—Lord Dufferin—On American Domestics and Manners—Italian Nerves—The Grand Climacteric—On Tragedy—On 'Taking in a Newspaper'—A Great Snowstorm at Naples—New and Old Harvard—On Habits before Going to Bed—La Cava and the Amalfi Road—Professor Sophocles—German Writers on America—The Temperaments of East and West . 78

CHAPTER IV

THE BAHAMAS AND NEW YORK

1891-1893

PAGE

Arrival—Strolling About—'The Picknickers'—Jeffries' *Story of my Heart*—Fruits and Flowers—Sapodilla, Sugar-apple, Breadfruit, Pawpaw—The Laying of the Cable—Sisal—The Calm of the Buddha—A Pebble in a Pipe—Reminiscences of Norway and Sweden—The Land of the Pink Pearl—Walks, Sailing, and Fishing—An English Colonist—Froude—A Line of Euripides—Newspapers—Bierstadt—An American Type—A Murder in Japan—Return to New York—The Astor Library—The Paston Letters—The High Art of Travel—The Columbus Fêtes—The Lenox Library—The Stock Exchange—Thomas William Parsons 125

CHAPTER V

SWITZERLAND

1893-1894

Lucerne—An International Hotel—The Murder of Carter Harrison—The Tradition of Pontius Pilate—Henry James—John Morley—Francis Parkman—The Boston Latin School—Hamerton—A Play Enacted—English High Churchmen—Socialism—The Passing World—Interlaken—Alger—Seeley's *Goethe*—St. Beatenberg—Thun—Grindelwald—Mürren—Swiss Flowers—Mrs. Ward's *Marcella*—The Swiss Charm—*Nudlmaier à Paris*—Lausanne—Territet—Vevey—Wiesbaden—Oliver Wendell Holmes—Weimar—The Kneipp Cure—On Fads—An American Philanthropist—On Old Houses—The 'Demise of a very Old Friend' 171

CHAPTER VI

ROUNDABOUT JOURNEYS

1895-1898

My Father's Article'—Birrell—Idleness àpropos of Thoreau—'Words, Words, Words'—Ballou's *Equatorial America*—'Hooker's'—More Words—Collectivism—President Cleveland—A University in America—Football at Harvard—Georg Brandes—On Old Age—A Visit to St. Gallen—Boston Lawyers—The Idle Man and his Contemplative Life—The *Appenzeller Mundart*—From Zurich to Lugano—A Stroll about the Streets—A Gale—Lake Como—*La Certosa*—Genoa—Sir George Bowen—A German *Menu*—Carlyle's *Friedrich*—Arrival on the Azure Coast—Surnames—Lamb's and other Letters 230

CHAPTER VII

AN ENGLISH SOJOURN—AND AFTER

1898-1899

PAGE

A French Railway Wreck—The Spanish-American War—Hove and Brighton—Charles Francis Adams and Anti-Imperialism—The Tar-Walk—Still More Words—A Memory of Brunswick, Maine—English Libraries—English Prices—English Monotony — Caedmon's Monument — Adulterated Milk — A Visit to Paris—The *Fundbureau* at Basel—Idling in the Riviera—Julia Ward Howe—John Holmes—Jowett and Freeman—The Powder Explosion at Toulon—Histories of Literature—Mark Twain—A Voyage from Naples to New York . 261

Nicht allen alles, wenn nur einem eins gefällt
Und andern anders, so ist es gut bestellt.

RÜCKERT.

CHAPTER I

VISITS TO AMERICA

1881–1886

A Voyage—Assassination of President Garfield—Lake Mohonk—American Riches—Thirlwall—Boston Scenes—Leslie Stephen—French Travellers—Scherr—Twining's Letters—Colour-words in English and German—Àpropos of the Author's Marriage—Philadelphia—Hawthorne—On Preserving the Language—An Iceberg Scene—Adelsberg—On Meeting People.

Lake Mohonk, New York,
14 *September*, 1881.

My dear H.,—Well, here I am on Lake Mohonk in the Township of New Platz in Ulster County New York. I have been looking forward to a bright and pleasant Summer, and now the bright and pleasant Summer is gone, or nearly gone! Alas! how swiftly the hours fly! and the years! and we are already caducous, at least I am, though I must confess I *can* bound up a mountain with considerable agility in spite of two hundred and nineteen and a half pounds. I should never have fancied that I could have carried over into the Fifties such a reserve of Horse Power; for did I not walk John H. off his feet at Étretat, and with my hands crossed upon my back too, as becometh the serene man! I never could do much in the muscular way, but I can do as much now as I ever could; and a few days ago I slid down a mountain on my beam ends, if I may say so,—the word buttock being obsolete apparently,—and the mountain received no damage.

I had an average passage: one hundred First Class Passengers, mostly bagmen. We had the racks on the table all the way, and once a gale, and really a stiff one; it lasted, however, only twenty hours, but that was long enough to lame every stout man on board except myself, and the shiver of the ship when the waves struck the screw out of water was painful to experience. It was with extreme difficulty one could reach the *Smoke Room*; so-called life-lines were stretched and a few adventurous spirits (including myself) succeeded in the perilous task of getting into it, and the even more perilous task of getting out of it. My neighbour at table however, an Idle Man and also a stout man, returning from a twelve months' cruise in a yacht, received a very bad fall. I had admonished him at lunch to be careful, for the lurch of the ship seemed to me peculiarly severe and dangerous; but after dinner all things are rosy to the yachting spirit, and my neighbour was not sufficiently careful, despising my friendly admonitions as savouring of a preternatural pessimism. He sallied out of the gangway, caught the life-line with a jaunty air—a deadly lurch of the ship, and in a twinkling he was rolling in the scuppers, a moaning mass of fat and froth. His bruises were considerable and he whined like a baby every time he sat down next to me at table.

I picked up a castrated edition of Swift and also one of Johnson at a Railway bookstall in Liverpool; and what time I was not in the Smoke Room I passed recumbent on my *sopha* in the receipt of wisdom, such as it was, from Messrs. Swift and Johnson. But I must confess I got very little satisfaction from these so-called classics. I read *Rasselas* for instance, and Swift's *Journal to Stella*. Rasselas seemed to me insipid: excellent sentiments in a fine round hand as it were, commonplaces in pompous language. And Swift's *Journal to Stella*! what a glutton he must have been, and what a parsimonious old driveller! and of what a besotted life is it the picture,—drink and drunkenness and rottenness are the incessant themes. Swift's style is terse and extremely vigorous; but the *Tale of a Tub* is after all hard reading, and *Gulliver's Travels* at once obscene and unnatural. Swift was a pamphleteer, and a pamphleteer in an age when pamphlets were a power; but what very cold coffee is all political writing after even twenty years, and after two hundred years it is mere gibberish, wholly unintelligible, for it is impossible to catch the spirit of the time, and get hold of the character and aims of its leading men,—in a word, to breathe the atmosphere which Swift breathed in political pot-houses, without long continued and minute study of obscure men and forgotten events. Voltaire was another such pamphleteer, wielding likewise great power in his day, and acquiring a great name which still stands when none I fancy but the curious ever read his books, though I must confess to having been amused by *Candide* and even to having tried to read the *Pucelle*; but that was in the days when I was in the Culture-Business. And now Parton has written his life and I have paid six dollars for it: a Biographical-Dictionary kind of thing enlarged. It is amusing,—the way he contemplates French life from his narrow Yankee standpoint, and is dazed at last by its gay eccentricities: to his apocalyptic vision, it is much of it Scarlet,—mere wantoning of the Beast of Gaul.

And so we steamed on and on through rain and fog, and Arctic cold, until at last we came within sight of the electric lights on Coney Island, shooting up illumination as it were out of abysmal depths of ocean. And finally I was dumped down at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, sweltering with headache and disgust: the mercury marking 90°. I had to stay until the next day. The atmosphere was odious and had a peculiarly depressing effect; I fancied that I should suffocate or at least fall into a cataleptic state; apoplexy perhaps. I did not stir out of the hotel except to crawl round the corner in order to get a supply of tobacco, for I have taken again to a pipe. Cheap cigars in this country are no longer smokable. I once fancied that I could smoke 'two-centers,' but I cannot any more. Pipe smoking is cleaner,—good tobacco leaves no bad taste in the mouth; and I am not sure that I shall not retain the habit, for even in the Fatherland cheap cigars are now bad. Under ten *pfennigs* you get no tobacco in a cigar, as a tradesman there once told me. Good cigars cannot be cheap; and I foresee a general return to the primitive pipe smoked by our Forefathers and Tartars and the like. I had some affairs to arrange in New York, and took up my abode on the Seashore not far off. The shooting of the President, which occurred on the Saturday following my embarkation, had an unpleasant effect on the Stock markets, though by no means so severe at first as might have been expected. It was soon discounted, to use the commercial phrase, but the long sad illness and suffering which followed have created a certain financial depression : thrown a shadow as it were over the immediate future. It is like playing chess in the dark, one cannot see to make a move. It was an afflicting event : for though I have really no knowledge of Garfield, his reputation is that of a most worthy man, and his views upon Civil Service commanded my entire sympathy ; nothing so good was ever broached before by any President, and this President was shot as soon as he had done it. It is not a good omen ; in fact I regard it as quite hopeless to expect reform in this direction. There is no country, I fancy, where the weak are in the hands of the strong as they are in the United States. You see this in all these gigantic combinations of capital, which make a few masters of the many. And in politics it is just the same ; so long as there is money to be made there will be men to make it. There is money to be made in politics in this country, and there is no power or force of any sort to act as a check. The people are in the hands of politicians and they will remain there ; for the people cannot help themselves, though they fancy that they can,—a delusion which is the bulwark of the politicians' omnipotence. These sentiments are not flattering, and I dare say that I shall be reproved for entertaining them ; but it is the first duty of man in general and of the patriot in particular, to form right judgments of the state of his country and of the tendencies of its institutions. Forms of government are to me a matter of indifference, so long as a country is well governed ; and I must frankly confess that experience thus far has not shown the superiority of republican forms. A democracy is just as liable to go wrong and work evil as a monarchy, so far as I can see. I say this with pain, for my bias, the result of education, is in favour of democracy. But think what we will, democracy is to be dominant in the immediate future in Europe as well as here. We must accept it and make what we can of it. It will run its course with the rigour of fate; the outcome of it no man can foresee. In Germany it will result in a modified form of Socialism, and that perhaps in the lifetime of persons now living. The Germans were the first to protest against Catholicism and throw it off; they will be the first to make the State an instrument for the elevation of the labouring class; for mind you, the Social Democracy of Germany is not Communism; it is just the reverse; instead of abolishing the State, it will strengthen it and enlarge its sphere, so as to suppress or at any rate to check the strong, and save the weak from extermination.

From the Seashore I passed up the Hudson River and spent some time in a pretty town on its banks, enjoying the society of a friend whose acquaintance I made in Europe: a young lady with literary proclivities and now wrestling with intermittent malaria and her first novel,—a very acute mind, but discursive, and capricious. She has already written in *Harper's Magazine* and the great New York newspapers, but I do not know whether she will be a *success*. It is very common to find young persons with literary proclivities cherishing an ambition far beyond their faculty; and this young person in particular is possessed of a vaulting ambition. I look upon it as a misfortune and pity her; but she is happy in her illusions, and if she gives herself time and perseveres I dare say she will do something respectable. But the mere fact of being filled with the aspirations of genius is no proof of the possession of genius, though perhaps it is better to have such aspirations than none at all; but I am not sure. The only really happy man or woman seems to me to be the one who can gauge his own faculty; yet very few can do that. And hence perhaps it may be that there are so few happy persons among the educated in this somewhat turbid world.

From the verdant banks of the Hudson and the picturesque slopes of the Catskills I passed on to Cooperstown on Otsego Lake, the home of Cooper. It is a placid Lake, full of fish, and the shores are undulating hillsides. I rowed on the Lake somewhat, that is to say once, and sweated like a porpoise; I even caught fish and fingered dirty worms; but the hotel was odious,—a bastard French cuisine. The house was built for a Seminary and is the oddest building in its internal arrangement, or rather want of arrangement, I ever saw. It will burn up before long I have no doubt, for having stood fifty years it must be ripe for the devouring flame. From Cooperstown I came to this pretty spot: fifteen miles back of Poughkeepsie somewhere, an isolated house on the top of a Mountain with an unpronounceable name. The Lake is merely a picturesque Horse-pond, full of hornpouts and small boats at a quarter of a dollar the hour. The mountain rises up complete in itself so to speak, out of the midst of a valley, and there are really fine views from it in every direction: magnificent slopes, and ridge behind ridge. The landlord is a Quaker and there is neither a Paddy nor a nigger on the place; neither doth he permit a Bar to be kept on his premises; and his cow-bell doth ring at nine in the morning summoning the faithful to prayer. But his table is nice and clean: fruits in profusion: pears, grapes, and peaches in floods thrice daily: wholesome Yankee cooking: and tidy young women for waiters, Americans, lithe and white aproned, quick as a pickerel and sweet tongued as Mother Eve. There is however a *Smoke Room*, where I trace these random lines, with a balcony projecting over the water; and there is a well supplied reading room and a library; and the minerals of the region are carefully displayed in a way to attract minds bent on knowledge. The landlord was formerly in the Educational line, and one sees in all things the influence of his former calling; in fact it was the pedagogic instinct that led him here; and he has really created a pretty place, having brought much ingenuity to bear upon the devising of tortuous paths through the forests up and down the rocky sides of the mountain, and at every point, and there are many, where there is a fine view, erecting rustic arbours where one can rest and enjoy it. This satisfaction, combined with the wholesomeness of his kitchen, keeps his house filled from May to November. Indeed I fancy this house to be the only country resort which is full at this present writing; for the first week of September brings with it everywhere else a hopeless collapse of 'Summerers.'

The weather is becoming cooler; the brilliant hues of Autumn are beginning to tinge the landscape; the air is sparkling and fresh; and I can only regret once more that the bright and pleasant Summer is soon to be but a memory.

DRESDEN, 9 *December*, 1881.

MY DEAR H.,—I am glad to find that I did not impose on your good nature in sending Mr. N. to you. I found him a most agreeable young gentleman. He is said to have delivered a remarkable Poem before his class at Harvard on Class Day. His only fault, if fault it be, is perhaps a too indiscriminate zeal for accomplishments; but he is exceedingly genial, a quality which I like in young or old, and of great refinement of manner. He is desirous for his Mother and family to come abroad and live somewhere in Europe permanently, because—because,—what think you? because they cannot live in New York on Twenty-five Thousand Dollars a year! He has a petty allowance of Five Thousand Dollars a year,—petty from the New York upper-class point of view; but nevertheless he was aghast to find when he came here that he had one of the largest incomes in the place. This amused me. Yet what a painful light it throws upon the social condition in New York! and what is true of New York is true relatively of the other American cities;—that is to say, the inordinate increase of wealth and the rise in the standard of wealth, which is going on in the rich class in America, and the ever widening gulf between that class and,—not the poor class,—but the well-to-do class. There was no such gulf in our day of pristine simplicity. There were relatively rich men in our day of course; but there was no such gulf as there is now. The rich class in America begins now with, say, one hundred thousand dollars *income*; it began in our day with one hundred thousand dollars *capital*; but I have been assured by commercial men that it is harder to earn one hundred thousand dollars *capital now* than it was thirty years ago. Hence the gulf. And the greater part of this present widespread prosperity of which we hear so much in America enures really to the benefit of a few, as was the case under the Roman Republic. And if in the next generation there should happen to be a Vanderbilt with five times the wealth of the present head of the family, and with the ambition and the genius of a Julius Cæsar,—I must say there might be trouble. In other words the lines upon which our growth advances are precisely the lines upon which all other great empires have advanced and been shipwrecked at the end. There must be a new departure ; and I fancy that what is called Social Democracy in Germany foreshadows that departure. At any rate it seems to me in many aspects an effort in the right direction : just as Protestantism, which was first established in Germany, was an effort in the right direction. And for my part I believe that Social Democracy embodies the spirit of Christianity, as it has never been embodied in social institutions : that is to say, it substitutes the principle of *co-operation* which Jesus taught, if he taught anything, for the principle of *competition* which is the outcome of diabolism,—being of the earth, earthy, the big fish swallowing the little fish. But I cannot write more upon this topic for there is something lethargic in the effect of the atmosphere here, and I am afraid of falling a victim to it. Indeed the way of life in Germany produces in me a kind of intellectual somnolence and apathy, and the absence of stimulating companionship completes the deadening. For though, according to Democritus, the Chief Good is ἀταραξία, or an unruffled serenity of mind, yet I fancy that we restless Americans are not content even with the Chief Good, but are always wanting something better.

I had a horrible voyage from New York in the Cunard packet *Scythia*. I never dreamed of such seas : hurricanes and white squalls all the way across the ocean : companionways closed : galleys washed out : and, worst of all horrors, I could not get to the Smoke Room. No, for four days and nights I did not take off my clothes ; sleep was impossible.

I had a cabin to myself, but I could not keep in my berth nor on my sofa ; but strange to relate, my stomach was as firm as a rock ; I did not have a qualm ; on the contrary, the more frightfully the screw raced, and the ship rolled, and the waves broke over us, the hungrier I became. It was truly a *Scythian* voyage ; in fact the Ocean has been in a bad way for now two months ; according to the newspapers there were lately sixteen Atlantic steamers overdue at New York.

TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON,
29 *December*, 1882.

MY DEAR H.,—Yes, I spent some time in Philadelphia, that howling wilderness of dirty gutters and unearthly twang ; and then came here where I am now sitting in a small upper chamber, but alas ! not looking out on the graveyard : no, that cheerful side of the house was all taken up before I came, and I was relegated to the Beacon Street side, which is extremely cheerless, and somewhat noisy. Strange to say, I am no longer drinking wine and the want of it is no privation ; in fact I think I have more pleasure in ice water ; and my ten o'clock-in-the-evening big bowl of stewed oysters and great tumbler of sweet milk make me sleep the sleep of an infant in spite of horse-car-bell jinglings, fire alarms, and the yells of Universal Paddy reeling whisky-driven through the moonlit streets ; for just here at my corner there is perpetual moonlight ;—that is to say, the cold glare of an Electric Lamp is ever there, and when I wake up I can never tell whether it is morning or night, the grey light of the Electric Lamp being maintained until it blends with daybreak. And now my mind often resorts, in the midst of horse-car-bell jinglings and fire alarms, to the serene ways and placid life in the quiet cities of the Fatherland. Yet I wonder how I could have stood it so long in that dreary Georgenstrasse. What wetness and storm of howling wind did I not face in the Springtime and Summer now last past ; yet ages seem to roll between that time and this ; so permeating as it were, and radical, is the change when one transfers oneself from the heart of the Old World to this noisy strand of the New. Nevertheless I like the new world, by which of course I mean Boston. I like my own Mother-tongue. I like to meet my old friends; for though few in number, they are warm of heart.

I have read Thirlwall's Letters. I am fond of reading Letters, and Thirlwall's are interesting, though not so good as they would have been, had his style been lighter, airier as one may say. A massive style makes Letters heavy; but his Letters are as good reading as is possible to a ponderous style. He was an omnivorous reader and knew all languages: lived in Wales and bought all the new books he wanted, having large revenues. His cast of mind was a happy blending of Conservatism and Liberalism: altogether a useful man, though in all his Letters there is no mention of his ever draining a glass of wine or smoking a cigar; yet he is always in best Episcopal mood, feeding geese and stroking his cat with his own fat prelate hand.

TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON,
11 *January*, 1883.

MY DEAR H.,—On the whole I am living a sufficiently agreeable life at the Tremont House, and if I were not so lazy should profit more than I do by my proximity to the Athenæum and its fountains of wisdom so dear to the curious and celibate mind; but yet, though indolent, I have aimed high. I have tried to compass a *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* by Leslie Stephen; but I have only read as yet a hundred pages, and have not grasped,—a single thought; on the contrary I am paralyzed by a sense of boredom, and have not even the energy to carry the book back to the fountains of wisdom which bubbled it out on me; but I shall make an effort to do so and thereby free myself from this incubus, and range once more with airy conscience in the pleasant pastures of lighter literature. It was my intention after finding out what might be the thought of England in the Eighteenth Century, to grapple with the work on Ethics by the same massive writer, but

I doubt if I have the courage for the task; and I confess I am troubled at times by the thought that my reading faculty may have become impaired; but I hope not. It is possibly only my taste that has changed, or that I have not the patience to wade through a mass of prosiness from which I cannot extract a definite something, either in the way of stimulus or *information*, say; and extract it at once; and besides, in the book in question, the author supposes in his reader a degree of familiarity with names which to me are now but shadows. I do not associate any definite doctrine or thought with them; and after all, the literature which he discusses is but a kind of controversial literature, most tedious of earthly things; and he cannot himself repress the occasional reflection that in common with all too metaphysical enquiries after truth, there is nothing but hollowness at the bottom of it, as Paddy would say.

And àpropos of Paddy, to me the *bête noir* of American life, I read that but one third of the population of Boston is of pure native origin. It is a lamentable state of things, and removes all doubt that in fifty years, as The Pessimist doth prophesy, the last Puritan will go to his own funeral, bearing aloft a Portrait of Ben Butler, depicted in his costume of Head Flunky to Universal Paddy; for this shameless creature who now defiles like a bird of ill omen the Chair of the Sainted Andrew, cries out to us that the Poll Tax is a tyranny beyond all tyrannies, for the Poor Man having nothing but his poll, and nothing in it, has a right beyond all other rights to keep it untaxed and muddled. And àpropos of the Sainted Andrew,—in a letter all things are àpropos, or should be,—it struck me as curious, even in the Chaos of Phenomena in which we are ever whirling,—that on the eve of Butler's disquisition I should be dining with the widow of the Sainted Andrew, his bitterest opponent: a most excellent and agreeable lady—the widow—whom I used to meet in other days and whose acquaintance I renewed at intervals in Europe, where she travelled or sojourned in company with two bright daughters, rosy Buds,—in full flower now,—but always full of sparkle and fragrance of mental culture. I have also dined with Alger at his house on Brimmer Street. He has also an uncommonly bright daughter,—it is an excellent habit in Boston to have bright daughters. She has a faculty for languages, Swedish and Danish and such ; and besides, she runs half the charities in Boston, looks after all deserted children and widows in affliction ; finds work for them if she can ; and if she can't, runs them off into the country to grass ; and yet without a yokefellow : for after all, mankind must work in pairs, if anything is to come of its work. But Paddy will always take care that there shall be somebody to work for ; *he* will never fail to turn up ; and I dare say when we come to pass into the planets, shot thither by an electric popgun, we shall find Paddy there before us : or at any rate behind us.

It so happened that I had arranged to go out and see R. yesterday ; but in the night preceding, there came on a violent snow storm : furious and biting wind : thermometer marking 10°. At nine o'clock in the morning when I went into the Smoking Room and looked out of the windows into Tremont Street, the tempest was at its height : a driving whirlwind of snow. It was impossible to think of going out of town, and I telegraphed that I could not come. We never escape Winter in Boston, and it is upon us now with a fury and a rage, as it were : the old fashioned thing : a howling storm : streets deserted except by an occasional pedestrian with furled umbrella : vainly paddling against the blast : whirling snow driven against the window-panes : jingle of horse-car bell and shriek of driver to his panting horses : a chill unutterable in the air. And yet after all, it is something to enjoy, this war of the elements ; there is really a fascination in the kind of dreariness and terror and gloom it casts upon all things and upon the haunts of men. Ensconced in my armchair, in tranquil comfort, in my cosy upper chamber, I smoke the pipe of contemplation and am gladdened by a sense of security and repose in the midst of all this wintry desolation.

Tremont House, Boston,
23 *January*, 1883.

My dear H.,—Apropos of voyaging to America, you have read in the newspapers of course an account of the sinking of the *Cimbria*, of the Hamburg fleet, from collision in a fog on the North Sea, with a loss of many hundred lives: most horrible event. This is the ship in which I sailed from America in 1867. When I returned to America in 1872 I came in the *Deutschland*, of the North German Lloyd fleet, from Bremen; both those ships now lie at the bottom of the sea. Strange, is it not? There seems to be a fatality pursuing ships in which I voyage. The very first ship,—a sailing ship,—in which I sailed from Boston to London in 1859 was not long afterwards burned at sea; and a steamboat in which I took passage a few years ago from Copenhagen to Lubeck was also burnt up at sea shortly afterwards with the loss of all on board except the Captain and a steward who was too fat to sink.

Fancy what a night we had this last night: thermometer marking 7° below zero, and all day it has not risen higher than 8° above zero, with a howling wind blowing clouds of dust in one's face and cutting one's cheeks as with a razor; my window is coated with frost, so that it looks as if it were made of ground glass. There were few persons in the streets when I sallied out timidly in the course of the morning. The horse-cars grated harshly as they ran, and the wizened pedestrian skipped along the pavement with shrivelled step, casting furtive glances at the frosted windows of the shops. It is a terrible visitation, this extreme cold, and quite nips me in the bud as I may say. I have picked up a book, however, entitled Health Resorts,—Rivieran strands, Swiss valleys,—which I think will make delightful reading for these frosty nights when I am housed; for I cannot venture out into this terrible air: the mercury below zero too. The imagination and the memory are the two leading factors in literary enjoyment; and I fancy that reading about the Riviera will add a zest to the comfort and serenity which I experience, even in a hotel, in my small upper chamber,—even with the harsh grating of infelicitous horse-cars ascending incessant to my senile ears. I have a comfortable armchair on rockers, made of wicker,—the great discovery of modern times; there is no comfort comparable to the comfort of a wicker on rockers; and in this chair I sit and read and smoke; I smoke to your health as I may say, in the far off German land, in the City of The Plain,—or rather, of The Very Plain. And by the way, tobacco in this country, as I have recently learned, is the cheapest of all weeds; it runs down to three cents a pound in price: happy country. I meditate a treatise upon the Serenity-producing function of tobacco. Fancy what philosophies the Greeks would have evolved if they had possessed the tobacco plant, and what profundity even the sayings of Socrates might have reached, if he had but calmly smoked his pipe under Xantippe's nose instead of running about the market places and baths, bothering stupid folk with inept queries. And àpropos of Greeks, I heard the other day that Sophocles, our old tutorial Greek, is dying; he is very old and leaves his money to Harvard College. Parsimony seems to be the fountain which fertilizes literary institutions everywhere. He was a most parsimonious creature; but, after all, parsimony is of more use to the world than prodigality, for through parsimony is created Capital, and it is Capital that employs labour, and thus enables more wealth to be created; prodigality destroys capital, being an expenditure of wealth unfructuously.

TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON,
2 *February*, 1883.

MY DEAR H.,—I have picked up a little French book,—entitled *Le Tyrol et le Pays des Dolomites par Jules Le Clercq.* Fancy the crass ignorance of French people when a Frenchman can write thus: Où est donc le pays des Dolomites? Peut-être songerait-il (the reader) tout d'abord à une lointaine contrée peuplée de féroces cannibales. Les *Dolomites* ne sont pas une peuplade, mais des montagnes calcaires. Elles doivent leur nom au géologue français Dolomieu qui le premier observa leur structure. La région qu'elles occupent n'est pas aussi éloignée que pourrait le faire croire la singularité du nom ; elle n'est ni dans l'Himalaya, ni dans les Andes, mais sur le revers méridional des Alpes. . . . Les Américains ont découvert chez eux, il y a une dizaine d'années, une région magnifique, située dans le bassin de la Yellowstone. Ils en ont fait un parc national, et, suivant leur manie d'expressions emphatiques, ils lui ont donné le nom de terre des merveilles. Après avoir parcouru l'Amérique dans tous les sens, depuis l'Atlantique jusqu'aux montagnes Rocheuses, après avoir visité le 'Parc Monumental' et d'autres sites célèbres des Etats-Unis, j'en suis revenu avec la conviction que notre vieille Europe n'a rien à envier à l'Amérique à ce point de vue, et que nos Alpes, dont une grande partie est encore à peine connue, sont infiniment plus belles que les Alpes américaines. Si le pays des Dolomites se trouvait sur le territoire des Yankees, ils en auraient fait depuis longtemps leur terre des merveilles, et leurs réclames feraient accourir des légions de touristes européens. But in order to undertake a journey among the Dolomites, il faut savoir se passer du confort, renoncer à tous les raffinements de la civilisation, se pourvoir d'une bonne provision de patience et d'énergie, et être préparé à supporter la chaleur, la fatigue, et même la faim !'—fancy ! And then go on and read that at Cortina there was neither a bookshop nor a marchand de cigares : and he could buy there neither a map of the country nor an Italian Dictionary. Pour les cigares, on s'en passe encore : but the dictionary !—he knew not a word of Italian : and it happened unto him thus in consequence : si je demandais de l'encre, on m'apportait une chandelle ou un tire-botte ; si je voulais une omelette, on me donnait un tire-bouchon. To put an end to this deplorable suffering, he applied to the maître de poste de l'endroit who *possessed* German and Italian, and who kindly furnished him with some common phrases, which he noted dans mon carnet. He speaks well of Cortina however : La situation de Cortina est de toute beauté et nous en fûmes si épris que nous résolûmes de nous y arrêter vingt-quatre heures! He stopped at the Croce Bianca; the Aquila Nera was invaded by an avalanche of English, who had taken possession of every chamber in the house as well as in its dependances. At the Stella d'Oro he fared no better, but at the Croce Bianca he got in: 'true type of an Italian auberge where rice and macaroni constitute with oil the base of the kitchen.' But I will make no further comments. The mere fact that this enterprising Gaul traversed the whole of the Tyrol *on foot* in *ten days* will be in itself sufficient criticism. But the book carried me back to pleasant scenes,—so far away now,—to the bright Summer days when we sat in the arbour at—where was it? I have already forgotten the name,—or walked down to San Vito and rode home boozy. And how the familiar names all came back to me with such a charm,—Antelao, Tofano, Tre Sassi, Drei Sinnen, Cristallo,—Ospitale, Schluderbach,—Tre Croci and the rest! I have just read a little German book by *Gregorovius*: a sketch of the career of Athenais, maid of Athens, afterwards the spouse of Theodosius II., and Empress of the Byzantine Realm. There is uncommonly little to tell about her, however; but the simplicity with which that little is told is cheerful. What a permanence there was after all in the ancient world. Plato set up by his Will a sort of Philosophic Academy in his house, with revenues attached; and that Academy with revenues attached did not cease to exist until A.D. 529: eight or nine hundred years after Plato's death.

TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON,
28 *February*, 1883.

MY DEAR H.,—Your welcome letters take my mind away from this turbulent strand and carry me in imagination to a serener land, where not merely *things*, so to speak, are calmer, but men are calmer; for I find in America a universal ferment and restlessness,—that is to say, in the cities,—which wears upon one of my temperament: a ferment about material things: a mere cerebral activity and itching of the body, as it were, in mere restlessness, without depth or purpose, unless it be greed: an all absorbing devotion to money in fact, which is really striking and very different from what I knew in younger years. The fact is, even Boston has become demoralized at last by the floods of wealth which have been pouring Eastward now for some years from the vast Southwest, in the success of speculative railway ventures in that wonderful region. The cities are the centres of a feverish activity in all sorts of speculation ; for the possibilities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice have taken possession of the consciousness of men, and the sudden and fabulous fortune of the few has corrupted the many. I do not wish personally for a reverse to this state of things ; but I must say that from a large ethical point of view a check to this colossal prosperity would be wholesome. But I must say that it struck me as comic on the part of your friend Mr. S. to wait in *Munich* for the ugly March weather of *New York* to pass away before returning home. Munich is really a mountain resort, with a hard, very hard climate. What kind of weather did I not have there even in *July* ! cold, raw winds and incessant rains : far worse than I ever knew in this country in any month of the year : for Boston is really The City of Sunshine and if one could only stand up on the slippery pavements in the Winter, it would be the Ideal City in spite of Paddy and all Materialisms : in spite of horse-cars and the Fire-Fiend :—which reminds me that I beheld beautiful flames mounting high into the heavens last night, when roused by the Fire Alarm I started up and looked nervously out of my window. The colouring was extremely fine and the pulsations of the flames really unique ; this kind of thing one can have only in the Ideal City and I must say one can have a great deal of it here. I sent you the other day an article on The Imperial Dictionary. All Dictionaries however of the English language will be swamped, I fancy, by the great work of the Philological Society of England which has been for many years in preparation with thousands of readers collecting references, in all parts of the English-speaking world ; and I believe the English-speaking race has up to this present gobbled up about two thirds of the habitable globe.

Yes, you can still browse at will at the Athenæum among the archives upstairs; and I am told that there are never more than four middle-aged and altogether unmarried Women, sitting in the alcoves: wearing gold spectacles and blue stockings,—the stockings being more or less visible: sitting strongly-minded, on lore intent, frowning: never more than four, I say, sitting at any one time in these secluded precincts, but always so sitting or bustling that one can neither look out of the window nor browse without hitting a stocking. But these impertinences were related to me by a married man, and I dare say he exaggerated the infelicity which he experienced while browsing, on lore intent, frowning.

Tremont House, Boston,
16 *March*, 1883.

My dear H.,—Yes, read all you can find by Scherr. He has written several interesting books. I remember one entitled *Hammerschläge*; and there are also several collections of Essays by him, all piquant and suggestive. I look upon him as the most lively of German belles-lettres writers. He is a Professor in Zurich. I met him once at Weissenstein, a high mountain resort just behind Solothurn in Switzerland. He is a short plain man and his physiognomy is precisely that of a prig, dire to behold: a most wide awake man, however, and clever. He wrote a harrowing account, based upon the judicial *acta* in the case of a girl in Germany, who fancied that she was appointed to suffer as Jesus did and rise again from the dead. She was actually *crucified*, but she didn't rise again; a most remarkable case, and the story is most dramatically told: a portentous proof of the existence of the coarsest superstition in these days of light and dynamite: hardly credible, yet as true as Gospel: some folk would say truer.

I picked up the other day an interesting little book: *Recreations and Studies of a Country Clergyman of the Eighteenth Century. Being Selections from the Correspondence of the Rev. Thomas Twining.* The Twinings are tea merchants on the Strand since 1694; but this particular Twining not taking to the tea business, became a clergyman, and pursued Greek studies. His *Opus Magnum* was a translation of Aristotle's *Poetics*. He lived in the country, where he cultivated music and little Teas, and exchanged letters on music with Dr. Burney, father of the *Cecilia* Burney, and also with his brother who shouldered the Tea business on the Strand and at the same time made a point of being up in Virgil. The letters are really clever and interesting and exhibit a quite ideal life. The writer was born 1735 and died in 1804. My only objection to the book is that there is not half enough of it. I do not like a one-sided correspondence: one is always imagining, and often vainly, what the other fellow has said. Even in case of celebrated men, their letters when published, should be accompanied by their correspondent's letters; otherwise one is always bored, vainly striving as I have said to make out what the corresponding *Obscurity* may have remarked. But to say the truth, I do not think the letters of celebrated persons (except as furnishing biographical information) are as a rule half as interesting as the letters of a person, say, like Twining, who has a faculty for letter-writing, and who writes without the faintest idea of his letters ever coming before the public. All obscure persons do not write good letters; but many do, I have no doubt, though we can never know because their letters never come to light. But I take this case as an example in point, of the general truth of my remark. After a hundred years are gone letters like Twining's are inestimable. They give one an insight into the domestic life of the period to which they belong, such as one would in vain strive to obtain from stately histories, or even from memoirs of celebrated persons; precisely because stately histories and memoirs of celebrated persons give one accounts of higher society only. Letters like Twining's give one pictures of the life of the middle class of educated refined families: families which after a hundred years belong to the Obscurest of obscure earthliness.

Twining in speaking of a journal of travel which his brother had sent him, writes : ‘ But two things misliked me in the whole journal. You somewhere use a form of reference that I abominate, *i.e.*, the latter, the former. It may have its convenience sometimes ; yet I find myself always forced to look back, and see which is which ; and, moreover, there is an appearance always of aiming at antithesis. I don’t mean that you had any such aim ; you write better than all that comes to ; but the form is used by your little dapper writers, who mean to write prettily,—*ergo*, should never be used by you. “ As long as you have the use of your tongue and your pen,” said Dr. Johnson to Dr. Burney, “ never Sir, be reduced to that shift.” ’—Twining also addresses his brother as ‘ Sir,’ just as we use the word in America. In England the use of ‘ Sir ’ is discredited, except as addressed by a social inferior, a shopman for instance to a *gentleman* : showing how England changes, and we don’t. ‘ This letter, I *calculate*, will find you returned from Bitteswell,’—another instance where we preserve a fossil usage ; for we still *calculate*. The following passage will illustrate the kind of old gentleman Twining was : clever old gentleman, too, for he made emendations in the text of Aristotle which were greeted with pleasure even by Heyne the great Göttingen scholar :—‘ after dinner I took my leave of Llanvorog . . . but what was happiness to me at Llanvorog would, I know, be miserable *ennui* to many people. [He had passed three weeks at Llanvorog in a way perfectly to his satisfaction.] I am so constructed that I really do not think I could be equally happy in any place more exposed to good company,—to the artificial manners, the *gêne*, the etiquette, the buckram ostentation, rivalry, insipidity, and variety of polished and moneyed life. It was a great comfort to me that I did not meet with a single fine lady or fine gentleman all the time I was in Wales, except, indeed, one gentleman who affected to be fine, and was the only disagreeable person I saw.’

I have begun reading a work by Serjeant Cox of England, entitled *The Mechanism of Man : an Answer to the question What am I ?* I must confess that it strikes me as plausible, and moreover it puts into words, and reasons out, certain vague notions which have always been floating in my mind as it were. At all events it is a good antidote to *Materialism*, which is really the barrenest and dreariest doctrine ever inflicted on starving humanity. We cry for bread and they give us a stone; for materialism is a stone, as it were,—at any rate stony.

I have discovered excellent cigars at two cents each: strong: too strong: but as good as we smoked in the Ampezzan Vale for the same money. There is a good deal of false pride about the cost of cigars in America; no one, not even a Paddy, will admit that he smokes 'two-centers,' although 'two-centers' are really made of tobacco and are not bad. I flaunt them, and feel a malicious satisfaction in mentioning the price. Poor old Dr. Hedge toddled into the Smoke Room the other day, where he found me smoking. He begged for a cigar as he sank into an armchair, and I gave him a 'two-center.' To him of course, having respect for the cloth, I did *not* mention the price; but I watched the effect of the cigar. Tastes vary I suppose; at any rate the poor old man wrestled with my 'two-center' for a long time, and obviously with a rising sense of discomfort, which of course he politely endeavoured to conceal. Presently the time came for him to go, and I observed that he threw the only half-smoked cigar into the fire, with a sigh of relief. I felt positively wicked.

TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON,
14 *April*, 1883.

MY DEAR H.,—I have been reading the first volume of the Emerson-Carlyle correspondence. It came only last evening, and hence I cannot report upon it at this present, having read only the following sentence, written by Emerson to Carlyle on April 30 in the year of Grace 1835: 'You may board in Boston in a "gigmanic" style for eight dollars per week, including all domestic expenses. Eight dollars per week is the board paid by the permanent residents at the Tremont House,—probably the best hotel in North America. There, and at the best hotels in New York, the lodger for a few days pays at the rate of one dollar and a half per day. Twice eight dollars would provide a gentleman and lady with board, chamber, and *private parlor*, at a fashionable boarding-house. In the country, of course, the expenses are two thirds less.' Oh fancy!

I have been reading some sketches of recent French writers by Paul Lindau entitled *Aus dem literarisch Frankreich.* They are not at all fatiguing, being really *sketchy*; but the author manages to hit off a salient point in the character of each of the writers whom he discusses, and you carry that point away with you. And that is much; for many writers fix nothing in your mind, unless it be emptiness, as it were. The point he makes in treating of George Sand is an illustration of his method. It is a new point to me, and I dare say well taken, as the lawyers have it:—but the theme is not clean. The book is nicely printed, but the type, of the new and fashionable sort, used not infrequently now in Germany, is extremely trying to the eyes, all the noxious characteristics of the ordinary horrible German type being intensified. I have also had on my table a book entitled: *Linguistic Essays.* By Carl Abel. In one of the Essays entitled *Language as the Expression of National Modes of Thought* I find some remarks which I am tempted to quote: for they throw light upon difficulties which I have always experienced in dealing with foreign languages, but of the real nature of which I have never had a clear conception.

'English ladies astonish foreigners by their exactness in discriminating between colours. In Germany the sex generally content themselves with marking the great divisions of the optical scale, and at most indulge in a few foreign words: such as *lilac, rose* for favourite shades between. Only the artist, the manufacturer, and above all, the milliner, note finer distinctions. For the mass of ordinary colour-blind individuals, it would be affectation to copy them. It is different in Great Britain. No English child in any way developed will be caught confusing the two shades of pink and rose-colour, although Germans call both *rosa.* No English lady would find it strange to distinguish between violet and peach colour, though her German sisters entirely ignore the latter, as far as my experience goes. No English writer with any care for precision will fail to call hazel, hazel : auburn, auburn : and bay, bay : whilst any German not wishing to be thought finical, will use *brown* in all three cases. Lavender, lilac, slate, puce, navy blue, mauve, French grey, are all distinct shades of purple which no English lady who visits her linen draper more than once a year would confound. *A more significant token that accurate observation of natural phenomena is more generally prevalent in England than in Germany could not well be brought forward.* Tints which in Germany only he who has an exceptional eye for colour can distinguish, and then has to describe by paraphrase out of his own head, are in England recognized as of course, and in consequence named with special words. Here therefore the German Dictionary is positively defective as compared with the English. This is one of the most essential differences which can exist between two languages. This is one of the facts which show that language is the mirror of thoughts common to all the members, or at any rate to large sections of a nation, and that these thoughts, and consequently their speech-mirrors, have moulded themselves differently with different peoples.'

TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON,
19 *May*, 1883.

MY DEAR H.,—This is the last message you will receive from the Great American Celibate,—who now capitulates, and makes himself comfortable in the way appointed to man. We shall settle somewhere presently in the country for the Summer ; and then I hope to enjoy an agreeable leisure and indite still more festive letters : for I trust there will be nothing in the married state to disturb the normal serenity of my mind. On the contrary I hope that it will be quickened into genial activity and blossom into fruit of some kind, after a long period of lethargy : for my companion will not be too exacting, I am sure ; but will learn, if by degrees, to adapt herself to my amiable but somewhat indolent, or at any rate contemplative mood. At my time of life, and perhaps at any time of life, it is not wholesome to be overmarried, so to speak : for no companionship, not even that of marriage, may be exclusive without danger of destroying that freedom of mind which is an indispensable condition of the rational life. One must be wholly free, within limits of course, even in marriage : that is to say, each must be free, if the individuality of each is to be preserved unimpaired : and unless it be preserved, and preserved in harmony, there is sure to be infelicity and unpleasant constraint. It is a fatal mistake (which I have often observed from the serene standpoint of Celibacy) : the attempting, I mean, by the one or the other to dominate or absorb the companion : for as far as I am able to judge, a woman who is worth being selected as a companion, is after marriage just what she was before marriage : she is an entity, self contained : and it is only in certain directions that she comes near the accompanying entity : but is never absorbed : each entity stands for itself : and it is therefore only by the extremest metaphor, from the philosophical point of view, that two individual entities are said to be made one in marriage. Say what you will, each living soul is set in this world solitary and apart in its substantial character. Yet as if to soften the asperity of existence, there is in each of us a craving for companionship and the spiritual comfort of sympathy and affection ; and this desire, enlightened and refined by daily intercourse of dependence and counsel, is after all the surest bond between husband and wife, and will preserve the relation to the last, unimpaired in its sweetness and vigour. So it is, at any rate, that I regard the institution of matrimony at my time of life ; but I can well understand that at an earlier period of life one may take a different view ; or what is most likely, no view at all. And moreover a relation so purely subjective as that of marriage commends itself in divers ways to divers minds : probably no two persons take precisely the same views of it, or carry it on in precisely the same way. But I hope that my wisdom will justify itself and bear excellent fruits; else it were better to be a fool; and perhaps after all the fool alone is happy, in that he seeth not his folly. It is the painful consequence of wisdom that one becomes self-conscious in all his acts: beholding himself in a mirror as it were, a mirror which, while it shows all the flaws in a man's mind reflects no light whatever on the logical sequence of his actions, nor upon their ethical necessity, if I am not becoming obscure. A mere diabolism of passion, such as is set forth in tragedies, as of Romeo and Juliet, undoubtedly crops up now and then in the world; but it is an unwholesome ebullition, and possible only in an inferior order of mind: for the mind which is dominated by feeling alone *is* of an inferior order. The philosophic mind, which is the highest order of mind known to me, recognizes feeling of course as an element in life: but in a poetical way: as one recognizes and loves all tender emotions and sentiments. Goethe indeed said that feeling was everything; but then Goethe said a good many things which you may take as you like; and from one point of view feeling *is* everything: while from another point of view it is nothing. No man exists who has not feeling, in some degree: even Carlyle's Frederick the Great had feeling. But it is hardly graceful on the verge of matrimony to philosophize on it.

I think of writing some Essays in the course of the Summer; and I fancy I may begin with one on *Late Marrying*, with a view to encourage the hesitating: for if I can but strike the right key I have no doubt that I shall send at least half a dozen old bachelors spinning headlong after me, but to strike the wrong key is to tempt the ridicule of a frivolous world and provoke the smile of the scorner. I have had a good letter from P. which I have answered with news of the Coming Event: an Event which I wish we could celebrate in the cheerful depths of the Rathskeller, mediævalist of all mediæval depths, over bottles of Affenthaler and other serene liquids unattainable on this thirsty strand. But in cheerful days to come we will gather together in humid cellars on the banks of the icy Isar: and hear how P. didn't get *verlobt.* But nevertheless I have a high opinion of P.; and he is not, as he fancies, a man of books, but of action. He has energy in abundance, enterprise, sagacity, a clear head and a ready wit; and if I am in the least a judge of character and of men he will make a figure in the world, and sit in the Councils of the Empire, with a plantation cigar in his mouth and a glass of green Curaçoa at his elbow. This is not irony, but prophecy.

PHILADELPHIA, 14 *December*, 1883.

MY DEAR H.,—I have led so confused and unsettled a life of late that I have had little opportunity for reading, but now that we have gone into Winter quarters I hope to repair the omissions of the last months. I have obtained preliminarily Du Chaillu's *Land of the Midnight Sun*; and I find it entertaining. I like books of travel which relate to countries I have myself visited; they enlarge my information, and correct my wrong impressions, and at the same time renew and freshen pleasant recollections of far-off lands and other days, long gone: for the real property we acquire in life seems to me to consist in agreeable recollections. It is a cheerful capital and produces a high rate of interest; all else is dross,—of the earth, earthy; so that as we grow older, while on the one hand we have less in the future we have on the other hand an accumulated wealth of experience and delight for which younger men might envy us, did they but know what to envy; but they do not, for they are in the meshes of illusion,—of a mirage,—*maia*: and until this be past, there is nothing real. Until there be serenity, there is no essence or substance to human things; the greater part of life is but turbulence,—a whirl of phantasms. It is only through abnegation of desires so called that the Soul reaches its real life, and possesses itself in the past. Hence I look upon it as a privilege to grow old, and not a misfortune.

Thus far I have nothing of which to complain in the way of climate. It has indeed been good weather: sunny skies, mild air: the grass is everywhere green: not a snowflake has ruffled the calm of existence: each day seems warmer than the preceding, and each sunset more glorious. The people are hospitable, but given to idiocies of gossip. The spiritual atmosphere is gloomily Episcopal; yet I went to a lecture the other night by one Allen and was agreeably surprised to hear an Episcopal intimation that the doctrine of the Trinity—unknown in the first century—was evolved out of Judaism by the clever Greek philosophers of Alexandria: or did I not hear aright? There is no doubt about the fact: but Episcopal admission of the fact—what progress! The lecturer's delivery was execrable and I could make little of his performance.

We are on the Eighth story of a big hotel: two nice rooms connecting: and are shot up in a twinkling by a swift Elevator. The view from our windows is superb, and at night phantasmal. I have been through the city in various directions, but I am only just now getting a proper notion of its vastness. What a conglomeration of masses, all on a dead level! The genteel part of the town is however very small; in fact it is nothing but a little Pedlington; and it is a curious fact that Philadelphia never produced a man of national reputation. We gave it Franklin; it has no other great name. Local celebrities of course there are and have been in plenty: lawyers, physicians, divines: but not a solitary poet, historian, statesman or novelist of national fame whom an American abroad or at home would mention as one of the ornaments of his country: curious fact, and it has a million of inhabitants!

PHILADELPHIA,
Monday, 2 *March*, 1885.

MY DEAR H.,—The latter half of the Winter in Boston, I am told, has been extremely cold, yet in Philadelphia we have not suffered from inclemency; on the contrary, compared with Boston, we have been fortunate. We had only about a week of really cold weather; and even that weather was less uncomfortable than would have been the same degree of cold in Boston: for as you will doubtless call to mind, from your experience in Baltimore, the quality of the air is different on this side of the Hudson River. There is nothing of the North Pole,—Arctic,—rasping,—North-east cutting quality about it, such as shivers us all to pieces in New England. In fact I have come to the conclusion that the thermometer is a misleading instrument; or rather, that we use it in a blind way. Thus: 10° above zero in Philadelphia and 10° above zero in Boston are two different degrees of cold in their relation to man as a *living* being: and not the same degree:—an important fact this, and always to be borne in mind, although always lost sight of. I shall bring it into full light in my Meteorological Essays. I still keep Dorgan in mind; but I do not believe that there are ten persons in Philadelphia who ever heard of him any more than of Jones Very. I should be glad if I could find one who knew him, but I can't; and the more I seek for him the more he disappears, as it were; and the obscurity in which his personality, to say nothing of his Poems, slumbers, grows ever more baffling.

There is no doubt about the Decay of the Subjunctive:—and also the writing of many words with a capital Letter,—a practice which gives to the pages of old books a picturesque appearance, besides enabling a reader very often to seize an idea quickly, making *restful spots for the eye*,—this too has disappeared. A printed page now-a-days is a dead level of words looking all alike; a monotone, inducing weariness and somnolence: for no one ever went to sleep over the picturesque pages of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But I am sorry to be obliged to confess that I am unable to formulate any rule for the proper use of the subjunctive. I can only *feel* the necessity for it in a given case, and not always then: as for instance in the baffling sentence which you quote from Hawthorne. It is really noteworthy, this disuse of the subjunctive. In newspapers it is *almost* universal: although of newspapers, from the high literary point of view, we make no account: but in all recent better class writing, this disuse of the subjunctive is a striking feature of style, or rather, want of style. Take up a number of the *Atlantic Monthly* for instance, and I fancy that one might count on the fingers of one hand all the subjunctives contained in it. And will you believe it? in some recent remarks made by *Matthew Arnold* about this country, I came across the word *tireless* in the sense of *untiring*!—This is really too much: at any rate it is *almost enough* to make one despair of our English speech: coming from a writer too, who as I remember, once wrote essays on the advantage which the French enjoy in possessing an Academy,—the function of this Academy being to establish canons of style, taste, orthography and what not: a function so well discharged that many of the absurdities, which crop up in English books,—to say nothing of the books themselves—would be altogether impossible in France. Fancy a French writer using a word of corresponding worthlessness, so to speak! yes, the French do certainly enjoy an advantage in possessing canons of taste, style, orthography and what not; and Matthew Arnold does not.

I forgot whether I told you that I met here this Winter a gentleman whom I had not seen for thirty-four years. I met him in Lenox in the Summer of 1851,—where we became somewhat intimate,—afterwards for a year or two exchanging letters. I never saw him again until he turned up one night in our dining-room in this Hotel. This was a case to try my memory. I must confess I was appalled at the weakness of it. I could remember nothing in comparison with what my friend could remember. He recalled the looks of the Inn in which we lodged: of the dining-room: told me of the kind of food we had: of the appearance of the landlord: in short he remembered even the minutest particular of our sojourn. I could not recall anything, to speak of; and what is worse, I could not remember anything which he recalled. So much for a poor memory. But my friend is one of those fortunate persons who can quote verses: recite scenes from dramatists and prose writers: from Pickwick for instance. I never had any such memory. But in relation to Lenox in particular, I must say that I fancy my friend,—who is an Idle Man, yet who has never slept out of his own bed in West Philadelphia since the year 1870,—has done nothing ever since but dwell upon his sojourn there; for he has hardly been anywhere else; never even so much as in Baltimore or Washington. In fact I cannot find that since 1851 he has been more than seventeen miles away from Philadelphia, with the exception of day trips to New York, which every Philadelphian takes. He is a man of literary tastes: of much reading in the English classics: a quiet man, with some humour: once tall and thin: now tall and portly: in fact, twice my size. His father was a Presbyterian clergyman, well known in his day: writer of Biblical Commentaries, from the Presbyterian standpoint, whatever that may have been. The son is of philosophic, eclectic mood: with a face red as a boiled lobster and a neck thick as a prize-fighter's: also of a deep red:—gold spectacled, bald-headed, and big-bellied: thus was *he* too resurrected after thirty-four years.

But to return to our muttons, namely Hawthorne, and give you my view of him as a writer. Sometime ago while reading *The Scarlet Letter*, I remember giving expression to a feeling of disappointment. This feeling no longer possesses me. I look upon the book as a masterpiece. The *style* is exquisite; but I need not dwell upon the style; everyone must *feel* Hawthorne's style,—at any rate, everyone of any sort of literary culture. Furthermore, Hawthorne possesses the rare faculty of sketching a character so that it stands harmonious, and clear in outline, in the reader's mind as an enduring entity. The *Vicar of Wakefield* shows Goldsmith to have been possessed of a similar faculty. But Hawthorne's characters stand as objective delineations so to speak: as really wonderful *portraits*. Hawthorne sketches his figures as a painter sketches portraits; his characters do not evolve themselves; in other words, Hawthorne has no *dramatic* faculty. The *plot* is next to nothing; his characters have no life of their own, inwardly; what life they have,—and it is much and beautiful,—is the life that a portrait has,—the life *we* read into them. As illustrating what I mean, take the single fact that there is no dialogue in Hawthorne. Little Pearl in *The Scarlet Letter* talks like her mother; and her mother does not really talk at all; she is merely *described* as having said this or that. Take Hawthorne's Letters and Note Books. You have everywhere just the same faculty exercising itself: the faculty of observation and of delineation of what exists. Hawthorne had no creative faculty: no imagination. This may seem a strange remark and altogether absurd, but on reflection you will perceive what I mean. Given a Puritan woman or man, Hawthorne delineated them,—just as he delineated Margaret Fuller. Of course in a sense he created Hester Prim; but he created her just as a painter creates a Portrait; he delineated her from existing materials; she does not create herself: there is no dramatic evolution. It is in this sense I say that Hawthorne has no imagination; and it is a defect which finally prostrated him; he broke down, most pathetically at the last, in sheer incompetency to weave a plot, as you will observe when you come to read his life. But nevertheless he was a master of our English speech; and his works are masterpieces in their way; exquisite *genre* pictures. And there is, further, a subtile profound significance in his writing, which I will try and illustrate some other day when the weather is not so fine and I am not tempted into the sunlight.

Tremont House, Boston,
17 *April*, 1885.

My dear H.,—You will doubtless be somewhat surprised to learn that I am once more at the Tremont House; but here I am. I have resumed my old quarters,—and also my walks: for in Philadelphia I could really take no walks. The place was too dreary and the streets too filthy. I feel in walking about the streets here, so clean and trim, as if I had just come from a bath,—such a fresh and wholesome feeling do they impart to one coming from the dirt and shabbiness of Philadelphian rectangularities: all horse-cars and dirt. And moreover I found myself 'running down' as we say, in Philadelphia; assuredly the climate does not agree with me there; no vitality in the air. I began to lose my appetite; and even loathed my dinner, last and worst of signs ; though I tried to wash it down with a quart of (New Jersey) Claret. But now my appetite has returned to me, and I feel altogether refreshed and quickened by the change of air. In fact, I feel like one who has come down to the seashore after a long absence in the interior of a hot country ; precisely that feeling of tonic and bracing, and eager hunger.

I was amazed by the extracts from your German friend's letter ; and besides, they were interesting as showing how prone is the human mind in all countries to the same kind of idiocies in regard to spelling and that kind of thing, although at present there is doubtless less *Blödsinn* on the whole in Germany than among us Americans, who in regard to the English language seem to me obstinately bent upon *improving* it the wrong way. Let us *add* what we will to the language, but let us not *change* it : for no good can come of *change* : nay, rather much harm : for do we not thus lose connection with the Past ? and all our magnificent Earlier Literature is swept into the limbo of gibberish,—the limbo I mean like unto that in which Chaucer doth languish. By all means take up this topic in your next Monthly Lecture. The topic is of ethical import. It connects itself with the sanctity of Inherited Good, and the vast moral blessing of having conscious root in the Past. It is only gorillas that devour their own offspring, only savages that pass away without leaving trace of their existence. Deepening and preserving race-consciousness, so to speak, is of ethical import. The more civilized is a race, the more it will keep in its consciousness the whole sweep of its Past. To *preserve* the language is to preserve this sweep of the Past. What good does it do to write scepter instead of sceptre ? go on in this way and a book two hundred years old is a strange thing to us ; keep on writing *sceptre* and we keep on being conscious of *possessing* the whole Past of our Literature as an integral and familiar possession.

Tremont House, Boston,
22 *April*, 1885.

My dear H.,—Very amusing indeed were the 'droppings from the Sanctuary,' which you sent me; yet I must really differ from you in fancying that a little culture would have made this glowing negro preacher into a poet worthy to rank with Walt Whitman. To be sure, it *might.* I can only say that I am sure I could write much more poetic prose, yet no amount of *culture* could make me into a poet. *Poeta nascitur non fit.* Burns had very little, if any culture; yet was he an exquisite poet. And by the way, I have just read the clever notice of the *Geschichte der Litteratur Nordamerikas* von Eduard Engel: obviously a *nachwerk* as the Germans themselves would say. There is really nothing so delicious as the ignorance of foreigners about this country and its Literature,—especially the ignorance displayed by Germans, when they write about us, for Germans have a reputation of being thorough and profound; and it is a reputation well deserved, for nothing could be more thorough and profound than German stupidity.

And now I do most heartily congratulate you upon the coming of the *Walking-time* :—upon emancipation from the miseries of mud and rubbers and snow and slush. How gladly do I hail the coming of the Walking-time! and daily since I have been here, have I walked with *fidus Achates*, nearly two hours each day: delightfully clean streets, picturesque vistas, a tonic air. I am quite another being since I left Philadelphia. But as I was saying of Hawthorne;—there seems to me to run through his writings,—or rather, his chief romances, for I am not familiar with his later writings, and of his chief romances I have freshly in mind *The Scarlet Letter* only (*The House of the Seven Gables* I have read in former years, *very* former years, and cannot remember now a single character or scene in it), and vaguely in mind *Transformation*,—there seems to me I say to be ever present to his mind,—for he was after all of a morbid nature, brooding over insoluble problems,—the Puritan doctrine of *Sin*: innate sin. This psychological thread, so to speak, runs all through *The Scarlet Letter.* Hester Prim and Arthur

Dimmesdale stand as the representatives of the working of this Doctrine, the one boldly assuming the burden, the other cringing and trying to shirk it; in both, a consciousness of sin, yet a conventional consciousness,—by which I mean a consciousness growing out of the ideas of the time; and the conflict which Hawthorne portrays is to my mind, in its last analysis, not merely the conflict to which this Consciousness of Sin gives rise, but, further, the conflict of human nature, robustly *un*conscious of Sin in this particular of the sexual relation, with the conventional consciousness of Sin arising, as I have said, from the ideas of the time in relation to religious duty, which of itself is pressing upon the minds of these two unfortunate persons. I cannot remember *Transformation* well enough to cite the characters, but I have no doubt that you will find underlying both that book and *The House of the Seven Gables* precisely the same problem. In fact this doctrine of Sin dominated Hawthorne's mind. He could not write a romance upon any other basis; and hence his extreme limitation. In three Romances he exhausted the vein; and I fancy that he died of a broken heart, of bitter disappointment, of gnawing grief, when he came at last to be himself conscious of this limitation, and of his utter impotence to weave a plot upon the basis of other elements. His notes of plots in his Note Books, thoughts of characters, suggestions of scene, all run in this line. I do not know how much he read in Puritan history and Puritan sermons and that kind of thing, but to me his mind seems soaked, if I may use such an expression, with Puritan problems pertaining to human experiences and the inexorable need of the Church; and the cause of his death, of which no account is given in the biography of him,—altogether a mysterious affair,—seems to me to find plausible explanation in the suggestion made above, if one bear in mind what is written of him, of his literary efforts and disappointments in the last years of his life: disappointments I mean in relation to this precise point of inability to cope further with the *motif* to which he had been indebted for his previous success. I cannot do more now than merely throw out this *thought*, if haply you may find anything in it. I have not Hawthorne's books by me; and without them, and without a close study of all his writings, I cannot illustrate and bring out my meaning. And I can only add, in reference to Hawthorne's style, that the charm of it to me consists in its extreme lucidity. The words flow in precise harmony with the ideas. It is a rare gift, this. One has to carry nothing in one's mind. The beautiful simplicity of the diction, and the entire absence of meretricious striving for effect, make the sentences read as if they came of themselves. This is supreme art; but it is impossible to *define* the charm of Hawthorne's style, except by contrasting it with the style of other writers. Take, for instance, *Lowell's* prose style: how very *smart* it is, as we say: and how the writer intrudes his smart personality on the reader: says smart things and then looks round as it were, for applause. This is the stuff that perishes. Every smart man in every age does the same thing. Hawthorne's style on the contrary assures to him perpetuity of fame; for so long as the English Language exists, so long, I fancy, will the characters, wonderful by their very limitations, which he has portrayed, prove to have an abiding fascination. In fact Hawthorne is unique; and I may add that it is this very smoothness of his writing, this facility with which one reads him, this lucid flow of sentences making themselves, so that as one reads one fancies one might have written just the same thing oneself and wonders why Hawthorne should have become famous for that kind of thing:—highest proof, this, of Supreme Art.

Postscript: I came across a variety of queer names in Philadelphia: thus, Sniffen, Boggs and Gums, Staggers, Death!—

PARKSTRASSE, CARLSBAD,
12 *July*, 1885.

MY DEAR H.,—Yes, we sailed in the *Cephalonia* from Boston: comparatively smooth voyage: much drizzle and fog, however: and head winds of course all the way. Icebergs were numerous and dangerous. Frequently the steamer was obliged to slow down, or even stop altogether, until the fog lifted so that the watch could see a little way ahead. I believe Icebergs were never known to come down so early in the season, nor to reach so low a latitude as they reached this year ; there must have been *very* abnormal conditions in the Polar regions. I went on deck early one morning and beheld half a dozen vast Bergs towering through the mist, far above the masts of the ship. They were most beautiful in their white drapery : an exquisite picture : altogether unreal : glimpses as it were into a Polar world : such as a Poet might create in fancy : pictures such as Turner might paint : ethereal, vague, misty : a mist which the sunlight illumined but did not break : a silent, weird, dreary world : a world of white phantoms, lifeless, voiceless.

We had a goodly number of passengers, but I made hardly any acquaintances : indeed I can now recall but one, an ingenious Yankee from Cambridgeport, the representative of a firm of still more ingenious Yankees, who were the original inventors of the process by which granulated sugar is made ; all the granulated sugar consumed in the world is made by machines of their invention. I detest granulated sugar, but the fact is interesting and highly creditable to Cambridgeport : which 'may they live,' as the Germans say. The firm now makes machines of their own invention for the manufacture of *cube* sugar ; and our fellow passenger was on his way to Europe in order to introduce these machines, which are extremely practical and cost only ten to twelve thousand dollars apiece. 'The firm' is now wrestling with an interesting problem, namely : how to make sugar in globular form (small balls of sugar) ; but I am glad to say that the problem is considered nearly insoluble, to say nothing of the sugar.

We spent two days in London : bright, clear, warm days. The 'season' was on in London ; the crush in the streets was really striking ; and the great hotels were dreadfully crowded. We were lucky in getting into the Grand Midland Hotel at St. Pancras, a most remote situation, and therefore overrun only by Cook's Tourists ; but the table d'hôte was excellent and the rooms most comfortable. On

Saturday morning at 6:30—frightful hour to leave a London hotel,—we were on our way to the Railway Station at the Holborn Viaduct, and at 7:35 were speeding on our way to Dover. One hour and thirty minutes transit from Dover to Calais: delightful sunny weather: smooth sea: fresh breeze: sparkling waters. I had never entered the port of Calais before: but I could not see that it differed from any of the Channel ports, except in the fact that our hand-bags were not looked at. On to Cologne at 12. But I broke down at Brussels; it was hot and dusty; and I was faint with emptiness. We dropped out of the Train at Brussels in time to catch a *table d'hôte* dinner and snub a Scotchman who made impertinent remarks about Americans. Sunday in Brussels: very hot: and very smelly. *Grand Hotel*: in a new part of the town: Boulevard Anspach. Extremely clean city, Brussels: and really beautiful: great opulence and taste: but oh the smells! On Monday morning at 6 o'clock we were in the train on our way to Hannover, via Cologne, reaching Hannover 'in time to catch a *table d'hôte* dinner' at 6 o'clock at the Hôtel Royal. The next morning at 11 we took the train to Dresden. We tarried three weeks in Dresden, and then came here. I am drinking the Marktbrun water, and fancy that I feel already somewhat better. We have pleasant lodgings in the new part of the town, in a great house standing by itself in a garden of roses. In Dresden I bought a book which has excited much interest. It is said to be very clever. The writer, Max Nordau has become very popular. It is entitled *Die Conventionellen Lügen der Kulturmenschheit*:—pessimistic of course. But I have not yet read it: in fact, what with the *Allgemeine Zeitung* and the Waters and the wrestling with long overdue letter-writing, I have had no time for anything. We spend four or five hours in the afternoon in wandering through the forests: and three hours walking in the morning:—fancy how little there is left of me! But I commend the book to you, and leave it to you to commend it to them that do like clever pessimistic writing.

CARLSBAD, 24 *July*, 1885.

MY DEAR H.,—‘ Twintered ’ is indeed a curious word,—and one which I never met with, and I have been feeling plumb catawampous because I could not make it out ; but ‘ nach unablässigen Sinnen ’ your explanation seems to me, at least plausible : namely that the ‘ t ’ corresponds to the German ‘ ver ’ in *verwittert*, or rather, did formerly correspond, the form being now archaic. ‘ The twintered framework of a sleepy Church ’ would therefore be written now ‘ the splintered framework,’ etc. And you are right in your criticism of the word *sequestration*, used in one of my letters. What I meant was seclusion. How I could have used so affected a word as *sequestration*, and incorrectly too, is not clear to me,—a *lapsus linguæ* perhaps. And I am extremely glad that you remarked upon the word. There is nothing to which I so much aspire as to a thoroughly idiomatic use of our English tongue. I say *thoroughly idiomatic* use of our language : because I dislike what I may call purisms : or pedantries : faults to which too close criticism of words often lead, and to which I think Americans are peculiarly prone : for purisms and pedantries destroy the vigour of style, and weaken altogether the effect of sentences : in fact, are tiresome : and the main point in writing is to keep the interest unflagging. The successful writer is never lame ; else he would not be successful. His style, good or bad, awakens the attention of his readers, and keeps it awake, if indeed a bad style be capable of such an effect ; and sometimes it is, if the matter be sufficiently novel and in itself of absorbing interest, for style as a fine art is really looked for only in works of imagination or criticism, in essay writing and that kind of thing. One never reads a German work, for instance, with a view to enjoyment of the style ; one seldom regards anything written in German as *fine Art*. German books furnish us material : thoughts, facts, results of investigations, theories, and so on : and from this point of view are extremely useful : nay, indispensable. There is also a kind of poetry in the very language itself ; in the midst of the most tiresome prose one comes often upon a poetic phrase or colouring, revealing the depth of feeling and sentiment out of which German words seem to well up, as it were. Hence the great attraction of the language to the contemplative mind: a wellspring never failing, in the Serene Life.

DRESDEN, 20 *October*, 1885.

MY DEAR H.,—The Peach-Cure in Bozen was a failure: for the peaches, though magnificent in size and colour, were as hard as paving-stones, being gathered before ripening,—for the purpose of export, they said. But we were in the import business in the peach way, and therefore could do nothing in Bozen. In Venice however, we revenged ourselves; the peaches there were delicious, and I do not know which did us the most good, the peach-, or grape-, or fig-cure; nor can I suppress the remark that for Fullness of Poetic Delight there is nothing like Venice in September. From Venice we went by rail to Adelsberg, which we reached at midnight: most uncomfortable journey. But we enjoyed a brilliant moonlight; and as, for a good part of the way, the Rail runs through a desolate region, a waste of rock, we secured effects altogether unique: a spectral landscape: white and weird. Adelsberg is a dull hamlet: rolling country: gorgeous sunset: and there is an airy hotel, large and well placed, with a stingy *table d'hôte* and uncomfortable landlord: and the Cave,—or *Grotto* as it is called,—well, I do not know what to say of that. I can only call it extremely fine; and add that it is precisely what one might expect a Cave to be. It is impossible to say more about it than what the Guide Book says: windings, halls, a Mount of Calvary,—excellent paths all through it: electric lamps hung in halls: stalactites, assuming every fantastic shape, the name of each shape being written upon a board planted by the side of the hapless thing. The paths were lighted by candles stuck here and there at intervals, so that we did not have to carry lamps ourselves:—candles extinguished directly by men who followed us up for the purpose. There must have been as many as twenty visitors who went with us,—among them the Bishop of

Laibach with attendant priests, all in petticoats and shiny stove-pipe hats. We were two hours underground: damp and uncanny. One of the guides told me that the top of the Cave was about three hundred feet under the surface of the earth, and there are parts still unexplored; but there was quite enough of the Cave accessible, for me. I do not care for underground splendours; a green pasture on a New England hillside is to me far more beautiful than any Grotto. There is something depressing to me in subterranean depths:—nevertheless, two caraffes of the 'wine of the Country' brought me round, and we resumed the Rail and travelled on to Vienna. I was too tired to stop in Gratz as I intended, and we therefore passed the Semmering in a grand moonlight: extremely picturesque. We spent only a couple of days in Vienna: truly Imperial City. Thence we came to Dresden, where we are now tarrying: a massive house, standing by itself in the midst of verdure, now fast taking on Autumnal hues. In three months we have had but three rainy days; and those I am grieved to confess, were in Cortina. But alas! the Beautiful Summer is now but a memory: for in Dresden we were plunged at once into the gloom of a German Autumn, than which nothing can be more gloomy unless it be an English Autumn:—grey skies, dull, coal-smoked, damp weather: rain and fog:—in fact a humid climate, which, though I dislike it, is perhaps better for me than a dry climate. I have resumed my old walk in the *Grosser Garten*. Long ago I laid out a definite walk there and have never varied from it: superb foliage, autumnal glories, exquisite vistas, purer air; and I am in better *form*, as the English say, than when I came to Dresden in June. I feel that Carlsbad has really helped me: given a fillip as it were to the vitality: and I am only depressed by a feeling that one ought to go there every year:—tiresome business and inconvenient. Nevertheless one must do something for one's health as the Germans say; and one might spend a month in a worse place than Carlsbad.

DRESDEN, 13 *November*, 1885.

MY DEAR H.,—I feel more than ever like a waif when I contemplate your abounding relations with mankind. Nevertheless, temperaments and faculty differ; and outside of a few companions, the world is to me a mass of dreariness,—or rather, something too vast and alien to grasp and be made into an agreeable element of consciousness. Tendencies of mind too, finally fixing themselves as habits controlling conduct, have a vast deal to do with one's attitude toward the world. Some persons are drawn toward the world by all the fibres of their being; *people* always interest them; they act upon *people* and are reacted upon by people; they have the faculty of social intercourse; their thoughts flow out of their mouths in words, even while they stand up on their feet before others; they are a power in society, and keep the world alive; they are born preachers, and orators and teachers and the like. But again there is a recluse class: persons of a contemplative kind; of a wholly subjective turn of mind; who feel no craving for objectivate-ing themselves; nor could they gratify such a craving if they had it, not possessing the faculty. Their world is not outward; it is inward; where in the mirror of consciousness is reflected and caught up all that makes *their* life,—from the teleological point of view a life that calls for an apology; which however it can never furnish; a self-contained, unasserting life; dominated by a profound consciousness of the supreme transitoriness of all earthly things, and the vanity of all earthly pursuits; of the incredible egoism of man and the fate that rides him like a whirlwind. But these will appear to you, and quite inevitably, to be heterodox sentiments; yet the *Grund*, the *au fond* of Earthly things,—who shall grasp it? Does Christianity, as it presents itself to-day, grasp it? Christianity in its original essence seems to me to have been pure communism; but the Egoism ineradicable of human nature cast out communism long ago, and Christianity remains as a kind of form in which the metaphysical cravings of mankind have taken refuge, and been crystallized. This from the contemplative point of view: from the point of view of actual life, it still remains a mighty power for moral teaching, and the purifying of Egoism.

In Dresden the days flow tranquilly ; and to me there is always pleasure in this tranquillity. At any rate for a time I like it. When I live in Boston,—though I see but few folk and have no part in any affairs except my own,—I cannot even go into the street without undergoing a kind of friction of the nerves. Here the very air is conducive to moral repose. I walk in the Great Garden. There are few persons walking there. The long avenues and overarching elms ; the golden sunlight touching with glow the Sere of Autumn ; the occasional expanse of greensward ; the vistas :—all this tranquillizes : soothes the mind : carrying it into the Ideal. In New England, I never walked in a country road except in a hurry and more or less distracted by an aim of some kind, mostly effete. Yet I dare say this sort of thing will seem ridiculous ; and I pass on to say that we have done about two-thirds of the *Kügelgen* book, and have worked the boy up into his Eleventh year, where he has been sprawling semi-breechless over the last fifty pages ; the *Schauplatz* of his tiny activities being Dresden, however, sixty years ago, the interest of locality asserts itself. In the evenings I have been reading to the ladies,—there lives with us a young girl of twenty-one, half German, half English, the father a reprobate, quite altogether reprobate, German Graf, the Mother an English woman, Unitarian too, fancy ! The Mother is now dead and the Father gone, literally, to the devil wherever that may be ;—I have been reading aloud I say, a novel by Hugh Conway (one Fargus—now dead) entitled *A Family Affair* : extremely sensational. Yet it struck me as rather clever. The scene moves itself for a short time to Munich : and there is a brief sketch of the Munich *Gottesacker* and of well-known streets. The Wicked One in the novel turns up dead in the *Todtenhalle*, an institution which is by the way *wie geschaffen* for the practical novelist. I wonder it has never been turned to account before :—perhaps it has been. The Theatre has fallen out of my life at present, owing to a variety of causes ; else I might report to you upon the plays,—not operas,—for I never go to an Opera except upon compulsion, having no ear for music, as you know. But I am more interested at this present by the drama which is unfolding in the East, and which I fancy will furnish us presently with extremely agitated scenes. I verily believe that we are on the eve of great events: the whole Eastern Question in fact reopened and for the last time: Turk swept out of Europe: and a frightful war:—the issue of which no man can foresee—between Austria and Russia. An altogether dramatic perspective opens itself: and I fancy there must be some sort of connection between this state of thing and the phenomenon of the *Boom* now on in American States:—in other words, European buying is going on induced by a fear of approaching trouble, in this part of the world.

DRESDEN, 19 *December*, 1885.

MY DEAR H.,—I have been of late in a rather sodden condition. At intervals I fall into a kind of moral marasmus, or paralysis of the Will. It is an affliction very common among Idle Men; and there are times when I really can't shake it off. At such times I grasp at a change of residence, or a bit of travel, as the only remedy; and it is possible,—that we may go to London for a month or two. London always stirs me up; I hear the English tongue: and read English Reviews and newspapers, and feel as if I had come back to the Centre of Things:—for though the tranquil life of Germany soothes and strengthens me, yet at times I get very tired of foreign tongues:—blood is stronger than water, after all; and familiar as I am, and have been for years, with the German language, I find a certain constraint in it. When I get to London I feel like a bird that has been let out of a cage.

I have been worked up to take an interest in the troubles in the Balkan Peninsula. The outbreak of the War between Servia and Bulgaria quite took away my breath; and with the help of the *Times* and the German newspapers, I have kept up a kind of study of the Eastern Question, so-called.

But the more one studies it, the more addled does one get :—in short, it is an appalling muddle : and I do not wonder that diplomats, even the supremest, turn away from it helpless, and let things drift : the course which they are now taking, by the way. The two Powers that stand in absolute antagonism to one another *at the outset* are Austria and Russia ; England and Germany come next ; Greece and Italy follow ;—is not that a Gordian Knot ? a Knot which the sword alone can cut. But none of the Great Powers want war at present, fancying I suppose that at some future period they may be better prepared. Hence the muddle : and the tons of newspaper writing which overwhelm a labouring world.

There are not many Americans in Dresden whom I know, though the town is full of them, owing partly, no doubt, to the fear of cholera in Italy. It is really curious what a scarecrow the cholera is ; but perhaps it is not so much fear of cholera, as dread of Quarantines which deters people from going to Italy ; most horrible quarantines having been established last year,—quarantines far more dangerous than the Cholera itself. I have no great *Drang* to know people ; such people as come in my way without any effort on my part suffice for my wants in this particular. I never go to the Opera, having no ear for music ; and as the wife does not care to go to the Theatre yet, I have dropped out of that amusement ; indeed for now several years I have had no fancy for the Theatre : the real reason being that I am afraid of an attack of vertigo, which the close air of a Theatre might bring on :—but domestic life is sweet to me ; our evenings are delightful ; and I thank God every night that I have not to go out of doors. We have a lively young lady living with us,—she makes us great fun : she is betrothed to an officer in the German Navy, who is now in Zanzibar or some equally infernal hole. She is the Gräfin von K. ; the founder of the family was ennobled a century and a half ago by August the Strong, that 'man of Sin,' for reasons I hope not sinful, but I have always fancied he was one of the Sin's bastards ; at any rate in her family archives are letters from Frederick the Great and a mass of other celebrities, and on the breaking up of the family lately the young woman was on the point of clearing out the whole lot of manuscripts as *Maculatur*! fortunately she was caught in time and the papers were saved.

PITTSFIELD, NEW HAMPSHIRE,
26 *July*, 1886.

MY DEAR H.,—Yes, June is our American May; and far superior to the European May, because one can depend upon fine weather in our June, and it is a chance whether one gets fine weather,—in Germany for instance,—in May. I have known May to be very wet in Germany; and not May alone, but half the Summer. We had delicious weather in June, and all the freshness of the blossoming Springtime. We had rooms at the Tremont House in Boston looking out upon the Granary Burial Ground; and the birds sang and the foliage was fresh and the flowers beautiful there—but alas! for the everlasting jingle of the Horse-Car all through the night and the screams of Herdic drivers running races at midnight! We made pleasant little excursions: to Nantasket by steamboat: and City Point by Horse Car. I was surprised to find how pretty it was at City Point: and there is a pier there jutting out far into the water,—a Pier built by the City,—we sat down on a bench there and enjoyed the salt sea breeze: all for nothing. In England the Pier would have been built by a private Company and the Public would have been charged a penny a head for the privilege of enjoying it: which I regard as the proper course, for if Municipalities in this country are to go on supplying facilities for recreation and pleasure to the inhabitants,—what is to become of the property of the small percentage of citizens who pay for this sort of thing? Where can the line be drawn?—why not supply every poor person with a newspaper:—also with dwelling, and with music and a theatre? where I say is the line to be drawn—are the twenty per cent. of the citizens of Boston who pay taxes, to divide up with the eighty per cent. who pay nothing? it is coming to that, I fancy. R. tells me of a case that came within his knowledge where the tax that was levied on a person took his entire income and he went to the Poor House,—to be supported by citizens who were lucky enough to have something left after paying *their* taxes, and therefore did not require to go to the Poor House themselves : else everybody would have to be supported at the public expense. In this country Socialism is creeping in under the disguise of taxation. The Majority rule ; the majority has no money ; the majority therefore vote to spend the money of the minority on themselves. I believe the German principle to be wiser and safer ; for what one enjoys one must pay, *if he can* ; for schools for his children as well as for everything else. *If he can't pay*, and the State looks well into that, the State gives him The Indispensable for nothing ; and schooling, being a part of the Indispensable, is free to him who can't pay for it. A frightful problem—this adjusting the relations of money and labour, and mankind has never yet solved it. Rome couldn't solve it and went to pieces. The Chinese seem to be the only folk who have managed,—not perhaps to solve it,—but to steer clear of it. The 'philosophy of Chinese civilization' has yet to be written ; it seems to me that it must disclose a secret worth knowing, the secret of stability.

CHAPTER II

JAPAN AND THE FAR EAST

1887–1888

The Pacific Voyage—Yokohama—Miyanoshita—Tokyo—Nikko—Shanghai—Hongkong—Bombay—Darjeeling—Benares—Agra—The Red Sea—Suez—Cairo—Athens.

GRAND HOTEL, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN,
Tuesday, 21 *June*, 1887.

MY DEAR H.,—What you say about Scherr is quite true. He was always aiming to produce a sensation and to write something *packend*, and nothing *hits*, I am sorry to say, like nastiness and morbidness, if cleverly spread out, and he was rather a master I think in the analyzing and display of *rot* in high places,—his portrait of Katherine of Russia for instance being altogether unique in this particular. Lichtenstein is flat: a German imitation of Walter Scott: very German. Spielhagen's novel, *Was die Schwalbe sang*, is clever but nothing more. The plot seemed to me to be rather forced. Spielhagen wrote better things when he was younger;—*Problematische Naturen* for instance. He wrote himself out long ago; now he manufactures merely at so much the *Bogen*, this being generally the case with professional novelists. Turgénjeu is however an artist, after the French school; and I have no doubt that his etchings of Russian character, done with a biting acid, are true to life. At any rate they would certainly interest me if anything Russian could, but it can't; Russia and Russians being to me a mere synonym for dreariness and aridity and lacquered barbarism.

I am delighted to learn that you are to print a Guidebook of Walks in B. This is precisely the thing we need in all picturesque towns, and can never find. He is indeed a benefactor who writes a good guidebook of walks, and thereby helps to keep up the fashion of walking,—a fashion which I observe with pain to be dying out in Boston; at least I never meet young men taking walks there, as we used to take them when we were young.

After all we did not sail on Thursday, May 12. The departure was postponed until Saturday, May 14; and fancy! we made the fastest passage on record from San Francisco to Yokohama: namely fifteen days twenty-three hours, and seven minutes, arriving in Yokohama on Tuesday morning, May 31. Of course with instant criticism you will say 'this makes 17 days,' but it doesn't; because we dropped out a day. I hope I shall pick it up somewhere, else I shall be one day short in my earthly reckonings; for on Monday, May 23, in the afternoon we crossed the Meridian, or 180° Longitude West from Greenwich, and the next day therefore was Wednesday, May 25; and you will at once understand what became of Tuesday. I hope myself to comprehend it some day. But it was a dull gloomy voyage. All told, we had hardly two days of fitful sunshine: foggy, wet, windy: at times heavy seas. They told me in San Francisco that in May the Pacific would be so smooth one could cross it in a tub,—what rubbish! I was extremely disappointed. I had looked forward to sitting on deck, reading drowsy novels, fanned by zephyrs: nothing of the sort, not even a sunset: letting alone sunrises (which I always do). But the ship was good and staunch. The smoking room, where I spent the greater part of my time, was on the spar deck: commodious and accessible. Smoking Rooms are sometimes on the hurricane deck, and in rough weather one gains them at the peril of his life:—a peril however which I never failed to face. We had only about fifteen passengers: a perky Connecticut Colonel—he told me that American Colonels as a rule were frauds, but that he was an exception, he was genuine—running over to Yokohama to buy curios and to say that he had been in Japan, Mrs. Colonel and Miss Colonel accompanying him; then we had five missionaries,—three of them young women; the other two were an old man (65) and his wife,—the pair had never been out of the United States: Methodists: and I am sorry to say, the poor old man was very sick from one end of the voyage to the other, and now he is trying to learn Japanese, the mere sound of which almost gives one a fit of nausea. The language is said to resemble the Italian in the pronunciation of many words. One of the missionary young women, a bright Blue Nose, flirted with the chief officer to a degree that interested us all: nay, almost did we congratulate her, or him (I forget which)! but fancy! unbeknown to everybody, the day after we arrived in Yokohama, the sprightly creature was married to another man who was waiting for her! Nevertheless, she was an admirable little woman and will do a great deal of good work I know among the Japs. But when it comes to religion,—I don't know. If Christianity means Roman Catholicism, I should prefer Buddhism. At any rate the Buddhist's dogma is pure; and the Buddhist images are in no wise more hideous than Roman Catholic images. If Christianity means Unitarianism,—I should say that the Japs had already got it, substantially, in Shintoism:—an extremely pure form of religion: a kind of Quakerism: the soul in the attitude of repose waiting for the spiritual Light that shall make all things holy. The Shinto Temples are as bare as our Meeting Houses; absolutely nothing in them; not an image; not a picture; not a bronze vessel; in short nothing whatever,—not even a chair; though for that matter chairs are unknown in Japan; in fact, the Japanese have no furniture at all; and if one wishes to see how a nation can be happy without any wants whatever except green tea, he should come to Japan. But the Japanese do not worship in Temples; the Temples are with few exceptions extremely small; the worshipper approaches the Temple; throws a few pieces of copper money into a receptacle provided for the purpose; gazes and gazes and goes away. The worshipping is done by the priests, who sit, I should say squat—Japanese do not sit—before an image of the Buddha, in the Buddhist Temples, that is; and mumble prayers; and occasionally strike the rim of a great bronze bowl, making a sound wonderful and clear: this for the purpose of calling the attention of the god to a prayer.

Well, another of our fellow passengers was a U.S. Naval Captain going out to Yokohama in order to take charge of a Ship of War, a most admirable man. He has recently published a book on Mathematics. On the voyage he read novels from early dawn to late night in the Smoking Room, and really seemed to enjoy it. He broke down however on *She*, by Rider Haggard:—frightful book. It is prodigious what rubbish the public will swallow in these days. I never read anything quite so absurd as this book.

We had several German passengers: uncanny race; and another German, not a Jew; and a 'Globe-trotter,'—capital fellow: scientifically educated: and of most instructive conversation: an emancipated man, too: he frankly said that the Germans were very small minded folk and gossipy: and for his part he prefers Bass' Ale.

And so we wore away the days with as much merriment as possible. The ship was an English ship, though chartered to an American Company, and therefore we had to celebrate the Queen's Birthday; the ship supplied free champagne and the Colonel supplied a poem which he tried to get printed, but couldn't, though it was bosh. And finally we landed in the rain at the Custom House steps. The Jap Custom Officers in European dress pretended to understand all we said and opened only one trunk, and that out of curiosity I fancy. The trunk was our steamer-trunk and contained only the soiled linen of three weeks. This didn't seem to interest them, and they politely passed our four trunks and five boxes into the Empire of the Mikado without further official mysteries. We established ourselves in this, the Grand Hotel: French cuisine: most admirable. Frenchmen run all the kitchens in this part of the world, while the English run the banks; the Germans do the tailoring, and the Chinese the printing. The Hotel is situated on what is called the Bund, or street, embanked, running along the water,—the hotel being at the end of the Bund, at the corner of a creek running up from the Bay inland. Our rooms are directly on the corner: most comfortable sitting room, and large bedroom. We look out over the shining waters of the Bay filled with men-of-war of all Nations : the U.S. have no less than five naval ships here : and also upon a wooded height,—densest verdure,—where are the English and French Naval Stations. This is the European Quarter of the town, and contains several narrow streets lined with European buildings, mostly of German style of architecture, where are the shops and tea warehouses, and silk warehouses, and so on, called *godowns* in Oriental phraseology. Just across the creek, on a high Bluff are the residences of Europeans : pretty villas embowered in verdure : none of them more than two stories high : for be it known that this is the land of earthquakes. Last January there was a bad earthquake and our rooms still show the marks of it ; the chimney in the sitting-room and also in the bedroom is cracked all over ; the floors are all irregular ; and to a vivid imagination like mine even the walls seem to slant ; and fancy, yesterday while sitting in a great armchair at a commodious writing-desk,—one gets a great deal of comfort in Japan for very little money, comparatively,—smoking my after-breakfast cigar, all of a sudden I felt myself shaking like a mass of jelly ; the armchair rocked ; the plastering rattled and bits of it fell down, and to my overstrained imagination the end of all things seemed to be coming. It was of course a *tremblement de terre*, as the French say, a tremor :—and fortunately nothing more ; but the same thing was repeated at night : our two beds rocked with a great noise ; each of us fancied the same thing was the matter with the other ; I sprang up and lighted a candle ; more bits of plastering fell. I went to the windows of the sitting-room ; the sky was black as ink ; and a great wind was lashing the waters below as if the Evil one himself were abroad on a spree. But people here seem to think nothing of this sort of thing ; and I suppose that I ought to be equally unconscious ; but really it is an extremely uncanny feeling to sit in one's armchair and shake like a mass of jelly, and I shall be glad if we get out of this country without anything more ludicrous happening.

The Jap town is a continuation of the English Quarter :

rather narrow streets: lined on either side with shops: small shops: everything Japanese is extremely small: never more than two stories high: often only one story: the fronts are all open: having sliding doors that push in grooves sidewise: the doors being full of panes like a window: but the panes instead of being made of glass are of white paper. Inside the tiny shop, the floor is raised a foot from the ground; it is covered with straw matting; and on this matting the Jap squats; he is most polite and bows his head to the floor when he greets you; and does not overcharge you, if you are smart and know about what the prices of things should be; otherwise he will do you in the most playful manner, and then present you with tea—green tea—in tiny cups,—neither milk nor sugar to it, and with bonbons which you take into the mouth with delicate chop-sticks. The bonbons taste like paint. But the Japs are right in drinking tea without our barbarous addition of milk and sugar to it; the tea is strong, too, and most refreshing; but one swallow exhausts a cup; and two whiffs exhaust a Japanese tobacco pipe. They seem to take everything in a tiny way; the houses are mere doll houses, or bird cages; and absolutely devoid of furniture of any kind. There is not a thing in them. I emphasize this statement, because the Japs seem to be a very happy race: always laughing and showing superb teeth:—happy because they have no wants: none I mean in the American sense. They are quick-witted and endowed with delicate taste in art,—they can imitate anything; they are wonderful workers in silk and bronze. I was told that the Japanese surgical instruments, made from European models, are among the best in the world. But this faculty of imitation, I am very much afraid, will bring them to grief; for they are what we call a progressive people. By progressive I suppose we mean a tendency to invent new wants, to improve material methods, and introduce new methods. Now for ages the Japs have been in possession of a really fine civilization; for ages every man, woman and child in Japan, has been able to read and write; for ages they have inherited intellectual tastes and training:—and for ages they have been happy and contented. The population has been dense and the people have led easy lives :—because their wants being few, there has not been an excess of labour required to gratify them. Their dress is picturesque and practical ; it costs less than a quarter of the money needed to procure a European costume ; they wear no leather shoes of costly workmanship as we do,—costly I mean comparatively ; they wear white socks and when they go into the streets they put the feet *on* a sort of wooden sole with two little slits to it in order to elevate the foot, say three inches from the ground,—the sandal being fastened to the foot by a string passing between the toes. When they enter a house they drop these sandals at the door. Now, I say, being contented with this exquisitely cheap way of living, of what good will it be to the Jap to harrow himself to earn extra money in order to buy a chair, for instance, when he can just as well squat, and would really rather squat, his short legs being apparently bowed for the purpose ? And so on through all the rest of the list of wants. Why should the Jap toil for money to buy a bedstead for thirty dollars when he can as well sleep on the floor with his head on a little block that costs three cents ? But nevertheless the Jap will keep on introducing European furniture and methods, for it lies in his nature to do so ; he is possessed of a truly revolutionary passion for change ; in fact the Jap blood is of a superior quality ; the Jap has genius ; and genius is always extravagant. I dare say the country may have sources of great wealth, though I do not know what they are ; at present at any rate the country is poor, from our point of view ; and it is painful to observe the burden of expense which the Government is laying upon the people : buying ironclads for their navy at vast cost : fortifying the country : erecting large and expensive buildings in the European style, and so on : for of course all the money must come from direct taxation, the customs bringing in practically nothing, there being a uniform duty of only five per cent. on everything : but this is too politically economical.

I have been keeping well ever since I came here. At present a delightful temperature: not exceeding 76° in our sitting-room: but the wife I am sorry to say has been far from well. We shall remain in Yokohama until the heat drives us to the mountains, for I fear that the food of Jap inns may complete her ruin. It is most agreeable living here; we are directly on the water; and in the cool of the afternoon can always take a jinrikisha ride into the country. The jinrikisha is what we should call a tiny *chaise*, drawn by a man instead of a horse; yet the man runs as fast as a horse, and is about as naked as a horse. The country is most picturesque, and green to the water's edge. I have seen strawberry fields coming down to within a foot of the swash of the sea; but I cannot describe scenery, if I would, and therefore I will not dwell upon it.

We have made but one long excursion: to Kamakura, where is the Great Buddha Image: forty-nine feet high: standing in the open: bronze: hollow: eight hundred years old. Wonderful face: the Greeks never fashioned anything finer than is the expression of Eternal Calm on the face of this August Buddha.

THE YA-AMI HOTEL IN KIOTO, JAPAN,
Wednesday, 5 October, 1887.

MY DEAR H.,—I find that letter writing is becoming extremely difficult now that we are once really in motion. Hitherto we have been mainly in a state of repose: in California and in Yokohama: also in Miyanoshita: and a state of repose is absolutely essential to me for the exercise of the epistolary function. Nevertheless I find myself able to write this morning, after two days spent in a *jinrikisha*, or *kuruma*, as the vehicle is commonly called in these parts, in an excursion to Nara, gazing at heathen idols; and in spite of the continuous beating of priestly gongs in a temple situated just behind this picturesque hotel,—not half so bad, however, as the ringing of bells in Catholic countries, in Bozen the Beautiful for instance. The gong, by the way, is not the Chinese gong *too* familiar to us in our country hotels, but a great,—nay, a superb bronze vessel, shaped like a bowl; the rim of the vessel is struck by a heavy instrument like a drumstick, and the resonance is long and solemn. In the night time the sound is almost uncanny, so peculiarly dirgelike is it. In fact there is in all Buddhist temples, or rather in the temples in many places, an all pervading silence and solemnity quite delicious to the contemplative mind, except when a holiday comes, and what is called the Fourth-of-July business of Buddhism takes place: all kinds of junketing: a sort of fair: resembling very much the country, or Volksfeste Fairs, one sees in Germany.

If I remember rightly a letter from you reached me in Miyanoshita (a mountain resort, about eight hours distant from Yokohama) just before my departure. We went there mainly on account of the wife's health, and also for the sake of the hot baths: a picturesque spot, half way up the Hakone Pass: in the mountains, with a grand view down the Pass and out upon the distant sea. Not long after our arrival in Japan the wife was prostrated by an attack of malaria, or what was called malaria, accompanied by total loss of appetite and other unpleasant features. But finally she came around as we say, and has since been as well as ever. But she was not alone in being thus affected by the climate of Japan; almost every one who came over with us was taken down in a similar way. I was one of the few exceptions. The climate seems to suit me; and I have been in excellent condition during the whole summer. It is one of the uniform climates; there is very little variation in the temperature from day to day; no violent changes such as we are familiar with. We landed May 31: 70° in our sitting-room in the shade: and the weather grew gradually warmer until the thermometer marked usually 84° in the shade: this was the highest point. And now since September the weather has been growing gradually cooler until we are back to about 70° again; but the nights were always cool. I have never experienced a really hot night; and although we have been sleeping under mosquito netting, I have seen but one mosquito. In Miyanoshita, however, there were dreadful black beetles flying about at night. I saw one, with two large horns,—it was as big as a hen's egg; and besides in Miyanoshita I killed two awful centipedes. One of these was running across the straw matting of my room,—as big as my hand I should think; and my razor strop is all smeared over with spiders which I used to smack on the walls. I found it a convenient instrument for spider-killing. The whole mountain region roundabout Miyanoshita is full of Hot Springs; further up the Pass, at a place called Ashinayu are Hot Sulphur Springs. Our Hot Springs were of no therapeutical value, containing a trifling amount of iron only; but the Baths were delicious. The water was hot to a temperature of 176°, and you cooled it as you liked with cold water flowing into the bath tub. Bathing is part of the life of the Japanese; they bathe all the time; every Jap—even the poorest—bathes at the end of the day. They are the cleanest people I know, taking in, I mean, the lower classes. We lived in a Japanese inn accommodated to European uses: and an excellent inn it was: a verandah running all around it enclosed in sliding frames of glass: one storied and not much privacy. In a regular Japanese inn there is no privacy at all; the sense of privacy seems wholly wanting in the Japanese. Sliding frames, paper-paned, make the partitions between the rooms; any one may shove the slide aside and enter; and they shove it and enter all the time. At Nikko one night between two and three o'clock a man shoved aside one of our slides and came in. The wife heard him, and all I can say is, that the man didn't stay very long to enjoy her screams. Whether he came to rob us,—who knows?

Well, while in Miyanoshita, we made an excursion to the top of the pass, where is Hakone Lake: a beautiful sheet of water encompassed by lonesome mountains covered with verdure of intensest green. We were carried up the mountain steeps,—and very bad steeps they were, some of them,—in chairs: wicker armchairs, suspended between two poles: each pole borne by two men on their shoulders: when not half way up, one of the bamboo poles of my chair broke, and down I came with a thump. I dare say the crash was heard all over Japan. It was the day of the Eclipse and the Eclipse was a failure. Nevertheless I walked on undismayed, and presently another pole was obtained. We crossed the lake in a sampan, sitting in our chairs, with our eight coolies curled up in a corner. A sampan is a flat-bottomed Japanese Boat,—ours was sculled by two boatmen : seven and a half miles in an hour and a quarter : this seemed to me prodigious. At the end of the Lake we began a long and tiresome ascent, a tramp through a lonely forest, the path being so narrow and crooked that the men could not carry us. Here we were overtaken by the eclipse ; the eclipsed light in the forest was certainly weird,—I might say uncanny. Then we came into the open : a plateau desolate and wild : all blasted by the fumes of sulphur which issue from the boiling sulphur springs :—and then we began the descent through a most awful gorge : desolate and rocky : slippery with trickling sulphur water. Two of the coolies got hold of me and somehow worked me down. It was a toil of an hour and a half, and I assure you I was in an exhausted state when I got to the bottom. I never went through anything like it. The wife thought she would manage the business without help ; and she did very well ; only once did she come down flat on her back. The place is called by the Japanese Ojinoku, or the Big Hell ; and if Hell be anything like it, may I be saved !

We spent a month in Miyanoshita ; and then we went by jinrikisha and rail to Tokyo. Tokyo is a vast place : a million of inhabitants : but the streets are precisely like Jap streets everywhere, all Jap streets being alike. When you walk in one of them, you walk in all of them, so to speak, throughout Japan. Tokyo is the capital : formerly called Yeddo. The Mikado lives here ; and here at his Court are concentrated the Europeanizing influences now working in Japan. The official classes all wear seedy trousers and sit in rickety chairs :—for the Jap as you know is a creature devoured by a passion for progress and European clothes. We stopped at a little teahouse yesterday on our way from Nara in order to eat the lunch we had with us.

The wife came across a Jap youth there who showed a desire to pick up some English names ; he gave her a book to look at which he had bought entitled : *How to Learn English without a Master*. It was evidently *done* by the man who writes ' English as she is spoke.' I looked it over and culled the following sentence which I give you literally ; perhaps you will understand it ; I must confess that I didn't : ' Lave and lave only is the loan for love.' Fancy ! I am afraid that poor Jap youth will make progress backward. Well, at Tokyo we lived comfortably in a nice clean little inn : European, kept by Japanese aided by a little pot-bellied German Jew :—and we went and saw the temples : very beautiful work in them in lacquer and bronze. The temples in the quarter called Shita are the burial places of the Shoguns : once great feudal lords and afterwards the political rulers of Japan. They were overthrown in the great revolution which took place in recent years, when the Mikado was recalled from his impotent spiritual function in Kioto, and restored to power. Shita is what one might call an Imperial Cemetery :—temples on successive terraces : one terrace after another : one flight of steps after another : until I quite lost my wind : vast grounds : a brooding stillness. But when it comes to describing these Japanese temples,—shrines of Buddhism,—I must say frankly that I break down ; my faculty is not equal to the task. My conscience rather twits me indeed for disposing so summarily of the only sights in Japan ; but I really shouldn't know how to begin to describe them ; they are not like anything in our architecture ; and in short are altogether inferior and gruesome things. There is a certain impressiveness indeed in the setting, so to speak, of the temples at Shita and at Nikko : vast grounds : on the sides of mountains or great hills : overhanging forests of intensest green. Silence—solemnity—broken only at intervals by the low deep resonance of the priestly gong. It sounds to me always like the dying wail of a pagan and cruel and grotesque age. There is no end of temples in these grounds,—a large temple, like the awful thing in the quarter called Asakusa in Tokyo, being an exception.

From Tokyo we went to Nikko; four hours by rail through a flat and fertile country, riant with luxuriant vegetation; and then six hours in *jinrikisha*. Nikko was a favourite resort of the Shoguns; and as priesthood and power go hand in hand, or at least have done so hitherto, the temples in Nikko are many; and you ride to Nikko through a magnificent avenue of trees—cryptomeria—resembling cedar and spruce trees in appearance. It was moonlight when we rode, and a memorable ride it was; also were memorable our days in Nikko, where I slept on quilts spread on the floor, and brushed my teeth outdoors. I am getting to be rather too old, however, to find this sort of thing amusing for long, and I was glad when we had done Nikko, for it came near doing me. Nevertheless we made several delightful walks in Nikko: wild, romantic scenery: on the banks of a raging mountain stream: and we were carried in chairs up to lake Chiuzenji, twenty-five hundred feet higher up than Nikko: extremely beautiful scenery, and fine, cool air: mountains, torrents, temples and so on. Then we went back to Tokyo—afterwards to Yokohama: and from Yokohama we came to Kobe by steamer: voyage of thirty hours: we struck a moonlight night and a smooth sea: altogether delightful: coast scenery all the way. From Kobe to Kioto is two and a half hours by rail:—picturesque hotel kept by Japs in European style, just outside the town: fine view of the town lying in a great valley at our feet, a valley bordered beyond by a long low mountain range: temples behind us and all about us: Japanese towns all alike.

The main thing of philosophic interest in Japan are the Japanese: quick-witted, playful folk: good-mannered and polite: I should fancy them to be the happiest people on earth: always contented. Their civilization is a peculiar one and has many beautiful features: to me from the material point of view, it is the most exquisite refinement of —discomfort possible to conceive.

No. 9 Chowringhee, Calcutta,
Monday, 26 *December*, 1887.

My dear H.,—We went back from Kioto to Kobe, where we embarked October 13 for Shanghai, stopping for a day in Nagasaki, on the way. Nagasaki is extremely picturesque,—a landlocked harbour and greenest hills. It is the place where for two centuries (say from 1650 to 1850) the Dutch had a factory so-called, or settlement: strictly confined to a bit of island: and through this keyhole it was that for all those two hundred years the Japanese held their only communication with the outside world. For two centuries Japan was a sealed land; until Commodore Perry came up one fine morning into the harbour of Yeddo, now called Tokyo, and smashing things right and left, laid open the land and breathed into the Japanese a consuming passion for trowsers, or European civilization as some people call it. We left Japan with regret; in fact we quite lost our hearts there; for the land is picturesque and clean. Ah, how clean does it seem to be now after an experience, happily brief, of Chicago dirt and Indian degradation, and how winning are their ways; they smile sweetly; their life is festive; a light-hearted folk; gay though slippery; and they make lots of pretty things. You would see in a day more things in Japan which you would like to possess than you would see in the rest of Asia in a year. It is a terrible country for the weak-minded traveller with a taste for curios; the bronzes and embroideries, the silks and porcelains of Japan are extremely fascinating; and also extremely dear; and the slippery Jap is a difficult creature to handle, so sweet is he and full of guile in all his ways. Well, with all their faults we liked the Japs and we liked Japan; and the pleasant memories we have of the land are worth all the cheateries to which alas! we fell dupes.

From Nagasaki to Calcutta,—it is all a waste. Such a weariness have we undergone in all these days of voyaging, —three days from Shanghai to Hongkong; twelve days from Hongkong to Colombo; eight days from Colombo to Calcutta; and there still remain eleven days,—from Bombay to Suez,—to be undergone. In Shanghai there is a foreign settlement as you may know. The English quarter is fine: clean streets: magnificent houses: a pretty public garden on the banks of the river, where I used to sit in the sun and smoke Manilla cigars; for Shanghai lies far to the north and the autumnal breeze was already cold. The winters are said to be bitterly cold; but the spring comes earlier and the summer is intenser than with us. 106° was not an unusual figure this last summer in Shanghai. Farther north in Tientsin and Peking the winter is extremely severe,—zero weather is the rule for half the time in Peking; but owing to the dryness of the climate there is not much snow. This is the kind of climate I should like; and I was told by a gentleman whom I met somewhere in our steaming, and who had lived in Peking for many years (in the English Consular Service) that the climate of that place was really delightful. But being a Chinese city of course it is full of stenches and dirt; and once you have put your nose into a Chinese city, you would be willing to take any kind of climate in preference. We put our noses into The City as it is called in Shanghai; it is the Chinese city; surrounded by high walls; precisely like the ramparts by which European cities were girded in mediæval days, and of which here and there are instances yet surviving in Europe. There are several gates or portals through which one enters the City in Shanghai, or rather, gateways cut through the massive wall; and inside, a labyrinth of lanes,—hardly wide enough to permit a person to be carried in a chair; paved with flagstones and lined with two- or three-storied buildings of brick, covered with stucco, and the fronts all open. These are the shops; and overhead on lines suspended across the streets or passages are strips of cloth inscribed with Chinese characters. Mattings also are often stretched across the streets; and here and there a heavy chandelier may be seen hanging. In fact, the whole place looks like one large bazaar: damp and dark and an unutterable gloom: swarming with human beings in every stage of filth: water carriers, and carriers of merchandise, jostling one rudely at every step: for there are no carts of course: all merchandise is carried by men:

suspended from the two ends of a pole balanced across the shoulder: and the cries and the noise, the shrieks of itinerant pedlars, the harsh grunts made by the carriers as they stagger under their heavy burdens,—a sort of cadence, such as sailors utter when heaving an anchor, or setting a sail—all this and much more besides, to say nothing of the stenches and the dirt, made the place a kind of nauseous Bedlam. We did not tarry long. We spent a fortnight in Shanghai, and might have gone up to Peking had not the wife been attacked by a violent illness. The illness, however, though extremely serious, was happily of short duration; but owing to the lateness of the season,—the Peiho freezes over toward the end of November,—and our utter disgust of all things Chinese, we decided to give up Peking. And I feel no regret that we did so. I regret only that I took the trouble to see anything of China. It is a dreary country and the Chinese are a dreary, uninteresting people. There is nothing pleasing in their ways; one never sees a smile on a Chinaman's face. Nevertheless I must do them the justice to say that merchants in China assured me that the Chinese were far more honourable in their commercial dealings than the Japanese; one can trust a Chinaman's word. This is much; for you can't trust a Jap, though he swears by the Buddha; he is gay and slippery; the Chinaman is sombre, but you know where to find him, as we say.

We spent a fortnight in Shanghai; and then we sailed away in a German steamer to Hongkong,—most picturesque of spots: a landlocked harbour. The city is built on the side of a hill, or mountain rather; there is only one level street; everything else is uphill; not the place for me; it took four coolies to carry me up the mountain; but they stood it; and so did I. We made an excursion up the river to Canton; fell in with an American female missionary who kindly took us in for the night; no hotel in Canton, or rather one hotel but too vile for ladies. We were carried through the streets all one day in chairs; the streets are mere lanes; and what I have said of the City in Shanghai applies to Canton; the only agreeable recollection I have of Canton is of getting out of it. We met with nothing but sullenness and hisses: horrible lot, the Cantoners: a turbulent folk: always mobbing foreigners. The streets have great iron gates at intervals, guarded by patrols; in case a mob surges up of a sudden, the gates are closed; and policemen club the mob, or pretend to. We saw a magnificent Chinese procession in Hongkong in honour of the Queen of England's jubilee: no end of dragons and all possible barbarisms. A fortnight in Hongkong and then we steamed away to Colombo in Ceylon,—calling for a day at Saigon in Cochin-China,—dreary hole; and also for a day in Singapore. At Singapore I was as near the Equator as I ever wish to be: extremely oppressive heat. We intended spending a month in Ceylon, but broke down after a fortnight and fled. The tropical vegetation and scenery of Ceylon are extremely beautiful; but Colombo is a tiresome place, swarming with sharks in the shape of vendors of precious stones: 84° night and day: punkahs going all the time except at night: most depressing atmosphere. We went by rail to Kandy in the interior, high up amongst mountains,—extremely beautiful scenery; palm trees and bananas and all kinds of rank luxuriance. Kandy is the residence of the Governor: and has a wonderful garden, containing every kind of tropical tree and plant. We left Colombo on Sunday, December 11, and on Sunday, December 18 we reached Calcutta. The hotels in Calcutta are bad, and we are in a boarding-house. I am writing this in the great verandah of our house in the open air, sparrows twittering and crows cawing around me. The verandah looks down upon a great square or common,—called *Maidan*, meaning green. And opposite me stands a great column in honour of one Ochterlony; and not a human being of all I have asked can tell me who he was or what he did to earn a monument. What is fame?

APOLLO HOTEL, APOLLO BUNDER, BOMBAY,
Wednesday, 15 *February*, 1888.

MY DEAR H.,—I wrote you a letter from Calcutta. I mention the fact because I have learned that the Natives employed in the post offices in India frequently steal the stamps from a letter, and afterwards burn the letter. Hence it is usual to write on the envelope the amount of postage affixed, and also to draw a line halfway across the stamp, or stamps, the line being extended over an adjoining part of the envelope, so that the stamps are rendered useless, and also that it may be seen if any and how many stamps have been removed: precautions I did not adopt for a long time.

We arrived in Bombay on Monday, February 6. We have taken our passage in a fine large new steamer for Suez, sailing Saturday, February 25, the Austrian Lloyd steamer *Imperator*, and I feel that our days in Asia are now really over and gone; that henceforth the playful Jap and the sombre Chinaman and the Mild Hindoo will exist for me in dreams only:—dreams of sun-lit lands: and powerless people: of placid seas and awful inns: dreams of lizards and centipedes and snakes: of waving palms and punkahs: and camels and elephants: of black faces and red turbans: of statuesque maidens draped in cheap cotton of many hues: and all the rest of it. There is a good deal of gaiety I am told in Bombay in the cold season; the cold season is now on; 80° in the shade in the daytime, and nothing over one at night except a cotton sheet and the gauze netting of the bed. I went out the other day at half past two in the afternoon, and the glare of the sun was like a delirium. I was walking to the Bunder, about two minutes' walk from the hotel. Bunder is the Indian term for quay, or landing place, but where they got the Apollo from, Heaven and the Buddha only know. Well, as I say, I never walk in India; nobody ever walks in India; it is as much as your life is worth to walk; one always rides in cabs, and the bare-legged cabman in red turban,—with a piece of white cotton cloth wound somehow picturesquely between his legs and thence carried somehow picturesquely over his shoulder,—never gets more than twice as much as he ought to have—out of me at least. But as I was saying, we were on our way to take a boat at the Bunder in order to sail across the Bay, and see the Elephanta Caves so-called. The boat was a large one with one tremendous sail. We were a party of six. The boat carried eight men: natives, all in turbans and not much else to speak of: when the wind failed, they worked the oars—very wretched oars,—everything is very wretched and dilapidated in India. We sailed from the Bunder at 2:30 P.M. and reached it on our return at 7:30 P.M.,—five hours, and the total charge for the big boat and eight men was four rupees. I figure a rupee to cost me thirty-six cents U.S. gold,—one dollar and forty-four cents therefore. This gives you an idea of the cheapness of things in India,—it being really the price of the boat for a whole day.

It is not worth while to try and give you an idea of the Caves. I hate a cave. This particular Cave however is artificial: on an island up a high hill: landing on the island most precarious: causeway extending into the sea,—composed of big square blocks made of small stones covered with cement: cement worn off. You have to step from block to block while the waves dash up between your legs. I became quite giddy: ascent paved with stones: very high. I became altogether blind when I reached the entrance of this cave, and stepped in carefully lest haply I might stumble over a cobra: bite of cobra deadly: premium of sixpence, four annas, on every cobra killed; and the Mild Hindoo is sometimes caught rearing cobras for the market,—I mean the premium. Well, inside are huge idols: the Trinity,—Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva: and so on: all frightfully ugly: some of them pathetic, but unspeakable, all carved in the rock: like hideous stalactites: curious for their antiquity. I believe nobody knows how old they are, and it 's immaterial. Portuguese, three centuries ago, in an excess of religious frenzy, endeavoured to destroy them; but couldn't. But what the Portuguese couldn't do, the Ardent Tourist in course of time came near doing by chipping off bits, until the English Government put a man in charge of the place. Now each visitor pays an entrance fee of ten cents, which is most moderate, considering how awfully ugly are the Idols; and that the man tries to explain the meaning of them without recourse to grammar.

Well, now, I ought to tell you something about India, and of our journeyings therein. But I hardly know where to begin or what to say. Did I tell you that in the first place we went to Darjeeling? Twenty-four hours' journey by rail: most tiresome journey: left Calcutta in the afternoon: came to the Ganges which we crossed in a small steamboat: the Sacred River,—and all I could get hold of was a bottle of Pilsener Beer! Then we rattled on all night long, and in the morning reached a sort of steam tramway which carried us up to Darjeeling seventy-three hundred feet in seven hours,—one hundred feet per hour. Most picturesque ascent: superb walks in Darjeeling: such scenery! I never saw the like of it. The place lies on a mountain billow as it were,—not a square yard of level anywhere as far as the eye can reach; you look down upon gigantic mountain billows; and beyond them the stupendous wall of the Himalayas,—white, majestic,—the range of Kinchinjunga, twenty-eight thousand feet high; and a walk of six miles will give you a sight of the top of Mt. Everest,—about as big as a sugar loaf,—for Mt. Everest is the highest peak in the world, twenty-nine thousand feet; but I didn't take the walk, though I took a part of it with the wife. The air was tonic and clear. I felt like a new being. 45° in the shade: bitter cold at night: and we were suffocated, blinded, by the smoke of the wood fires in our rooms. If it had not been for this smoke we should have tarried. As it was, we fled back to Calcutta. The paths and roads about Darjeeling were superb; wherever are the English there are good roads, and wretched viands, but lots of bath-tubs; tubbing and horses, whisky and soda, lawn tennis and picnics,—these are the delights of the Briton in India: worthy successor of the great Mogul: and perhaps as ephemeral: for the Mild Hindoo shall survive all conquerors at last, I fancy, whether Mohammedan, or English, and that by virtue of his very effeteness, for no conquering race can long hold its vigour in this hot climate. It is only an effete race that can keep itself alive in these deadening heats. Yet perhaps after all, I may be quite wrong, for does not the damp and fetid jungle breed the fiercest tigers? And if the tiger, with his terrible muscle, can thrive in these climates, why should not man, once the right stock is planted here. At present the stock looks extremely feeble. If you speak somewhat louder than is your wont to your Hindoo servant, he will tremble all over his effeminate person. But of course I am speaking of Central and Southern India. In Northern India you come to different races and a different climate. And the Mild Hindoo becomes tough and fierce.

We went back to Calcutta, and made ready for our journey. The distances are considerable in India,—eighteen hours for instance to Benares, the Holy City of the Hindoo: nasty place of course. There is nothing Hindoo that is not nasty; the cow, the goat, all animals even including the monkey, are sacred to the Hindoo; hence ineffable nastiness and all abominations of superstition; Cow Temples; Monkey Temples; beggars, Brahmins and dirt. The view of the Ganges at Benares is most picturesque; dilapidation and ruin everywhere; but to my mind there is no genius in Hindoo architecture; on the contrary the Mohammedan evolved a most exquisite type,—the Mosque with its dome and minarets, unsurpassed in its way; and though in all his architecture the same type reappears, yet it is difficult to find it monotonous,—so exquisitely beautiful is it in its simplicity. The simplicity indeed of Mohammedan architecture as well as of Mohammedan worship make a most agreeable impression upon the mind, in these countries crammed with idols and temples, overlaid with all possible hideousness. One sees what a comparatively pure worship Mohammed introduced; and can understand the progress it made in lands sunk in the abyss of Hindoo and other superstitions. In the mosque there is no graven image; nor pictures; marble pavements and marble walls and awe-inspiring dome; nothing more.

From Benares we went to Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, Jaypore, Ahmedabad, Bombay: a week in Delhi: five square miles of ruins. Cold weather: that is to say, wood fires at night and a damp room in the daytime; outdoors in the sun, brilliant and tonic. In Agra are the great works of the Great Moguls; chief of all that remains to us of their time,—The Taj. I hope you have seen pictures of The Taj, for I really can't describe it: marvel of beauty, sepulchral edifice: of white marble: grand dome: exquisite carvings: stands on a great square platform thirty feet high, with a minaret at each corner of the platform, overlooking the sacred Jumna and the country for miles: a beautiful garden leads up to it. We saw it by moonlight: white and fanciful like the ornamentation on a wedding cake—a vision of glory that is past, for who cares nowadays about the Great Moguls? But I must say some of their wives had exquisite faces, if the ivory miniatures of them sold in Delhi may be trusted. They were a white race too, Caucasian,—these turbaned conquerors; and the men also have faces of great refinement of feature,—in the miniatures, I mean.

In Jaypore the wife rode on elephants for the fun of the thing, and got pretty well jolted. The Maharajah sends them to strangers who honour his dominions with a visit, and the ride is grating, or rather I should say gratis. Bombay is a delightful city. I should like to live here every winter: delicious climate: fine lively streets well watered and full of picturesqueness: fine seabreeze and a gladsome place after all the dreariness that lies between it and Calcutta.

GRAND NEW HOTEL, CAIRO,
Thursday, 22 *March*, 1888.

MY DEAR H.,—The heat or dampness of these Eastern climes thickens my ink, and the free flow of my thoughts is often checked by the bad working of my pen, and I shall soon betake myself to Japanese paper, of which I laid in a supply. The Japanese paper is made of the fibres of a certain tree, is extremely tough and almost untearable, and soft as silk to write upon. The surface of the paper presents no impediment to the easy gliding of the pen; one must use, however, a round-pointed, not a sharp-pointed pen; otherwise the pen will occasionally pick up a fibre in the paper.

But where was I ? Yes, we didn't sail from Bombay as appointed on Saturday, February 25 ; the ship was held for cargo coming round from Calcutta Monday night, February 27 ; superb, large new steamer ; the wife was infatuated with it ; an excellent cuisine ; and free wine (white or red) twice a day ; free wine is always sure to set me up and keep me hilarious. We had each a cabin to ourselves : only thirteen passengers : one lady with a child, wife of the usual English Colonel, returning home with the usual sickly child which is to be braced up by a London East Wind. The rest were commercials ; chiefly Germans ; they were all in indigo and were all fat and their noses were all hooked after the manner of the Children of Israel. The Chinaman and the German Jew will eventually eat up the earth, and the laws of modern political economy will be justified. Smooth and brilliant voyage to Aden. 80° to 84° in our cabins. We reached Aden on Sunday night (March 4), coaled by Electric Light and sailed the next morning for Suez. Aden is a dreary rock, but it is a frequented Port of Call ; or rather it is a mass of picturesque and rocky formations enclosing a little harbour which our ship was too big to enter. We lay outside ; and in the morning amused ourselves with watching naked little Arabs dive from their petty canoes (dug-outs) for pieces of silver money thrown to them. The game is sometimes a little dangerous on account of sharks, but for a gold piece I fancy, the little Arab would dive into the very mouth of a shark ; so voracious is the little Arab for money. The Chinese also exhibit this greed to an appalling degree ; and, speaking generally, I suppose there is no people so hard and unfeeling as the Chinese. They seem to be absolutely destitute of human sympathies. I dare say I do them injustice ; but such is the impression I have of them. At the same time they are obstinate to a prodigious degree in sticking to their old ways. This is doubtless the secret of their permanence, or at least one of the elements of it ; and yet, after all, they have not worn pigtails for over one thousand years.

Well after we entered the Red Sea we encountered a great wind from the North, almost a gale. 0 was absolutely smooth ; 12 was the most terrific possible ; we had number 7. The waves dashed over the hurricane deck and the water ran down the ventilators and wet us ; the sky was blue and the sun scorching, and as far as the eye could see there was a white spray over the surface of the waters, the foam of breaking waves scattered by the winds. The Captain had never had such an experience in the Red Sea ; nor had I ; in short, the Red Sea turned out to be precisely the contrary of what I had always fancied it to be, and after we had really entered it, passing through the straits of Babelmandeb or Gate of Tears, it began to be cold, and by the time we had reached Suez, the mercury had fallen to 60° in the cabins. We saw land two or three times only ; but what was worse than seeing land, we saw the wrecks of half a dozen steamers sticking out of the water in various places. The sight gave me a chill. On Sunday March 11, at four in the morning, we dropped anchor off Suez. It is a disagreeable feature of this voyaging in Eastern waters that the steamers never come to a pier or landing place ; you have to embark and disembark in small boats, the prey of the lowest class of land sharks. At Suez we got into a sail boat, a high wind blowing, and sailed three or four miles to the Custom House, bespattered with spray, while the boat tipped so as almost to take in water ; and I was suffering all the time from a horrible nervous pain in the head. At the Custom House landing a crowd of howling Arabs swooped down upon us like so many demons. I was nearly frantic, and the sun scorched us like a blister : flies, mosquitoes and dust : extortionate demands and continuous shrieking all the way to the railway station : never anything so nasty : finally, however, we reached a rotten old railway carriage and at half past eleven in the morning rolled out into the desert, carrying my headache with me : nothing to eat all day, and the glare of the sun from the desert nearly split my head open. At half past six o'clock, —for all days do at last come to an end,—we reached the station in Cairo, and were met by a friendly porter from the hotel ; and, rescued from the demons that again beset us, we were trundled in an omnibus to rest and dinner in this New Grand Hotel. A quart of Beaujolais drove away my headache; and I beat down the landlord six (English) shillings in his price per diem. And this is how we came from Bombay to Cairo. Travelling has its occasional infelicities, and I have given you a specimen of them at the risk of being tedious.

Cairo is a profound disappointment; its old orientalism has all gone out of it; there is nothing left but rottenness and fleas. Fortunately my hide is thick, or it may be fleas are fastidious; I never felt a flea in my life. We tried to get away yesterday in a steamer bound for Athens, but couldn't. The steamers are crowded at this season,—nothing but second-class cabins to be had; and we are doomed to suffer for yet another week the plagues of Egypt. Nevertheless I don't find the sojourn so tiresome as I fancied it was going to be. The heat after all is not so very oppressive; our rooms, though not large, are well ventilated; with doors like Venetian blinds giving upon a spacious verandah, admitting air, but excluding the sun. We do not go out until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we take a drive: open two-horsed victorias: light and easy: coachman in European clothes except that he wears a fez. I should also wear a fez were I permitted to do so; it sets very well on me; but the wife dislikes eccentricities and I wear it only by stealth, when I go downstairs between six and seven o'clock in the morning for coffee and omelette, which is all the breakfast I can afford. I have a passion for caps, my head being always cold; and wherever I go I procure the cap of the country. The Japs have no national head covering. They never wore anything on their heads until the Europeans broke into the land; and now they do not wear much of anything and what they do wear is European, a straw hat or a white helmet, nothing national, and being European, nothing picturesque. But nevertheless I caused to be made for me some exquisitely embroidered silk caps: altogether bewitching. In China I got the round black Chinese cap with a red knot sticking up from the middle of the crown: precisely the same sort of cap which you see Chinese wearing in America. There is no diversity in anything Chinese, nor in anything Asiatic for that matter. Each people got up its own rig centuries ago, and every individual wears the same rig. It is appalling, this monotony of form and habit: altogether incomprehensible to the individualizing European mind. In India the natives wear extremely pretty caps, when they do not wear turbans. But I never could find a cap to fit me, the caps being worn on the back of the head. A good one is heavily weighted with elaborate gold embroidery, and is very expensive, and besides, gold embroidery is rather flashy. I did not have a cap made. I contented myself with some plain round caps of cashmere wool: exquisitely soft.

Well, yesterday afternoon we drove out to what is called Heliopolis. Of course there isn't any Heliopolis,—nothing but the usual flatness: wastes of sand alternating with fields green with growing corn; and in one field rises an obelisk of red granite, covered with rude hieroglyphics: extremely ancient. I believe it is the oldest thing in Egypt,—but what of it? The sun scorched us like fire; and cripples shrieking for backsish quite made me forget that Plato once came to this very spot in order to explore Egyptian lore. Indeed there are moments when it is impossible to dilate with any emotion except disgust, and I hope Plato found more shade and fewer fleas than we did. Yet after all what could he learn worth knowing in this dreary land, from a people that made mummies and carved nightmares in stone, with the thermometer, as yesterday afternoon, registering 102° in the shade! The ride home, however, was delicious, in spite of a Hot wind that blew in from the sands of the Desert, as if from a furnace: long avenues of shady lobbek trees, similar to acacias,—all made since I was here in 1860. Indeed when I was here there was not a carriage road nor a carriage; not a sidewalk nor a gas lamp nor a European shop; now the place is like a Southern-Italian City; full of dirty cafés and shabby Greeks, and all the scum of Europe I should think, while in the background stand English Red Coats; and over all the land hang the dark shadows of impoverishment and tyranny and all the rottenness of years of plundering and corruption. Of course we have taken the usual sixteen shilling drive to the Pyramids. The wife said she could see nothing except what she had seen in the photographs: all stale and tiresome: especially the Sphinx. It is altogether incredible, the fuss mankind has made for centuries over the Sphinx: a misshapen mass, clumsy and stupid. And then we strolled through the Government Museum, full of awful mummies and grotesque images in stone. How very turbid must have been the Egyptians' imagination! And I can't but wonder how our friend Plato, the hilarious Greek, could have stood all this hideousness,—as if there could have been any lore behind it all. With what joy must he have gone back to his boiled beans in Athens!

Hôtel de la Grand, Bretagne, Athens,
Monday, 9 *April*, 1888.

My dear H.,—We go to Rome,—by a new route, opened recently I believe, by rail from Athens to Patras, say nine hours; thence by steamer direct to Brindisi; and thence by rail, twenty hours of it,—to Rome *via* Naples. But come to think of it, the route is not so very new; it is the same route by which Horace travelled some years ago. Leaving Athens at 6 A.M. you reach Brindisi the next afternoon at 4, and Rome the following day at noon,—fifty-four hours, say, from Athens to Rome. This is somewhat quicker than Horace made the journey. Yet twenty hours in one of these European railway cabooses is a terror. In India railway travelling is more comfortable; the compartments are commodious and each compartment has its lavatory; the seats too are not transverse to the rail, but parallel to it, as in an omnibus; and at regular hours the train stops for a regular seventy-five cent meal and a thirty-six cent bottle of Bass's ale. However, the wife does not like leaving at six in the morning, for that means a bad night preceding. We expect therefore to depart from the very dusty Eye of Greece on Thursday next at noon, sleep in a wretched inn at Patras, and take the steamer for Brindisi the next afternoon,—thus breaking the journey.

And that reminds me how very little I have to write you from Athens. One would fancy there would be a good deal to talk about, but there isn't; even do I experience a certain dreariness in finding myself here once more amidst the mutilated remnants of Greek Art. They do not inspire me as once they did; and the modern Greeks for whom I once enthused seem to me now a beggarly lot; and I blush to say that I am far more excited by reading about strikes of stokers and engine-drivers on our Western railroads than about the last find of the rump of a Greek statue. So thoroughly in the last twenty years has the classic interest ebbed out of me. I have, however, done my entire duty, and hope to be able to shake the dust of this place from off my shoes with a good conscience. I have sipped tea in company with a lot of American ladies amidst the ruins of the Parthenon, and by the help of a cup of strong tea and a pipe I did the Acropolis:—and behold how all things crumble! While we were there bits of marble from the under part of the capital of one of the front pillars,—bits that must have weighed from ten to twenty pounds,—fell to the ground; and one of the watchmen of the place motioned to us to keep away from the pillar, fearing that more bits might fall. You know all about the Acropolis, and I need not dwell upon it, except to say that the theatre of Bacchus on a side of the Acropolis has been much excavated since I was here, and that in the rear of the Parthenon there has been built a small Museum which I have not yet visited, containing the finds on the Acropolis. We had a pleasant afternoon. But I was never amid such a lot of invalids as were these American tourists: one,—a most interesting woman,—was troubled by a very bad disease of the heart, another was doubled up by lumbago, another had lost an arm through a disease of the nerves, and so on. It is altogether prodigious, the courage such folks exhibit in travelling about the world; they were all nice people; intelligent, bright and with some degree of education; but I fancied that at times they were all somewhat peevish.

You rarely meet a really sound American woman. Is it ice water or green tea ? or hot air stoves ?

Well then, another afternoon in company with two or three invalids,—we are all invalids in Athens now,—I walked out to the Hill Colonos. The walk was along a dusty dreary road ; it is dusty and dreary everywhere in the neighbourhood of Athens ; but the view from the hill—it is a very small hill—was really fine. It is situated in the middle of the plain,—a much broken plain in which Athens lies ; and you command the whole classic scene : the sea and Aigina : Hymettus and Lycabettus and Pentelicus, and the Acropolis, and all the rest. On the hill are two white marble monuments, marking the resting place of two Greek scholars and Philhellenes ;—the Frenchman, Charles Lenormant and the German, Gottfried Mueller. These monuments are all defaced by every kind of scriblet, and blackened by bird shot fired by wretches who have used them as targets. The walk occupied us three hours, and when I got home I ached in every joint and bone ; you would have thought nothing of it, but I thought of it for three days. Yet I must say the air here is truly divine : cool, clear, sparkling as it were : and often redolent of fragrance of wild flowers, or the exquisite perfume of orange blossoms. Having just come from softer climates, it may be that we are more sensitive to this tonic air than if we had come directly from the north ; yet nevertheless I fancy that it is a peculiar atmosphere, arising from conditions not found elsewhere, whatever they may be. It reminds me of the atmosphere in our little Pasadena in the Valley of Gabriel in Southern California. Often in the winter I spent there was I reminded of the sparkle of Attic skies and of the sterile landscapes of Attica. There seemed to me a great similarity between the climate and landscape of Southern California and the climate and landscape of Greece and Syria,—a cool, dry sparkling air, and a glittering dreariness of mountain and plain, and I often dreamed that a time might come when the olive groves of a new Academe should murmur with the musical voice of a new Plato, and a new philosophy be born with an intelligible message for mankind. Perhaps my dream may *materialize* (awful word); and perhaps not. But how can we enthuse for beings that shall not live until a thousand years or more after we are gone from this Vale of Tears,—and live in the Californian Vale too!

Well, another afternoon we drove to Eleusis: picturesque but frightfully sterile scenery, until we came to the Eleusinian Plain, where we were refreshed by the sight of a few green fields. The fields were mostly devoted, however, to the grape; and the very low small stalks were only just putting out buds. There have been tremendous excavations made at Eleusis, and many statues and things found. There is nothing of the ancient temple standing, as you know. And I fancy that nothing really new has been discovered in all these expensive excavations made in recent years. Those made in Eleusis are said to have cost fifty thousand dollars. But I speak with reserve, for I have not been able to find any connected account of the explorations in Greece. Of course I am friendly to excavations. In fact I can conceive of nothing more fascinating; but thus far they have added merely to the quantity of our knowledge so to speak, and not affected the quality; but I really do not know; I am merely guessing this. At any rate no excavations yet made have yielded up the secret of the Eleusinian mystery. It is as much a secret as ever. Do you fancy it was a secret worth knowing? It was a horribly dusty ride to Eleusis; and it took two caraffes of Greek red wine to moisten my parched throat when we got back to dinner at half past seven o'clock. But the scenery was exquisite, and I experienced moments of supreme exhilaration.

Athens has grown a good deal since I was here, but it remains a very second-rate tiresome place. A Greek by the name of Sappa who lived in Roumania, a merchant I believe, died some time ago and left forty million francs for public uses, one and a half millions to be devoted to a Permanent Exhibition Building in Athens. This building is nearly completed. It stands between the Palace Garden and the Columns of the Temple of Olympian Jove, and is really beautiful. It does credit to the architect who conceived the design: five pillars of Pentelican marble, a grand hypæthral Court, an exquisite simplicity and grace. There is also in another part of the town, a grand central museum; half of it is completed and open to the public. It is intended to contain all the finds in Greece; and it is astonishing,—the number and beauty of the recent finds. There are enormous grounds around the Central Museum, and when the whole plan is carried out, it will be a fine thing. Near this hotel Schliemann, the discoverer of Troy, has a fine villa which we intend to honour with a visit. We have already inspected his collection of finds at Mycenæ: earrings and fragments of potteries and small swords, very rusty. We visited this collection and the Central Museum in one afternoon in company with an indefatigable little Buffalonian. It was harrowing the way she walked us about; and prodigious, also, what little Buffaloes know; and I ache in every joint when I think of it, or rather of her. And then we celebrated on Friday (April 5, March 25 in Greek calendar) the fête of the anniversary of Greek Independence,—the Greek Fourth of July; and an uncommonly thin celebration it was; not a Greek stirred, except at night when some of them fell to quarrelling about politics, and then to murdering one another. Greece is in a poor way; it has a forced paper currency; and gold is at thirty per cent. premium; and they make us foreigners pay for everything in gold. It is a nation of idlers and café-loafers, and small politicians; and it is as much as the Great Powers can do to keep them quiet; for they are always chafing within their narrow limits, and threatening to spoil the great Powers' little games.

CHAPTER III

ITALIAN WINTERS AND GERMAN SUMMERS

1888–1891

Reflections on the Far East—*Bliemchens*—Ibsen—German and American Style—The Japanese Experiment—American Retrogression—Rome in the Sixties—Christmas—The Carnival—George Bradford—Perugia—On Drinking Tea—Middle Names—Lord Dufferin—On American Domestics and Manners—Italian Nerves—The Grand Climacteric—On Tragedy—On 'Taking in a Newspaper'—A Great Snowstorm at Naples—New and Old Harvard—On Habits before Going to Bed—La Cava and the Amalfi Road—Professor Sophocles—German Writers on America—The Temperaments of East and West.

DRESDEN, *Tuesday*, 18 *September*, 1888.

MY DEAR H.,—I congratulate you upon having had a good summer, diversified by agreeable variety; and I don't think I should have been made homesick by the summer solitariness of Boston. I think a place is always more agreeable when all the people are out of it, and one has it to himself; for after all,—of course with exceptions of family and a few friends,—very few,—people are a burden; at least to me. Temperaments differ; the wife differs from me; women are generally different from men. She likes people; she likes the animation of a crowded street; and nothing bores her like the sweet silences of a noiseless Quarter of a town. Women are not contemplative; they live in things, and their nerves; and hence fill life with trifles,—fortunately for us men; for if it were not for my indefatigable comrade stirring me up all the time, I fancy I should relapse even into that Supreme Vacuity, in which, sitting, doth the Buddha dream of Nirvana. And àpropos of Buddhism I am going to see if I can grasp its whole doctrine. I do not mean to embrace it, like the man from Salem. But if it were possible I should like to comprehend,—

seize in its entirety, the whole doctrine of Buddhism; it seems to me a beautiful doctrine; but at present I do not understand it in the least. When I get hold of it, I will impart it to you,—to the end that you may use it in illustration of 'The Highest Doctrine'; for all spiritual side-lights, so to speak, are of unspeakable value; and the millions, nay, the billions of intelligent human beings who have found comfort in the acceptance, and supreme purity in the practice of Buddhism,—shall not this go for something?—in fact I believe that in point of mere numbers there are more Buddhists in the world to-day than there are Christians. It is astonishing,—the effect of religions upon mankind. Brahminism I fancy to be the most awful creed; yet the Hindoos are an intelligent people (although inferior in intellectual force to the Chinese, and inferior also to the Japanese), and Brahminism has kept them together and kept them civilized under conditions under which any other race would have perished off the face of the earth. Indeed I cannot help reverting often to the antiquity of the civilization of many Asiatic races. Fancy how it would interest one to walk the streets of a little Greek town and see everything,—people and houses and all their civilization in fact, just as they were six hundred years before Christ. This you can do to-day in China and Japan, for Chinese and Japanese civilization. Yet China and Japan are so far away, and their type is so far removed from our type,—an inferior type too to ours, but possessing what ours has not yet shown itself to possess, the secret of permanence,—China and Japan are so far away, I say, that they seem to belong to a different planet; yet they don't; they are living masses right at our doors:—so rapid is steam communication nowadays. Japan is but a suburb of San Francisco:—and the world is very small, and everywhere turbid.

DRESDEN, *Saturday*, 20 *October*, 1888.

MY DEAR H.,—I have received the newspaper and magazine cuttings, which you were so good to send me, relating to Japan. They were interesting reading; and you will have observed that the Rev. Mr. Hawkes writes in quite the same strain with myself, although I did not go so far as to say that 'next to living in England (America) I think I could most happily make a home here.' It is indeed a picturesque country, and the Japs are an agreeable people; and though he may overdraw the charm of the country and people somewhat, the Reverend Hawkes is quite right in deploring the disastrous effect of European vice in Japan. So far as I can see, contact with Europeans brings only misery upon these Oriental races. But in using the term vice, one must bear in mind that the Japs entertain quite wholly different ideas touching the relation of the sexes from those which prevail among us,—nominally at any rate. However, I should really think the Japs would take more readily to the Unitarian form of Christianity, than to any other form of it, if they take at all to Christianity. The upper,—by which I mean the intelligent and educated,—classes will never, I fancy, take on any religion at all; they are born philosophers or freethinkers or what you will; but Japan is drawn by the very nature of the people into the vortex of change. The Japs are a superior race; and once they have come in contact with a higher civilization, —higher in Science, Art, Technique, and I will add, finer in Ideals,—though for that matter I am not sure, I fancy the Buddhist Ideal may be as good as any we possess,—the Japanese cannot sit still. The process of evolution must go on; and as states cannot exist without recognizing some form of religion, I dare say the Japs in taking on European civilization, will eventually take on European religion, and writing, just as in the fifth century they took on Chinese civilization in the form of letters and religion, and would doubtless have taken on pig-tails too, but fortunately in those days the Chinese had not arrived at pig-tails. It would really also not be surprising if ultimately the Japs changed their language for the English language; but of course such momentous changes do not come in a day, though it is incredible how fast Europeanization, so to speak, has already gone on in Japan:—wonderful testimony to the superior intellectuality of the Japs. As for the moral qualities of the Japs,—well, I do not know; it depends a good deal on the definition of the term 'moral qualities,' and also upon how much we have a right to demand from the standpoint of our own limited moralities.

You ask whether Dresden affords anything characteristic in the literary way like Rauchenegger's 'Münchener Skizzen.' Of my own knowledge I cannot say; but I asked my bookseller and he thought there wasn't anything, except some humorous writing done in the last years, in the Dresden-Saxon dialect, under the title of *Adventures of Bliemchen*. There are several of these stories. He showed me the newest one, and I ordered it to be sent to you. But it 's a mistake to fancy that Dresden has lost its original quality,—if it ever had any, which I doubt,—through being overrun by foreigners, like Boston. Boston is overrun in a different way: by a foreign labouring class; and moreover Boston people have changed under the influx of wealth and increase of luxury; a new spirit has developed itself; society itself has changed; but Paddy alone did not cause the change. Dresden has, say, 250,000 inhabitants; there were never more than 5000 foreigners in the place; and these foreigners live almost exclusively to themselves, in boarding-houses, flats and hotels; they have no influence and never had any influence upon Dresden society; and what is more there isn't much Dresden society. There has never been any rich aristocracy in Dresden,—at any rate, not for two hundred years; and it is rich aristocracies that fashion society and dominate life. I say that Paddy did not cause the change in Boston; yet he has helped to cause it through his children, who are really foreigners. It is a change of population that is going on in Boston and in parts of New England: notably in Massachusetts. If you should travel about in the heart of our Commonwealth, you would find more than half of the labouring people to be Poles, or Hungarians; the rest Irish; the American is not there. Maine has probably less foreign population than any other New England State; but in Massachusetts and Connecticut Paddy is everywhere. And in my opinion in the long run, New England will dwindle into the insignificance to which it is condemned by its climate and its soil. The Seat of Empire in the New World will be the Great Mexican Plateau; at any rate did not Carl Ritter affirm, after a lifetime spent in researches into the relation of climate and soil, that the Mexican Plateau was best fitted of all the countries of earth to produce the Flower of the Human Race?

DRESDEN, 20 *December*, 1888.

MY DEAR H.,—I am quite of your mind about tragedy. I do not like to be deeply stirred by pictures of human misery; and I do not see the good of it. Thought, however profound, attracts one; disciplines, enlarges and instructs one intellectually; but a concrete representation, so to speak, of the working of human passions in the wrong direction,—of what good is it? And besides, we have enough of this kind of thing in murder trials and so on. What did a poet ever invent more pathetic and stirring than a first-class murder trial? or than the description, to be supplemented by the imagination, of the late awful murders in Whitechapel in London for instance? Yes, I do not care for Tragedies: nor even to *read* Plays. I like to see Plays acted,—though owing to various causes I have not been inside of a Theatre for now several years. And now I am sending you something I picked up the other day entitled *Kaiser und Galiläer*. It was highly recommended to me, but I did not know that it was a Play; or I shouldn't have bought it. The title was attractive, and I looked for some kind of semi-philosophical-religious romance. It is a translation from the Norwegian of *Henrik Ibsen*, and I believe has been much applauded; but the print is too fine to be comfortable for me. Besides, a Play to be enjoyed,—if not acted,—must at least be read aloud. It is very tiresome to read a Play to oneself; at least it is for me,—who am a weak vessel. Nevertheless I shall presently send you more *Bliemchens*. How many can you digest a month? There *seems* to be no end to *Bliemchens*; people cry for more, and there they are; I think at least six Bliemchens are lying on my table ready to be shot across the Water. And did you ever notice the kind of paper in which I wrap them?—Japanese paper,—almost untearable. The Jap is a paper-making animal, and makes very durable paper; or did make it durable until he learned of Europeans how to cheapen the quality and increase the price.

Well, we have been having really marvellous weather for the place and the season: now for a long time: not a snowflake: dry, *frisch*, sunny weather: but the days are very short and I don't believe I get as much exercise as I ought to have, though to be sure I take an early morning walk. It is pitch dark at seven o'clock in the morning and the servant lights me down two flights of stone stairs with a duplex burner. I take a before-breakfast walk; and another walk in the afternoon; but we do not get out until after three o'clock, and it is nearly dark again at four; so that I am really sighing for longer days; it is a kind of *ewige Nacht*. I have begun to read *John Ward, Preacher*. We were told that the book was making a sensation in America. But the only interesting thing about it to me is that it shows what an awful theology must still prevail in the country, or over a large part of the country, to make it worth while to present a counterpart to it in a novel. I say interesting thing; I ought to say, melancholy thing; for it is really prodigious what stuff human beings can be brought to think they believe. And now don't forget to read carefully Quincy's *Peckster Professorship* and tell me what kind of reception the book is having. I am extremely curious to know,—as a sort of gauge of public interest in the subject. For my part, I really don't know what to make of it, though in a general way I do really believe in the existence of occult material forces, the nature of which has not yet been explored: though whether a soul can be photographed as it emerges from the body of a dying person!! Nevertheless, the author believes in Hell, for he puts Peckster there squarely; but this after all, is a kind of Buddhism,—though Buddhism gives the wicked soul a chance.

MUNICH, 9 *June*, 1889.

MY DEAR H.,—You must not reproach me because I don't send you criticisms on German style; it is not worth criticizing; it has no laws and no standard; every German writer is a law and standard to himself; for German style is not Fine Art. All that interests one in German literature are *thoughts*, *information*, or,—as in poetry and novels, sketches of peasant life and the like,—the expression of a deep and touching *Gemüth*; yet not the *form* of the expression; rather, the sweetness and beauty of the *Gemüth* itself. German taste is bad in everything. We have *fine art* in Literature; the Germans haven't. They don't look to *form*; they look only to substance; hence they have no Literature, but only Histories of Literature. We have substance also, but, besides, we have *form*.

I was extremely interested in the newspaper cuttings about Japan:—everything about Japan interests me, though it seems to me that in hardly anything I read do I find things set forth as they seemed to me really to be. If I had never seen Japan, I am sure that the general impression I should form from what I read in American newspapers and magazines about the country would be an altogether erroneous impression. Japan is a fearfully poor country; all this intellectual activity and what not of which one reads is confined to a very small class. As for religion, I don't believe that the masses of the people care for any religion. They are a playful, slippery lot, the Japs. They will get all the education they can from missionaries at the expense of other countries; and are very glad to get it; and are amused to get it *for nothing*, when,—in spite of the general poverty of the country,—they could in almost all instances pay for this education as well as the people at home who give the funds can afford to pay for it. Still, after all is said, it is a wonderful experiment that is making in Japan; and from a philosophical point of view, intensely interesting; and I never fail to read with pleasure whatever I may come across written about the country, if only for the recollection it awakens of the balmy Summer days we spent in the green isles of Nippon. Yes, I fancy I must be very much like your friend S. I think the Americanism of our boyhood was a far superior thing to the Americanism of our mature age. I think the people have *retrograded* in all that made the vigour and charm of our Early Days. Old Boston has ceased to exist; it is dead and buried; spiritually as well as corporeally so to speak; every time I go back to Boston, it seems to me as if half of me were in the grave of the past and the other half projected into a turbid future. People talk differently from what they did; ideals have disappeared; a vast howling Irishy mass has taken the place of the serene gentlefolk whom in our days we met in the streets; all sweetness and serenity have disappeared from our *ways*; you hardly ever see a green tree or a flower; acres of brick; and a sodden mob. Yes I *am* 'pessimist, cynic, grumbler, kicker and scold,'—especially kicker,—I kick at our *present* Americanism; I think it is the meanest product of the nineteenth Century; go to Philadelphia, Cincinnati and the cities and towns of the West: and you will perceive what I mean by our *present* Americanism. In B—— you do not perceive it; B—— lives in the past. What the outcome is to be, Heaven only knows; if I were to hazard a prediction, I should say that no nation has ever had so rapid a rise or will have so sudden a fall as ours. I do not believe that this vast disintegrated howling mass can be kept together. What with politicians and monopolies, the country will be wrecked; agrarianism will come to the fore; for there is no country in which the strong prey on the weak as with us, and Disorder must sooner or later overwhelm us. We shall soon be once more on the verge of a paper currency: which means the wiping out of almost all indebtedness all over the country. In democracies there will always come periods when the *Debtor Class* gets the upper hand. And by the way you need take no notice of my 'cynicism,' 'pessimism' and so on; it is born in me; and no amount of talk could ever work it out of me. It is however *merely* a kind of *philosophical pessimism*. Practically I am a sanguine sort of person; I hope always for the best; even that something good may some day come out of *Paddy*; also that I shall never have to pay *more* than *seven* dollars for a pound sterling. Well, we had a jolly time in Carlsbad : delicious weather : delicious walks : delicious air : delicious coffee : and so on. Three weeks in Carlsbad : and then we went to Nuremberg for four days, and ‘ did ’ the place : no longer *intensely* mediæval : walls pretty much gone : many new houses : towers still standing : stuffy, stinky place in hot weather. Here in Munich are many changes,—*improvements* so-called ; for my part I prefer the old time when the *Pinakotheks* stood far away amidst fertile fields,—but then you know I am ‘ a Kicker.’

Hôtel Paoli, Lung’ Arno della Zecca Vecchia,
Florence, *Sunday*, 20 *October*, 1889.

My dear H.,—It is always a great pleasure to me to send you anything that might interest you ; but here in Italy I fancy nothing of the sort will come up. There is nothing that interests me now in Italian literature ; it is too troublesome to read the language. In former years I did read the language somewhat and went through a good many of the classics ; but now the language is a burden, or I am too lazy to take the trouble of using a dictionary. I have no doubt, however, that a good many books and pamphlets are published in these days in Italy, which at a former period in my life would have been of keen interest to me. But I am getting on in years ; and I think as a rule that under the pressure of that feeling one’s interests get disintegrated ; ties are loosened ; the hopelessness of earthly things overcomes one ; and the days glide serenely without much to fill them up except the contemplation of what is beautiful in art and nature, subjective enjoyments as it were of various kinds : which I must say, although apparently selfish, are nevertheless wholly filling. When I come to analyze my own disposition, however, and subject my mind to a rigid scrutiny, I must confess that I find my interest in mankind, objectively speaking, was never very strong ; and hence it is logical and natural that as the years descend and weigh upon me, I should undergo a shrinking process, and contract within very narrow limits. From a large ethical point of view I believe this to be wholly wrong; I believe that no one has a right to live for himself alone; that our faculties and our lives belong to others as much as others' faculties and lives belong to us. But nevertheless the world does drop away from me, and I can't help it. I weep over my own degeneracy, but with an ebbing vitality, the will also grows weaker, until it becomes paralyzed; and we cease to think even of what one ought to be making of one's self; the oughts vanish out of the consciousness; and there remains only a dim outline of the beauty of earth as it lies behind the dirty veil of men's passions and sufferings and greed,—the Earth as it might be, the fulfilment of the task set to mankind. But I am not going to intrude upon your province and write a sermon. Let me rather keep to the futilities where I belong.

But first I must disagree with you upon one important point. Yes I do not 'take in' a newspaper; that is, just now; but sometimes (not often) I do take a pill. 'There is an instance in which we Americans drop a preposition where our English cousins do not,' and our English cousins are right; because—perhaps, but this I will not assert—their instinctive appreciation of the spirit of the English language is deeper than ours. Do we not endeavour to reduce the language to a monotonous level; to abolish niceties of expression, shades of meaning, to cast off delicate touches? Now is not the language enriched by the use of the preposition 'in'? 'Take in a newspaper': otherwise, don't you 'take a newspaper' as you 'take a pill'? And by the way, there sits opposite to us at the *table d'hôte* a bright English girl. The wife does the talking with her. I am monopolized, to my disgust, by the old walrus of a father, a retired General, thirty years in India and that kind of thing, aged seventy: hardly a grey hair in his head: eyes of a tiger: head, perfect type of a walrus. I can hardly hear a word he says. In fact I do not hear as well as I did; within a year there has been a noticeable falling off; the wife says it is wax in the ear, but I say it 's wane. However the point of all this is to report that the English girl says they have borrowed the expression 'quite nice' from the Americans: 'quite nice' being all the fashion now in England. The wife told her they would be saying 'I guess' next; bright English girl laughed a bewitching laugh; dear me, and what a set of white, superb and altogether cannibalistic teeth she did show! born in India too, where even the English *animal* loses something of its omnivorousness.

Well, and now we are leaving Florence. We have been here three weeks, and have had perhaps three clear days, of the azure sky and altogether delicious Italian sort. For the rest, rainy, cloudy, fitful; yet all the time the air is soft and sweet. It is peculiar this air of Italy: delicious odour in it when I open my great windows of a morning: and in spite of the rain I get what I came for, *climate*: elsewhere, in the North I mean, one has only *weather*.

HÔTEL ROYAL, VIA VENTI SETTEMBRE, ROME,
Wednesday, 4 December, 1889.

MY DEAR H.,—I first came to Rome in the early part of January, 1860. There was no railway from Florence to Rome. I came in a steamer from Leghorn to Civita Vecchia, and up to Rome by rail. The place was very small in those days. I forget the population then; but I fancy it could hardly have reached 100,000. It is now over 400,000. There was hardly a sidewalk here then, so far as I can remember. The streets were insecure at night, and I never went out of the house after dark, except in company, and then with fear and trembling. The place was full of priests and beggars: constant processions and what not: Cardinals in great equipages; and purple and red liveries. Pius IX. was on the Papal Throne, and the mould and damp of ages seemed almost to suffocate what little life was left in the people. The money was different then too. The *scudo* (about one dollar in our currency) and *baiocchi* for cents; and we were bothered about *visas* on our passports, and costly *visas* too: *visa* to enter Rome, *visa* to leave it, and so on. How all this is changed, to be sure! The quarter in which I am now living did not exist at all then: wholly new. The great Boulevard of the Via Nazionale did not exist. There was not an omnibus, not a tram in the place. The ancient ruins indeed remain; the great mediæval palaces were as we see them to-day; but there was hardly anything else, except dirt; and the greater part of the lowest class of inhabitants,—incredible to relate, but nevertheless wholly true, I remember it only too well, used the streets to make their toilets, so to speak, and not to put too fine a point on it. Now the Tiber is embanked: stupendous work: great sewers have been constructed. The Ghetto, where the Jews were huddled together for centuries, is demolished, and a broad avenue is constructing through it; new bridges over the Tiber. The tortuous, narrow street which we used to traverse on our way to the Ponte St. Angelo and the Vatican has been widened by the destruction of all the houses on the right hand side, leaving that side open to the river. Streets have been cut through dirty, dark and sodden masses of buildings; light has been let in everywhere. In short the city has been nearly transformed; and it will not be long before it is wholly transformed. I fancy no city was ever made over anew in so short a space of time; but the cost has been terrible, and Rome is for the moment bankrupt. To use our American lingo, 'They bit off more 'n they could chew.' There was a tremendous 'boom in real estate': 'banner prices':—and now of course the inevitable crash is on, and everywhere one sees vast piles of buildings in every stage of incompleteness, standing dreary amidst empty scaffoldings, waiting for the flush times that shall see them completed: new ruins among the old. The growth of cities both in America and in Europe is a phenomenon of modern times. You can have no idea how much Munich, for instance, has grown since you left it; new quarters have arisen everywhere. I do not know how this may be in France; the population in France does not increase much, if at all; but Germany, England and the United States are growing countries; Germany has from ten to fifteen millions more inhabitants than when I first knew it. What the upshot of all this growth is to be, only the prophets and Mr. Bellamy can tell.

Perhaps you have read *Looking Backward*; its optimism is indeed exquisite: ingenious fancies: but fearfully tiresome. I could hardly get through it. Yet in view of the rapidity with which modern society is passing through new and ever changing conditions, economical, political and social, nothing seems too incredible to happen nowadays. If one could only go to sleep and wake up in one hundred and thirteen years, after all the fuss is over, how very diverting might be the scene; for serenity is gone now out of life; the modern world under its new conditions of physical existence is a seething cauldron, and nobody can tell what will some day spurt out of it:—after us, the volcano.

HÔTEL ROYAL, VIA VENTI SETTEMBRE, ROME,
Monday, 30 *December*, 1889.

MY DEAR H.,—Our weather continued brilliant,—what azure skies, what tonic air!—up to Christmas; but on that day the scirocco set in, and it has been warm and rainy ever since: also gloomy: and gloomy skies in this riant climate are particularly depressing. Our sight-seeing came to an abrupt ending, and also our walks; for the Roman rain *seems* to be peculiarly wetting. But one must always be on one's guard in this treacherous climate against taking cold, and hence I have stayed so much in the house in the last days that I feel as if I were suffocating. This must stop; and I must get out. This morning however I am all alone. The wife received a ticket of admission to a grand Papal Ceremony in the Sala Regia in the Vatican, which is to come off at ten o'clock:—being nothing less—or to speak correctly nothing more—than the creation of three Cardinals. It is not easy to obtain a ticket for this show; but one was kindly presented to her by the little Spanish-American wreck,—Envoy to the Pope from Columbia,—who *graces* the head of our table, and spits on the carpeted floor between the courses. Fortunately the ticket admitted but one person only, and hence I was relieved.

Your discovery of that sweet word 'oscitancy' came to hand altogether àpropos ; I had just been in St. Peter's, where I had been contemplating a long line of worshippers passing in front of the bronze statue of St. Peter, and kissing the toe of it as they passed : an *oscitant* ceremony as one might say. And speaking of ceremonies I am often reminded of the resemblance between Roman Catholics and Buddhist Ceremonies : this very *oscitant* ceremony for instance :—what is it but Buddh-ism,—or as the word is sometimes written *Boot-ism* !

As I may have mentioned, not much seems to be made of Christmas in these parts. I say ' seems,' because I really know nothing about the private life of Italians. I judge merely from the meagre show in the shop windows and the paucity of things which in other countries remind one of the day ; no evergreens, or greens of any kind visible : no Christmas trees for sale in the market-places and so on. The only thing that I noticed were numbers of women and men of the poorer classes carrying home chickens and roosters on the afternoon before Christmas Day ; not dead and plucked fowl as with us, but fowl all alive with their feathers on,—sometimes half a dozen together, with their legs tied in a bunch and heads hanging downwards. They are very cruel to animals, these people ; but they seem to have no consciousness whatever of the cruelty they are practising. I do not know however whether even in New England towns Christmas is kept after the manner of the Fatherland with festoons of evergreen ' all over the place,' and green Christmas trees, lighted with candles and laden with gifts. When I was a boy there was nothing of the kind in Boston,—in our household at any rate. We simply hung up our stockings outside of the door of our chambers when we went to bed on Christmas Eve ; and dreamed all night of gifts. ' Episcopals,' however, I remember, used to hang green wreaths in their windows ; and this is all I can remember of Christmas in those far-off days of boyhood. And speaking of boyhood reminds me of age. Have you observed of late what a critical age is fifty-eight to sixty ? I have been struck by the number of deaths among classmates and among others whom I know either by name or personally, at *about* this age. I fancy that if one passes fifty-nine safely, one may have a chance for seventy. Yet what matter a few years more or less? There is my Father's class at Harvard,—all dead and buried :—what matter whether one died at thirty-five like my Father, or at eighty-five like his classmate Palfrey :—what is a handful of years to the eternities into which now they have all passed!—This is not a quotation however from 'Old Mortality': but it comes to the same thing.

Hôtel Royal, Via Venti Settembre, Rome,
Wednesday, 19 *February*, 1890.

My dear H.,—Yes, what you say about change of air and scene is quite true, *as a rule*; but nevertheless a change in *Italy* in the *Winter* is often dangerous, unless one can be sure beforehand of a warm house and sunny rooms. This house is exceptionally warm, for as a rule, the hotels, especially further South, have no caloriferes; the corridors are bitterly cold; and one might as well go into one's tomb at once and be done with it, as to change from warm sunny rooms to rooms which have no sun. There is nothing so dreadful as the *icy chill* of a North room in Italy in the Winter.

The Italians are like the Japanese; they worry through the winter without any fire, they warm their poor frozen fingers over brasiers of charcoal embers, and when they feel really cold they go and sit in their kitchens. Some ladies went from here, for the sake of cheap living, to a Pension in Siena. Siena lies high and is much colder than Rome, but there was not even a fire-place in any of the rooms; and I suppose in Siena the temperature would not be above 45° to 50° in any room; and even five francs per day, the Pension price there, strikes me as dear for this kind of thing.

Well, the Carnival closed last night,—what there was of it; for the Carnival is dead, though not entirely buried. The Government is doing all it can to undermine it; for with the tremendous increase of population in Rome in the last years, and especially of the *turbulent* classes, it was found impossible to control the frenzied outbreaks to which the Carnival sometimes leads. Under the Popes it was different; the Popes were despotic; and the Papal *carabinieri* slashed the crowds right and left upon occasion. The present Government dares not do this sort of thing, and hence there remained no alternative except to suppress the Carnival altogether, and this they have already pretty well succeeded in doing; and now all the stirring and picturesque descriptions with which in former years travellers used to bore their friends, and the public, of this grand old Roman *Saturnalia* are mere Ancient History.

I hear of the death of my good old friend, George Bradford,—at Cambridge, *ætatis suæ* eighty-three:—sweet congenial spirit, though perhaps at times a trifle gossipy. I met him in Rome, precisely in these months, now sixteen years ago. We were much together, and I enjoyed his conversation; many a stroll have we taken together. He was an Emersonian spirit: all sweetness and gentleness, yet not without a delicious shrewdness and humour. He had the disposition and the faculty in quite genuine way of what the English call an Idle Man, and I took him to my heart; he is gone now and I must confess I felt a touch of genuine sadness when I heard the news of his death, although now for a good many years I have never seen him. Yet he lived to a good age, and imbibed all the sweetness that the sunlight of earth and its flowers and friends and books could give him. And after all, we can't live for ever:—his departure was easy: and to borrow a German phrase, may the earth rest lightly on him. I forget whether you knew him. Emerson says kind things of him, I believe, in his letters; and Hawthorne mentions him 'with commendation.' When I made his acquaintance he was sixty-seven years old, lithe and brisk; his activities were all over, whatever they may have been in earlier life, for I believe he was at one time a *worker*; but in Rome we were two Idle Men together, and drank in the beauty of it as befits the truly Idle Man. I don't indeed like the term 'Idle Man,' and I feel sure that it will evoke your severest reprehension ; yet in the sense in which I mean it, the term is not so bad ; it means simply a man freed from the necessities imposed by outward obligations, and given the opportunity to view life and enjoy it from the contemplative side, without reference to the money value of his existence to himself or others.

Well, we have come now upon delicious weather : exquisitely blue skies : transparent air, warm and springlike : fresh with the perfume of budding grass and bush. I used to say that our skies were as blue as the Italian skies, but I think I must eat my words. There is a peculiar intensity of colouring to the Italian sky : a peculiar dazzle of light, which we hardly ever see : and then the delicious *quality* of the air, this freshness and softness :—well, we haven't got it : at any rate, in Boston : and I don't suppose we want it.

Yes, I spoke of a notice of Fitzgerald's *Life and Letters*, not of a new Edition of his works. His Letters were spoken of as extremely interesting, and I called your attention to them, for we are nothing if not Men of *Letters*. His *Agamemnon* I never read : and never want to read it. I am too weak a vessel for that kind of thing.

HÔTEL ROYAL, VIA VENTI SETTEMBRE, ROME,
Tuesday, 18 *March*, 1890.

MY DEAR H.,—We are still in Rome, and the weather is now continuously bad : cloudy, gloomy, rainy, windy : the air however is deliciously soft, and we have got rid of all our little troubles. My cough has disappeared and I have come back to my normal catarrh, and we are only waiting for the season to advance a little, so that we may turn our faces Northward, to the greening Fatherland.

But did I tell you that we had an earthquake here some time ago ? did you ever experience an Earthquake ? I never did but once until I went to Japan ; and there we had frequent earthquakes. This Roman shake was a rattler. I had gone to bed, but the wife was still up in her room : 11.15 o'clock at night precisely : everything shook, all over the place, as the English say: and—I turned over and went to sleep.

Having used up our German books we have taken to Italian recently. I fancied that I could read the language tolerably well: but I find I can't. I am constantly coming upon masses of words of which I am ignorant. We are reading together *Cuore* by *De Amicis.* It is a book for children,—the experiences of a little school-boy; but it is extremely touching,—exquisite simplicity of diction and of thought: quite equal to anything of the kind in German. I read two Italian newspapers every morning, and read them rather easily, because the meaning of words can be *guessed* in Italian more easily than in any language I know. They almost all sell for one soldo (one cent), and are hawked about the streets by shrieking newsboys, quite as with us. What would they think of one of these shrieking newsboys in the streets of Munich? The Germans never buy newspapers as you know; or hardly ever. But the Italians and the French are very prodigal of their money upon this kind of Literature.

Rome is now swarming with tourists, especially with American Tourists. It is amazing,—the number of Americans that manage to get here, and still more amazing the way in which many of them live here:—private *salons*: meals served in their apartments: equipages and so on. We feel altogether like paupers having neither a private Salon nor an equipage. I suppose the Americans are now the greatest money-spending race on earth; and yet money seems to me nowhere so precarious as in America. But Italy strikes me as in a poor way. The cost of the army and navy is stupendous and the taxes are fearful,—thirty-five per cent. of the rental value of houses: and thirteen per cent. Income tax. I really do not see how the country can escape bankruptcy. Heavy *octroi* duties on all edibles that enter Rome: and a crushing duty on *salt*,—to say nothing of the tobacco monopoly, and the horridest tobacco: and everywhere you go in Rome masses of unfinished buildings,—scaffoldings still standing,—new ruins among old ruins. It is a heavy price Italy is paying for Unity:—forced military service for all, and hundreds of thousands of Italians escaping to the United States and the Spanish Republics of South America.

Hôtel Royal, Via Venti Settembre, Rome,
Monday, 7 *April*, 1890.

My dear H.,—Well, though I don't care much about Birthdays and wish I could get on without having any more,—yet I am not sorry that you reminded our friend W. of my last Birthday; for have I not received from him lately a most delightful letter. He was once in Rome, and has been immersed ever since in recollections of it:—so much so that he spells *homesick*, Romesick! It is an ideal world now to him; and I suppose it is good for everyone to possess an ideal world. I hope however that the misfortune will never come to him to spend six months in Rome and get his ideal upset and turned out of his head. To lose the ideal is to lose something very real indeed; and outside of certain art enjoyments, Rome is altogether a beggarly place,—and always was:—a poor thin country Italy. To be sure, the Church has always shown cleverness in keeping its foot on the neck of mankind, so to speak; and in the Renaissance period the Italians did many grand things in Art and Commerce, in the building of beautiful cities, and so on. Also the men of Piedmont,—a hardy race,—have done cleverly in bringing Italy under one Head; but they are carrying on ridiculously now: squandering millions upon a useless army and a still more useless navy, and desolating the country with a taxation altogether unparalleled. There is a misery beyond words in all these Italian cities,—especially in Rome. In fact, the situation is extremely turbid. What the outcome will be, the next years will show. The Italian newspapers by the way, exhibit ill-concealed worriment over the dismissal of Bismarck. It is prodigious,—the influence of a personality like that. While Bismarck was in power, the peoples of Europe rested tranquil; now that he is dismissed, there is a gloomy uncertainty in all men's minds. Italy is quivering from the Alps to the Sea, as if conscious that something awful may occur at any moment. And I must say it does seem 'rubbing it in,' as it were, that one pesky little pig-headed creature in Berlin should hold in his hands the lives and fortunes of the countless millions of Europe.

But still the skies are blue,—intensely blue,—the air is soft, and perfumed with the blossoms of Spring; nature is riant, and the world is young; and still the Pincian Hill blooms with the fairest, if palest flowers that vigorous young America can throw at the feet of the worn-out aristocracy of Rome,—only too happy to have them picked up by its putrid hands.

Paoli's Hotel, 12 Lung' Arno della Zecca Vecchia,
Florence, *Sunday*, 27 *April*, 1890.

My dear H.,—We are now in Florence—settled for a fortnight—and it is a good deal in these days to be settled even for a fortnight. We left Rome on Wednesday, April 16 at 10:20 o'clock in the morning: and changing trains at Foligno, reached Perugia at 4:10 o'clock in the afternoon. We were, after all, rather sorry at the last to leave Rome, painfully diversified as had been our long Winter there. But everything comes to an end at last; even Rome, ironically nicknamed the Eternal City. Well, we sat for a week in Perugia; but I must confess I am not precisely suited for a place like Perugia; the ache of those awful steeps is still in my poor legs. In fact I did not enjoy the place, except when I sat on its grand summit and surveyed the vast landscape. Of course there are many sights in Perugia; but I must confess that sights,—pictures, churches and that kind of thing,—rather bore me now; yet still I *did* them. I couldn't have gone away without sacrificing a fifty centime piece to Vanucci's (surnamed Perugino) famous frescoes in the little Commerce Chamber close to the hotel, especially as Perugino was Raphael's Master and the frescoes were on the ground floor. And also I *did* lots of other things,—most of which I have already forgotten,—to say nothing of the Etruscan Museum, and the fearful flood of waters in which we were enveloped upon leaving it: *this* I shall never forget. No cabs in Perugia; even horses can't stand the hills,—or steep alleys rather.

However, I remember one church, that of S. Pietro, to which we *descended* one lowering cold afternoon. It is situated on a spur of hill; the whole place wanders over spurs of hills. Our hotel was on a plateau, one or two hundred feet below the highest cluster of alley-wedged houses, and the spurs ran away from this plateau in various confusing directions. The church of S. Pietro was built in the year 1000: externally, like all the churches in Perugia, very shabby: but the interior is very beautiful and wholly *finished*,—the only thing that ever got wholly finished I fancy, in the place: exquisite wood-carvings in the choir: pictures on the walls: and ceiling of the great roof beautifully panelled. We were shown the church by a gossipy little priest. He chattered like a swallow, and his breath was as a blast from a sepulchre; but he was most friendly and simple and we took to him. He carried us to the rear of the church (it is built on the extreme edge of one of the Perugian spurs) and opening a double-door, with panels of inlaid woodwork,—*intarsiata* work, for which Perugia was once, nay still is, celebrated,—he stepped out upon a little balcony, holding the doors for us remaining inside, so that we might get full light upon the inlaid woodwork: most exquisite. I never saw anything of the kind so beautiful:—representing on one door the carrying of Moses to Pharaoh's daughter, on the other, The Annunciation. And after we had enjoyed this altogether delicious art, we stepped out upon the balcony: the grandest view of its kind I ever saw, though much of it was concealed by heavy clouds. 'When the clouds lift, you can see four cities,' said the sweet little priest,—'Assisi,' and so on (I cannot remember the names) —'and there beyond is still another city,—the only city where all men are equal,'—he said with a sigh; and pointed —to a *cemetery*. There is a singular beauty and weirdness in the situation of Perugia: a rocky eyrie as it were: from a little terrace, at the very top, you can even see the Adriatic, on a clear day of course: a vast and beautiful panorama.

The hotel is a new one, six years old, built by an Italian of Perugia, formerly a courier; and his wife is English,—formerly a lady's maid. It is built in quadrangular form around a court, and this court is enclosed in glass and the square large area serves for a smoking room; and all the ladies gather there after dinner. In the middle of this room is a veritable Yankee small-town-grocery-store stove, with a funnel at the side, carrying the smoke and gas down below. There was a glowing fire in this stove all the time we were there. What a fraud indeed is the so-called 'beautiful Italian Spring'! We had in all *about* two clear fine days in Perugia: all the rest, wet and gloom. On the afternoon however on which we left for Florence, the sun came out for once *hot*. I really thawed out for the first time for six months.

Florence is literally jammed with strangers: and . . . our rooms are fearful. I am living in a state of chronic irritation. The first day we were here and the morning of the second day were hot: since then, cloudiness and cold and damp: all the charms indeed possible for the beautiful Italian Springtime to possess.

PAOLI'S HOTEL, 12 LUNG' ARNO DELLA ZECCA VECCHIA,
FLORENCE, *Wednesday*, 14 *May*, 1890.

MY DEAR H.,—Àpropos of Afternoon Tea, if you drop tea altogether you will have no stimulus at all, as you do not drink coffee and have abjured tobacco, and take no wine or spirits. Now I do not believe it is wise to attempt to run the bodily machinery on milk, or water, alone. I may be wrong, but I do not believe I am wrong. Look about you. Have you ever found a person, man or woman, who attained a great age, upon milk, or water, alone? one who did not use tea, coffee, wine, spirits, or tobacco? absolutely nothing whatever of a stimulating kind? Hence the experience of old persons ought to prove to you the fallacy of your notion about narcotics. In my opinion, it is precisely a certain degree of narcotics that the nerves need; what that degree should be, one must judge for oneself. The tendency of your nature is to asceticism ; and I do not believe that asceticism is good for anyone, or that anyone will live long under it. Be careful therefore about dropping tea altogether ; take it only once a day if you will, but take that, or something in the nature of a stimulus every day. I dislike the word stimulus ; it does injustice to the nature of the thing itself ; one might as well call food a stimulus. The nerves need food, as much as the stomach, and they can only get it by the use of some one of the things I have mentioned,—the physiological effect of each and all being pretty nearly the same. And by the way, don't ride that 'antic' horse. There is nothing I dread so much as horses ; every day when I take up a newspaper I read of an accident, often fatal, happening through horses. I am never happy behind a horse, unless it be that I am in a tram, and then I quiver. 'Antics' are not for us ; walking is far more useful exercise ; and yet you mustn't overdo walking. Moderation in all things, and avoidance of 'antics' of every kind :—this alone is the way, narrow if it must be, that leadeth unto the Serene Life, and a grand Old Age. And then again, don't bother with hydropathy,—that is another fad, or antic ; no, plain living and high thinking ; and a cup of tea for solace. We are all human, and we all need cheering cups :—but no pie at breakfast ! It was pie at breakfast that broke down Emerson prematurely ; no human being, however well, can live long and keep his mind unclouded on pie at breakfast. Emerson lost his mind,—or memory, at a much earlier period than he would have been likely to lose it, owing to the vicious habit of pie at breakfast. No, eat no pie at all, and drink no ice-water : and drink your tea without milk : eat vegetables and meat : but drink no tea with meat : no, *never*. Tea does not help to digest anything. Drink tea in the morning, or evening, or both, with light food ; something farinaceous perhaps.

Well, you write as if I had conveyed to you an impression that I like middle names. No, I detest middle names ; but if middle names must be, let them be inscribed in full on tombstones, and written in full in all historical documents : —this only is the length of my fad. And àpropos of names, Christian names I mean, did it ever occur to you that none are ever *invented* ? Well, now consider the tremendous increase of population in the civilised countries of Europe and in America, as well as in Australia and so on, in the last hundred years,—to go no farther back ; and yet we can hardly get back fâr enough to discover the period when names were invented. The population in the United States has increased in a hundred years,—say for instance merely by way of illustration,—from three millions to sixty millions :—in other words where there was one person a hundred years ago, there are now twenty in the United States. Of course in these one hundred years there has been great immigration, and the immigrants have brought their names with them. But there has also been an enormous natural increase. A hundred years ago John Black needed no middle name :—but for one Black a hundred years ago, there are now twenty Blacks, and there are not Christian names enough to go round. Wherever I go, I am pursued by Warners :—and you see it makes a bother about letters. There was a Henry *S*. Warner in our hotel in Rome ; and Italians can't tell an ' S ' from a ' J,' nor for that matter, can I sometimes. The other day I found on my table here in Florence a bottle of *Bourbon Whiskey*,—fancy, directed to Dr. *H. H.* Warner. And in Rome I used to get letters addressed to *General Willard Warner*. So that if population goes on increasing,—and there seems to be no way of stopping it,—middle names will have to be written out in *full*, because even a middle *initial* will not suffice, many persons of the same name bearing the same middle initial. And yet it will be a pretty serious business to remember everybody's middle name.

I am writing these fatuous lines in monkish seclusion, in my *den*,—formerly *cell* in a monkery. I look out upon a well,—or rather might if I would ; and I feel as if I could go on scribbling until to-morrow morning,—because you see when one has nothing to say it takes a long time to say it. We have had a few very hot days ; then yesterday in the morning a howling gale ; a bad month of May for Florence, they say,—rainy and windy ; but the roses are fragrant and the air is soft; and the lilies of the valley,—how they do perfume a room to be sure! I shall carry their catarrhal fragrance with me through the Summer.

Haus König Ottokar, Schlossplatz, Carlsbad,
Monday, 7 *July*, 1890.

My dear H.,—The weather is so bad that it is impossible to go on with the *Luft Kur*. We are driven into the house every afternoon by downpours of rain; there is no such thing as sitting in the open:—the *Luft Kur* is a failure. But our four weeks of wet and discomfort will happily come to an end soon. I think,—thus far,—it is 'about' the worst summer I have experienced in Europe: or certainly one of the worst: and come to think of it, it couldn't be much worse. The cold and rawness are most trying: overcoats and umbrellas all the time: and so on. You see in cities one can get on fairly well in bad weather; in fact, in cities one can take one's mind off the weather altogether; but not so here. Here one is altogether dependent upon the weather, because the very object of coming here is to do nothing except to drink water and keep in the open air. And even in fine weather it is very hard work,—this *Luft Kur* business: it is very hard work to break up all one's habits of indoor life.

Àpropos of words. I was struck in reading *Robert Elsmere* by the number of words used by the writer, which were entirely new to me; many of them are words I dare say in common use in England. In fact, the English language as used in England seems to me to be richer in *old* words, so to speak, than is the language as we use it. We coin a good many words; we coin a good many phrases, in which the words though familiar have shades of meanings unfamiliar; hence the novelty and relish of the phrase. But hardly ever in an American writer does one come across *old* words of which he is ignorant. At any rate, *almost all* the strange words which you have mentioned to me, have been found by you in English and not in American writings. And àpropos, too of phrases. I was talking with a Presbyterian minister here,—bilious beyond words. His last Parish was in Detroit, and he said there were a good many New England people in it: one family in particular from Massachusetts. Well, these people were always using the word 'visit' in a peculiar way: they would say, for instance,—'We have just been calling on Mrs. Jones: and we *visited and visited* and *visited*'; and he thought it very strange that I had never heard the expression, it being common in New England.

No, I have not seen Lord Dufferin's book on India. He is at present English Ambassador in Rome, and the Embassy Palace was not far from our hotel. I passed it often, and always with admiration of the sumptuous manner in which England lodges her public servants: a grand place with grand garden. And Lord Dufferin is an extremely able man. I suppose he is one of the few ablest men at this present in the public service of England. He was always giving receptions at which people whom we knew in our hotel were attending; and everybody spoke well of him. Did you ever read his book of voyaging to Iceland? If I were a younger man I, too, would voyage to Iceland; and many a remote place else. There is to me a fascination in strange lands: always a new sensation as it were in looking upon scenery and upon peoples far remote from anything I ever knew. But alas! the years have come, and I am too far gone in decadence for anything but comfortable living; and even of that I don't get any too much. Locomotion of any kind wearies me. But still I am dreaming of India for next Winter. It 's my last chance now for this sort of thing: for when a man of my avoirdupois is turned of sixty,—well, it 's time for him, as a faded butterfly of a belle used to tell me last Winter in Rome,—it 's time 'to simmer down and take a back seat.'

Now what did Henry Drummond and Newman Smith write about? I make memoranda of English books recommended to me; and some day when voyaging is all over, and I come into port for the last time, and the Silver Bill leaves me a margin for subsistence,—well then, I shall pass my days in looking through these books:—for books after all are to me the best society, but I do not say that they are the best society for everyone. In fact, I think the number for whom books are the best society is extremely small. It 's all a matter of temperament, and social gifts ; I never had any social gifts ; and my temperament is altogether away from *people*, in the direction of stillness, and contemplation. I can quite understand *hermits* ; though I freely admit that hermits have no ethical standing in the universe ; and that a good dinner in good company would still remain a source of pleasure to me if I could get it.

Dresden, *Tuesday*, 14 *October*, 1890.

My dear H.,—I do not like your use of the word 'domestic' as a noun ; it is rarely that I like to have an adjective used as a noun ; why don't you use the word *servant* and be done with it ? There is such an institution in the world as personal service ; the relation of master and servant arises from the nature of things, and cannot be done away, however much a false spirit of equality may seek to cover it up with a gloss of words. This false spirit of equality is carried to a ridiculous extent in New England ; though I never knew the real extent of it until some years ago when I happened to be with the wife in a country town in New Hampshire. There were two serving-maids in the house. They had, both, been students at the Academy. One was called Miss Duffy, the other was Miss Packard. Now they had heard me call the wife, 'Mary' ; and one day as I was standing at my window, I heard Miss Duffy shriek to Miss Packard across the green in front of the house (we occupied two rooms in a cottage opposite) : 'Miss Packard !—Mary wants her room done up !' Also there was a serving-man on the place ; he was always called *Mr.* Brown ; and one day I heard the Duffy shrieking across the green,—'Mr. Brown, *that man* in the cottage (meaning me) hain't had his shoes blacked yet !' Now to my mind all that is false and bad ; it is democracy run riot. The relation of master and servant is a wholesome relation ; the greater part of mankind must always remain servants ; there must always be hewers of wood and drawers of water,—until the coming of those last and better days promised to us by the Prophet Bellamy. Mankind cannot get on without personal service ; there is nothing degrading in it . . . and the relation of master and servant, like all relations springing from the nature of things, is a wholesome,—nay, divine relation. If this be old fogyism, all I can say is that I am an old fogy ; and that I think life is more agreeable in those parts of the world where old fogyism holds society together in salutary obedience to the law of all devouring fact, so to speak.

Well, I mustn't forget to say that I picked up another ' Bliemchen ' the other day,—an altogether fresh Bliemchen : yea, even ' Bliemchen bei Bismarck.' There must be, after all, a continuing demand for Bliemchens, strange as it may seem ; and yet he can't hold a candle to Josh Billings. Did you ever turn your attention to Josh Billings ? He was really very witty and humorous. His spelling was Bliemchenisch ; and his truck brought him in a fortune at last ; there is always money in truck.

Yes, as you say, there ought to be in every College in America a Professorship of Manners. At any rate in some way should the duty of civility be inculcated in youth ; and furthermore, should youth be taught *what manners are*. And perhaps in time a kind of politeness will grow up somehow among us, and the rawness, the crudeness, of the *ruck* of Americans will be mellowed : for you see there are sixty millions of Americans, and they don't all live in the old Seats of Culture in our little New England. This is one of the facts brought home to us in foreign parts.

I am looking forward now if nothing breaks, to spending winter after next in the City of Mexico ; I hope by that time the place will be thoroughly drained and no longer malarious. I dare say you can't understand the craving, but I am always pining for a Southern climate ; I have always pined for it since I was a boy, but circumstances have always been pretty well set against my getting it. I was never better, and the earth never seemed brighter to me than it did in the Winter I was in India. I believe Paradise was originally 'located' in that country; and I confess I am surprised now that I have been in the country that it should have proved such a failure.

ALBERGO MILANO, VIA CERRETANI, FLORENCE,
Friday, 14 *November*, 1890.

MY DEAR H.,—We are stranded here in Florence. This hotel is very far from the hotel we have usually patronized, being in the centre of the town, whereas we were formerly at the extreme end of the Lung' Arno, opposite the wooded height of San Miniato and looking out upon the bare brownish Apennines. There of course we had floods of light and sunshine, but here in the town the streets are narrow and gloomy, and though the great window of our Salon looks 'full South,' yet in the nature of things it can't catch much sun. However, we are very comfortable here, tremendous bedroom and Salon leading from it. We are up only one flight, and up still another flight is the Dining-room :—very curious arrangements in these old Italian houses. However everything is sweet and clean, and the kitchen is excellent.

The weather in Padua and Ravenna was very rainy and gloomy: but here since yesterday we have had blue skies and exhilarating sunshine, and the air is very mild,—altogether delicious; and we do not need fire in the least, but at night after dinner, at half-past eight, the wife makes a blaze of tiny sticks of wood on the great hearth of the fireplace, merely for the cosiness of the thing.

In Padua last Sunday on an old house in the *Via Tredici Giugno* I read this inscription:

Deese nobis terra
in qua vivamus
in qua moriamur
non potest

I can translate the lines easily enough, but I do not grasp the significance of them.

Florence has always seemed to me an extremely stationary town as regards increase in population and increase in building; but I observe that in the old Ghetto part of the town,—behind the Or San Michele Church,—there is a tremendous demolition going on. A fine Piazza has already been made there, and in the centre of it is the usual grand Equestrian statue of Victor Emanuel, and all round it great buildings are going up. This improvement will let in much light into the somberest, gloomiest part of the town. But I must confess I do not care much for Florence,—after doing its architecture and art and so on. It rains here quite half the time, and the streets of the old town are so narrow and crowded that I always feel in imminent peril of getting run over by dashing cabs and other vehicular annoyances. And what a noisy folk too are the Italians! Our friend, the Sandy-whiskered Reviser of Murray's obsoleteism—remarked that the Italians, and Latin peoples in general, have no nerves, and are not in the least disturbed by street cries and noises. He said an Italian could write a verse calmly while a hand organ was performing at one elbow and a Punch and Judy at the other. This struck me as supremely true. The Neapolitans, for instance, are always making horrible noises; they are mere devils, said the Sandy-whiskered. I think this hardness of the nerves must come from their being so much in the open air,—or rather, from their never living in heated air,—as we live; for an Italian never has a fire. He will warm his frozen fingers over a brasier of charcoal; but his body never gets any warmth from the outside air:—hence his nerves remain tough.

Hôtel Bristol, Corso Vittorio Emanuele, Naples,
Wednesday, 24 *December*, 1890.

My dear H.,—You seem to put 'the grand climacteric' at sixty; but my impression is that sixty-three is the age assigned to it. To be sure three years do not make much difference; but still at our time of life one is grateful even for a respite of three years. But there arises in most men, I fancy, at some time in their lives, a strong consciousness of *age*. I remember this consciousness or feeling arose in me at forty; at that period I really thought myself *old*, really advanced in life, and as it were finished: nothing more to be looked for except in a senile and futile way. This consciousness however passes, or becomes numbed as the years go by; at least such was my experience; and now it seems to me that I did not really begin life until I was fifty. In poor Fitzgerald's case this consciousness seems to have struck him at fifty-two: and hence his moans!—but how long did he live? I do not remember. I dare say that in his case, too, this consciousness passed, and that at sixty he felt altogether boyish. Dyspeptic folk with a pessimistic turn are always singularly youthful, and generally live to a great age; but the thing that keeps people alive longest, as a rule, is *cussedness*. This is paradoxical, but nevertheless true, oh boyishest of Boys!—and I doubt whether our good friend W. was correct in his rendering of the name on that Babylonian clay cylinder. I am well up in hieroglyphics as you know, for do I not read even W.'s handwriting at a glance? and having given special study to that particular clay cylinder (what *is* a clay cylinder, Babylonian or otherwise?) as well as to the problems of life in general, I am quite sure that I read *cussedness* in the root *Be-el-ze-bub*. Tell our friend W. to give his spectacles a wipe, and read it again, cylindrically so to speak, and he will easily see that it couldn't be anything else; for nothing but the *cussedness* of the material could keep even a Babylonian clay cylinder unbroken to this day, while breaking everybody who tried to make out the superscriptions on the same.

And now, beware of that *horse*; no one is safe in the saddle at sixty who has not been continuously in the saddle for forty years previously; this you will find holds of all old men who are still daily tempting Providence by riding a horse, instead of remaining at home truly grateful that they have not already broken their necks. There is nothing so dangerous as a horse. I hate even a cab-horse. I can just endure a tram. I never take up a newspaper that I do not have to run over a mass of accidents with horses. For my part, I never rode much; and now I cannot ride at all. When I was in Cairo thirty years ago I used to ride donkeys all day long. Alas! fancy! when I was last in Cairo,—two years ago last Spring,—I did not even dare to mount a donkey. I felt a kind of pang for a moment once, I remember, at this sign of ageing; but only for a moment for the underlying festiveness of my nature soon bubbled up and set me right. But you see, Providence does really temper the wind to the shorn lamb, for now there wasn't any need of riding donkeys; there were plenty of cabs. When I was first in Cairo there wasn't a horse and carriage of any kind in the place, excepting those belonging to the Khedive. But the thing I like best is a *jinrikisha*: drawn by a man—or rather, two men *tandem*. There I am safe. Yet, perhaps, after all, I *could* have ridden a donkey even two years ago in Cairo, if I had not been so timorous: but fat men never have any physical courage,—did you know it!—and the reason is, that they lose their centre of gravity easily. A thin man, especially a thin man with long legs, recovers himself in a twinkling; a fat man is a dead and sodden weight; once he loses his centre of gravity, it is all up with him; hence I am extremely careful about my centre of gravity. But after all it 's a poor horse that leaves everybody behind in the mud, including its master; and I beg of you to have no trifling with that horse; be thankful for your thin legs and ability to walk. And that reminds me that I am filled with a sense of inward satisfaction and comfort upon learning that you now take an occasional smoke *by yourself*. To be sure, *Lone Jack* is a dreadful kind of tobacco, but it 's better than none; I remember using it for a time, but gave it up after finding that the granulated particles were for ever falling red hot upon my trousers and burning little holes in the same. But a corn-cob pipe is not a bad thing. I bought a box of a dozen in America, and they have remained in my trunk to this day,—unused. Smoking,—with me,—is not what one would call a social habit; it is, rather, what I should call a contemplative habit. Perhaps you would call it an unsocial habit. It 's all the same. I do not enjoy tobacco unless it comes to me as a kind of solace, in moments of repose; I do not really enjoy smoking with other people; in fact I detest other folks' smoke. When I smoke I ruminate; sometimes I really think; and therein to my mind lies not merely the pleasure, but also the benefit of tobacco, if there be any benefit to be had out of it at all.

HÔTEL BRISTOL, CORSO VITTORIO EMANUELE, NAPLES,
Sunday, 25 *January*, 1891.

MY DEAR H.,—Bernstein's stories which I sent you, were read aloud to me by the wife, and I must confess I was not taken with them. Every one of them is a tragedy, or a little tragic phase of life. I dare say they are well done, but I do not fancy the kind of thing; tragedy in Art was always painful and disagreeable to me; and the more perfect the Art, the more painful and disagreeable the impression. If I want tragedy, I have only to walk out in these streets of Naples; they are full of it; poverty and misery at every step. Of course a touch of the tragic will come into all works of art, but Art need not be all tragic; there are genial, optimistic spheres, if I may use the expression, where Art may dwell, and where the wearied soul may find rest and peace and joy. The function of Art is to bring gladness not sorrow; to keep before us the Ideal, not the Tragic. The caprices of fortune, the awful havoc of Destiny,—we all know what these are; this Vale of Tears has more grief in it than joy:—let us not add to the grief by imagining more grief, but rather illumine the joy, and at any rate make believe that poor wretched mortals may have a share in it.

Many thanks for your Librarian's interpretation of my Paduan inscription, and for your kindness in consulting him; but with all deference to him, I cannot think his interpretations correct. *Deesse* I should hardly think could be construed into conveying the meaning, 'to escape from'; and besides, this rendering doesn't seem to me to have a significance appropriate to an inscription on a house. It has occurred to me that the meaning may be: 'No one shall ever lack (there shall never be wanting to anyone) a country in which to live, nor a house in which to die' :—that is, Providence will always kindly care for us. This seems to me to have a certain appropriateness for an inscription on a house. But it isn't a matter of any moment, and I have not the least confidence in my own classical ability ; I am quite ready to take off my hat to your Latin Professor and accept humbly his interpretation. One is always coming upon old inscriptions on houses in Italy. I have copied a good many ; it amuses me to do so when I am not too lazy and the weather is not too cold. The Latin inscriptions as a rule are very old, and the modern Italian inscriptions as a rule are very clear : containing much significance in a few choice clear words.

Well now,—' take in,'—as applied to a newspaper or a magazine subscribed for is not a cockneyism, as you fancy. It is good old-fashioned English. When I was young, good old-fashioned folk used the phrase. I have heard Rufus Choate use it at least a dozen times,—he always said, ' take in ' ; dropping the ' in ' is a new-fangled Americanism. You speak of English tricks of speech. I do not know whether English tricks of speech are worse than American tricks of speech ; for my part I do not like any tricks of speech, either English or American. I have too much respect for the English language. I want to write *English*, without reference to cockney use of it either in England or America, English in the Pure, so to speak, English from wells undefiled ; and say,—' I take a pill,' and,—' I take in a newspaper.' To ' take in,' in the sense of defraud, would not be used in *writing* ' elegant English,' I fancy ; it is a colloquialism ; I certainly should not use it in *print*, except in a humorous way. And then I must take exception to your preference of the phrase,—' I speak less loudly than I used to,' instead of,—' Used to speak,' or ' used to do.' ' Used to do,' I do not like much myself ; but I detest the practice now prevalent of leaving the preposition ' to ' stranded at the end of a sentence. I prefer a repetition of the verb, ' used to speak.' There is to me something very incomplete, colloquial,—may I say vulgarian,—in leaving ' to ' alone at the end of a sentence ; ' used to ' is too much for me, and besides it 's ungrammatical, and at any rate, the hearer would mentally supply the word 'speak'; and it is always a defect in style, in my opinion, when a writer throws upon his reader the burden of supplying a word omitted.

Yes, I am a little 'slowed up' as you say; some men break up earlier than others, and I am afraid our good friend W. is breaking up. I know all the signs. I am shaky myself on my pins, and I can't bear much physical fatigue; I am soon used up. I get on well so long as I keep in certain grooves but I cannot get out of the grooves, without being entirely upset. Your activity,—physical activity I mean,—fills me with amazement. A man of your age going out on snowshoes,—thermometer marking zero Fahrenheit!—*prodigious*! but I wouldn't do it if I were you; it cannot be good for you; stick to the fireside and let other folk do snowshoeing and that kind of thing. Cold is a deadly enemy to the vitality; stick to the fireside. Pray take heed to this admonition; and listen to the harrowing tale that I shall now unfold (having reached the *weather* point in my screed). Well,—last Thursday night a week, there came on a heavy snowstorm here; when I awoke on Friday morning the whole place was under snow; and then came driving blasts and more snow,—the air so thick and black that you couldn't see twenty yards from any balcony. Our little Italian chamber-maid came into our rooms in terror, rolling up her eyes, and wringing her hands, and moaning that something terrible was surely going to happen. I really thought so, myself. Well, it *was* a dreadful storm: snow and rain driving against the windows in fitful blasts,—but more snow than rain; and for three days I could not go out of the house. The snow was wet and slippery, and there was a great deal of it; and I knew I couldn't walk a yard even on the Corso; least of all could I descend the steeps into the town. Every cab too vanished from the Corso. It was a most gloomy trying time. The wife of course went out, but even she had great difficulty to keep from slipping. However she reported that the streets on the level in the town below us were immediately cleansed, and that life and cabs went on as usual: but up here it was as silent and deserted as if a plague had struck the place. The railways were blocked, and for two or three days we got no mail. A gentleman who arrived here from Rome at *three o'clock* one morning,—due here at 6:30 P.M. the previous evening,—told me that they were eight hours in doing the last forty miles into Naples. However, on Sunday night came a heavy rain, which cleansed our Corso; and on Monday afternoon we resumed our 'constitutionals,' and have had no further trouble.

I have neglected to comment upon Stevenson's use of the word 'specious,' applied to a Cathedral: a detestable adjective to be so applied: but I think it is obvious that he uses the word in its strictly etymological meaning of *form, appearance*:—having the *form* of a *unit*: like a statue: but being in fact, *multitudinous*, like a forest. But it 's a poor practice, it strikes me, in a popular writer, to use such words: they only bother people.

HÔTEL BRISTOL, CORSO VITTORIO EMANUELE, NAPLES,
Thursday, 12 *February*, 1891.

MY DEAR H.,—I observed, in one of the newspapers you sent me, some Reports by the Faculty of Harvard College upon the subject of reducing the undergraduate course from four years to three years. I read them with interest, but I could not see any advantage in making the course three years instead of four. The fact is the College has made such strides,—the changes have been so numerous and so radical that I fail to find anything which reminds me of the old time; I feel as if I were a fossil, or had gone into a long sleep, from which I wake at intervals to look out upon a world quite different from the world I once knew. The world progresses too fast for me; I cannot keep up with it,—this increase in students, this variety of studies and of courses, this vast apparatus, these Scholarships and Funds and Class Libraries and all the rest of it. I am glad the College lies years behind me; I could never get through it nowadays. It makes me sad sometimes,—this mass of increase in people and things ; I feel as if I were in danger of being swallowed up somehow by a deluge. This vast increase of riches with some, and this vaster increase of impecuniosity with others :—simplicity gone out of life,—in the cities I mean ; a riotous, vulgarian millionaire-ism planting its cloven foot upon all the intellectualities and sweetness and light of other days (this is rather a violent metaphor : but nevertheless 'the principle remains the same'). However, I dare say there is a good side to all this,—only as I have said, I cannot work myself into a feeling that I belong to it. Well, it doesn't matter ; everything lies behind me now, for on Sunday next I shall be sixty years old. I fancied I was pretty old when I got into the Fifties ; but when one gets into the Sixties,—*da hört Alles auf.* I wonder how it will be, should I ever get into the Seventies,—second childhood perhaps !

Yes, keep on and confess all your *Tabak-Sünden* ; they are few, and very thin, and venial. I rejoice to listen to the harrowing tale. How many 'smokes' can you get for one cent a day ? how many pipesful ? But your not sleeping so well after a pipe at night is not to be ascribed to the pipe ; it comes from working,—reading or writing—all the evening : and going directly to bed with the brain somewhat excited. The great philosopher Kant—who was a wise man also—used, as I have read, to put away all writing and reading,—to put away all things ; in short get everything out of his head for an hour before he went to bed. Then in this hour he smoked a pipe, abjuring all thought. In this way the brain was quieted, and sleep came at once and refreshed him ; and at four or five in the morning (philosophers always keep dreadful hours) he was ready to resume his tiresome round. Also I will add that irregular, or rather, unquiet sleep, often comes from going to bed on an entirely empty stomach ; you do not need to eat mince-pie upon going to bed ; but I think if you take something of easy digestion a half hour before going to bed you may sleep better. I used to find it so. I remember at the Tremont House I used to go into the Refectory and drink a tumbler or two of milk before going to bed ; the milk at the Tremont House was very good, and I used to sleep like an infant after it. Here it is different. I do not leave the dinner-table until about eight o'clock, and I go to bed at about ten. I sleep well as a rule, being full of red wine. Sometimes however, I order a bottle of *white* Ischian wine (Ischia bianco), mainly on the wife's account, for she does not like wine at all ; she is a born teetotaller ; but she will drink a little white Ischian wine ; of course I have to finish the bottle, and I observe that after white wine I do not sleep well ; white wine seems to act on my nerves,—it is an irritating and feverish drink :—still, one must sometimes make sacrifices for others ! and besides, it 's an ‘ awfully good ’ wine,—the only Italian white wine I have ever really enjoyed, except the Vino Santo of Tuscany.

Yes, I am glad with you that our good friend W. has got a colleague. I should hear with greater pleasure, however, that he had got a pension. Why shouldn't clergymen have pensions ? I believe in pensions. There comes a time when, though a man may be capable of work, he is still more capable of rest :—and I think after forty years in the pulpit, a man deserves to be gratefully retired at the expense of his congregation ; relieved of care ; while his living presence still remains a blessing to them that look up to him. I wish, too, with you that W. had leisure, in order that he might gather up in print the many beautiful things which he has written. He has delicate perceptions : fine insights : a good range of reading : unusual aptitudes in æsthetic lines : a style altogether peculiar and original : a flavour of his own : his is a kind of writing that will wear : neither rhetoric nor platitudes endure. I certainly for one should read him with the greatest pleasure ; and as for the *οἱ πολλοί*, the great unwashed,—the vulgarian masses,—who would care for instance to be read by this rabble in Naples, if one were sure, being an Italian I mean, of finding a welcome among a few choice spirits of congenial tastes and fine perceptions.

No, there are no ‘ cultivated English people ’ in this hotel at this present. I don't know where cultivated English people keep themselves when they are on the Continent ;

I know only that they don't come and sit near me at *table d'hôte* dinners. The greater part of the English who come to this hotel are on their way to or from Australia and India. These are officers, merchants, cattle-men and what not. Naples is the nearest European Port of call for these far-off countries. From Naples (or Brindisi, which is nearly the same thing) there are swift through trains to Calais—London. The Peninsular & Oriental Company's Liners, also the Orient Steamship Company's Liners,—these are the two great companies,—and many other Liners for India and Australia, call here or at Brindisi. Also in the Winter Naples is a point of departure for tourists on their way to Egypt; but we have not caught many of these. We have known only one English family here,—nice, pleasant people; but they were not the kind of people who know about books; I think the husband might have been a merchant tailor. There was a retired General of the English Army here,—Irish,—very nice man; he took a fancy to us, and made the Head waiter keep him opposite us at dinner. He also was not a bookish man, but he had had considerable experience of life and was often very amusing. He was a small man, of sturdy build, looking as if he had an iron constitution. Alas! he came to the table one night complaining of headache and chills, and left it before the dinner was finished. We never saw him again; two weeks afterwards we followed his remains to the grave:—typhoid. This was altogether depressing: a strong hardy looking man stricken down before our very eyes, as it were. It has sickened me for a time of this part of Italy.

It is too horribly early to go North, and the weather is by no means mild here; the Winter still continues,—brilliant for the most part, but for a time we had biting penetrating tramontana winds, very disagreeable indeed, whirling white limestone dust into one's eyes. But however, it is better now; the winds are less harrowing and the sky is still brilliant; yet there is no sign of Spring, although usually at this time the almond trees are in bloom; and the Earth rejoiceth in the coming of vernal joys.

I sent you some time ago an article from the *Daily News* upon *American* English. The *Daily News* has some clever writers upon its staff, although I thought the article in question was somewhat laboured and dull ; still, it is amusing to note the difference of expression in England and America. And on the whole it strikes me as quite remarkable that these differences are few and trivial. I like to think that the English Language shall prevail as a whole, unchanged, in all English-speaking countries over all the Earth ; and I believe it will,—barring a few frivolous blemishes here and there in remote corners of the Earth. It is a world-tongue, the English ; all other tongues are *local*,—the German, the French, the Italian and so on,—all are mere local languages, so to speak. The English tongue is the one commanding Language of the World :—'one Bible, and one Shakespeare' : Reciprocity with Canada : and the gold standard : a Tariff for Revenue only : International Copyright : and so on :—this is my creed :—and the English Tongue shall remain triumphant.

There have been political upheavals of late in Italy. Crispi has been defeated and upset ; like Bismarck he has withdrawn involuntarily into private life ; the German wits call it the *Kanzler-Dämmerung*—fancy !

Hôtel Bristol, Corso Vittorio Emanuele, Naples,
Monday, 23 *February*, 1891.

My dear H.,—I posted to you the other day a little pamphlet, entitled *Evangelical Church of Italy* (*Chiesa Libera*) : being a brief account of the year's work of the wife's Italian teacher. But the little man proved to be a poor teacher ; the lesson seemed to bore him ; he took no interest in it. The only interest he took was in the postage stamps we gave him ; he was helping a 'signora' to collect a million,—the superstition being rife in Italy that there is some merit somehow in collecting a million postage stamps. I found that the wife was making no progress, and at my suggestion she let him go. I think he was rather glad to be let go ; he said teaching was not his business.

At any rate he was very meek about it; and turning round fired this pamphlet at us.

It is astonishing, the long continued sunshine and brilliant weather in this place; I have almost forgotten what a cloudy day is like:—day after day, precisely the same blue sky and precisely the same temperature. It is however not at all mild; the air is hard and cold, the Tramontana still prevailing; and though there is one little almond tree in blossom, on a high terrace opposite my balcony, I am in despair of the Spring ever coming, and it is quite useless to think of moving about in this sort of temperature. What astonishes me is the uniformity of this temperature: in fact, the uniformity of the climate in general in Italy in the winter:—no sudden changes, in fact hardly any changes at all. My thermometer has marked precisely 56° on rising,—working up to precisely 60° in the afternoon,—for now these four weeks. And I have become so hardened that I can't even approach a fire, which they keep feebly blazing in the Salon. It heats me disagreeably even to look at it.

HÔTEL VICTORIA, SORRENTO,
Friday, 20 *March*, 1891.

MY DEAR H.,—Well, we spent a week in La Cava, and day before yesterday came to this place by carriage: a drive of a trifle over three hours and a half. It was a brilliant day; but the road was very dusty, and we were in a dirty plight indeed when we arrived after five o'clock in the afternoon. The road ran through a plain all the way from La Cava to Castellamare: mountains on our left hand, on the summit of which traces of snow were still visible, and in front of us the towering Vesuvius with its volume of smoke. From Castellamare the road ascends,—winding round rocky promontories, until it reaches Sorrento. I fancy on the plain between La Cava and Castellamare we passed through at least half a dozen small, closely built towns: all of them very stuffy: stone houses: narrow streets: and at the entrance to each town an *octroi* station: for in Italy it is not merely eatables and drinkables that pay an octroi or municipal duty, but every mortal thing that enters the place is taxed. Fancy, what an idiotic system! what a hindrance to free circulation of products! it is a dreadfully overtaxed country, this: and pessimist observers say it is going to the dogs,—starvation being frightfully on the increase. I do not know how this may be; certainly there is misery enough visible to spoil half the pleasure of a drive. One may almost say that the highways are lined with beggars in every stage of physical degradation and suffering.

Well, one day, we drove to Ravello and Amalfi. Such a combination of scenery! the blue sea,—mountains,—ravines,—rocky promontories, all terraced: lemon plantations: picturesque monasteries, villas, churches, everywhere, on slopes and crags: frantically inaccessible, apparently. In Ravello, perched on the top of a mountain, is an old Moorish Castle,—belonging now to a Scotchman who has lived there for forty years; the view is entrancing, but I wonder he did not go mad long ago, dwelling year after year on that lonely crag. At Amalfi we drove to the foot of the great rock on which is situated the old monastery of the Capuchins, now the Hotel Cappuccini; but the ascent (on foot) looked too steep for me, and I turned away and went to the little hotel of the same name in the *town*, by the sea. The wife however is nimble of foot and she skipped up the staircase and saw the place; of course she met some people there whom she knew; and I waited, famishing, for her to come to lunch. The 'people' were Edwin Abbey and his wife. We met him at the Hôtel Bristol in Naples, and he was in Amalfi in search of *motives* for his work—the decoration of one of the Halls in the new Boston Public Library. He told me in Naples that his subject was to be the *Origins of Romance*,—whatever that may mean. He has acquired reputation as an illustrator for *Harper's Magazine*: and he is now illustrating Shakespeare for that magazine.

DRESDEN, *Monday*, 15 *June*, 1891.

MY DEAR H.,—I shall be glad to read the Reminiscences of Sophocles; he was a good friend of mine in years now long gone by. In August, 1860, I was returning from a first tour in Europe and the adjacent countries, in the crack steamer of the Cunard Line, the *Persia*, when Sophocles turned up one morning as I was sitting on deck in the lee of the smoke-stack,—there was no smoke-room in those days, and it was a side-wheel steamer into the bargain,—vainly endeavouring to fancy that I was enjoying the return to my native land. Well, then and there I made Sophocles' acquaintance. He took a fancy to me, and afterwards taught me Modern Greek,—for nothing too; this was much. But I am sorry to add that I have forgotten it all now, as well as Ancient Greek besides. And if there is one thing I regret more than another it is that I did not keep up my Greek. Alas, how sadly I recall now that in the very last letter he wrote me, our lamented friend W.—àpropos of some translations from the Greek which he had been reading,—regretted the same thing. He went so far even as to wonder whether life were worth living if not spent largely over Greek Literature and Art. For his part had he his own way, he would never read a word henceforth but Greek. How very much I sympathize with him in this. I have my own way; yet I read not a Greek word. Well, for several years Sophocles and I were really intimate; I saw much of him and was always interested in his conversation. By nature he was a Cynic: a Cynic of the Old Greek School: a peculiar and not unwholesome kind of cynicism. His conversation amused me and made a variety in the awful monotony which had engulfed my existence, if I may use such a phrase. He seemed to me a veritable Greek of the ancient time. He was not in the least a Modern Greek so called: in fact he despised the Modern Greeks: an Ancient Greek stranded upon the arid New England shores,—for so the New England shores seemed to me then. I take a different view of them now; but I left Boston again late in the year 1867, and have never seen him since.

Dresden, *Tuesday*, 14 *July*, 1891.

My dear H.,—I have got the last thing on Buddhism: by Monier-Williams, Professor of Sanscrit in the University at Oxford. But I must confess it doesn't tell me much, if anything, that I didn't know already: I mean in respect to the fundamental dogmas of Buddhism. There is a vast mass of detail about Buddhistic Ceremonials and superstitions, but this of course I skip; how in the world can one carry all this rubbish in one's head? Nevertheless there are curious things in the book here and there. The Professor makes it out to be a poor thin religion, doomed from the beginning to disintegration and decay. However, there are some pretty things about it; and I learn from the Professor why the Buddha is always figured squatting as it were, with his legs crossed under him, or nearly under him. It is because this position is more favourable to entire restfulness, and hence to the Calm which the Buddha prefigures; in fact, a 'feller' can't squirm at all with his legs in that position; he *must keep still*; this is a very profound thought; and the longer you sit in that position, the nearer you come to Nirvana, and the great bosom of the Infinite, upon which you are to float serene, like a lotus flower on the placid surface of gleaming water.

I am troubled now with a craving for sea air. There is no ozone in the Dresden air; at any rate there is a lack of something needful to me, for after several months here I begin to feel somewhat sodden and lethargic. I was affected in a similar way, but to a much greater degree, once in Philadelphia some years ago, and had to run back to Boston in order to get braced up. I think the quality, or *composition* of air so to speak, should be more studied than it is, being a matter of great importance. The quality of the air in Munich for instance, though it is a hard dreary climate, is probably more suited to me than the quality of the air of Dresden. In a general way we say that the air in one place is more tonic, bracing, than the air in another place, but this is too vague; it is time we knew the quality or composition of the air, and furthermore precisely what quality or composition of air each one needs. This would be a great gain, even if at the moment we were unable to obtain the precise air we needed. This may indeed sound somewhat frivolous; but bear in mind that according to the recent theories, disease-germs are carried in the air; hence if the quality or composition of the air in any particular place be unsuited to one, there is probably more liability of infection by these disease-germs than in another place where the quality or composition of the air is more suited to one. There is a wide field for investigation here:—and the upshot of it all is, that the human race will have to be redistributed in reference to adaptability to quality of air. The prolongation of human life is the object to which all medical and sanitary science tends: but are all lives worth prolonging? This question however I will not ask:—it plunges one into too deep a muddle.

Seidel's story *Der Tulpenbaum* is marred by the usual German notion about America:—as a land of fraud and chicanery and so on. What a narrow-minded lot these Germans are to be sure! I never read a line by any German writer containing anything *good* about America; always one tiresome stream of vituperation. Why is this? or are these creatures in the right? and are we what they paint us?—speaking broadly I mean, and as a rule. If these bigoted Germans could ever see themselves as others see them, in all their littleness and meanness! But then nobody does ever see himself as others see him, and national antipathies and prejudices must ever prevail; in fact, prejudices and antipathies give a kind of strength to races as to individuals; they make for vigour in the multitudes; while to the philosopher,—the wise man, he that travelleth and knoweth,—they furnish a source of unfailing amusement. You know the story of the German who upon returning from long travel round the globe was asked how he found mankind elsewhere:—'all just the same fools everywhere,' he replied, 'as we are at home.'

DRESDEN, *Sunday*, 19 *July*, 1891.

MY DEAR H.,—It is very hot here, and I can do nothing. I am feeling sodden and stuffy. Oh! for an ocean breeze and the billows that bounce us! Oh! for a sight of the sea, and the sound of swashing waters, and all the smells that do exhilarate us on board a great Ocean Liner! This living inland is all very well for a time, but it becomes at last most depressing in a climate like Dresden, where there is no tonic in the air: nothing life-giving: smoky, sodden, and gloomy days. I think far back in the centuries there must have been a Viking in my family, from whom I have inherited a liking for the sea, for roving, or tramping, as we say: aversion to the restraints of living in any fixed place: restlessness: craving for wild freedom of motion. But, after all, I suppose almost every one has the same sort of restlessness at times, only others don't talk so much about it; and besides, have more to counterbalance it,—definite duties, a grateful sphere of activity, and so on, to say nothing of greater innate ethical vigour. Well, each according to his kind; and at any rate, it is not for long for any of us now; a few years and we too shall be among the stars. And that reminds me how very impressive it seems to me sometimes, when I think of my father's class at Harvard: every man of them under the sod! What bubbles we are to be sure. And yet there is something really *awful* to me in this transitoriness of Earth. The Orientals,—Hindoos and Buddhists and the like,—to them, this transitoriness is a much more *real* thing than to us. We are in the midst of a living evolution, so to speak, in every direction; we quiver with longings and with the greed for things, the possibility of which is just dawning upon us; whereas in the Oriental world, all is done and finished; what one generation has beheld, enjoyed, or suffered, precisely the same things shall the next generation behold, enjoy and suffer in endless cycles. Hence the mind becomes accustomed to contemplation of unchanging successions of phenomena, and all *reality* goes out of things:—phenomena—transitoriness: this is all that is real. How very different is it in the

Western world: seething with hopes, longings and visions of *new* things! We are making a new civilization; I fancy we shall get through with the job in a lifetime as it were. We are grinding out a new social order and transforming all things in the bubbling cauldrons of invention:—if this be an allowable metaphor: what I mean is, we are busy with the finite, and talk as if we could 'fix it up' and make it lasting. The Oriental contemplates only the Infinite; the Hindoo looks upon the presence of the English in India as but a passing cloud:—a few centuries—what are a few centuries?—and India shall once more be for the Hindoo what it was four thousand years ago. What a contrast! the calm of the Buddha,—and Edison's workshop:—and which will make mankind the happier?

CHAPTER IV

THE BAHAMAS AND NEW YORK

1891–1893

Arrival—Strolling About—'The Picknickers'—Jeffries' *Story of my Heart*—Fruits and Flowers—Sapodilla, Sugar-apple, Bread-fruit, Pawpaw—The Laying of the Cable—Sisal—The Calm of the Buddha—A Pebble in a Pipe—Reminiscences of Norway and Sweden—The Land of the Pink Pearl—Walks, Sailing and Fishing—An English Colonist—Froude—A Line of Euripides—Newspapers—Bierstadt—An American Type—A Murder in Japan—Return to New York—The Astor Library—The Paston Letters—The High Art of Travel—The Columbus Fêtes—The Lenox Library—The Stock Exchange—Thomas William Parsons.

Royal Victoria Hotel, Nassau, Bahamas,
Monday, 21 *December*, 1891.

My dear H.,—We have just arrived here this morning, reaching the hotel at about nine o'clock. I got up at half-past five, and sat on deck, and saw the day break over a smooth sea in the balmiest air. Ah! it is worth coming to the Enchanted Isle to breathe this air!

On Thursday at three o'clock in the afternoon our steamer moved away from the Pier at the foot of Wall Street in New York, and we threaded our way out into the ocean. It was a brilliant sunny afternoon: 20°: a dry, Northwest wind: biting cold. Fortunately the sea was smooth at the outset: vessel perfectly steady. We eat well and slept well, and waked in 40° the next day, the sea continuing smooth. But the weather was cloudy and rainy. On Saturday we got up into 62° but the sea became more or less restless; and Saturday night to Sunday morning was really awful. I fancied we should founder; the ship rolled badly and creaked sadly, and the wind raged like a hungry wolf. On Sunday morning however the heavy seas died away; we came into smooth water; delicious air and in the afternoon sunny. At midnight we came to anchor, and this morning the tender came outside the bar for us, and we were brought to the landing-place in Nassau: no Customs Examination. But I have no time to write more. I can only say that I feel as if I had reached Paradise.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, NASSAU, BAHAMAS,
Thursday, 31 *December*, 1891.

MY DEAR H.,—Yes, it is a change indeed from the grating of electric trams and all the racket of busy Boston to the absolute stillness, the preternatural calm of this African Isle, for land of the White Man it is not. It is the land of the lobsided (how 's this for a word?) nigger and the cocoanut palm; the land of the tamarind and the banana and the thatched hut; of the orange and the lemon and the sapodilla and the pawpaw.

And now, having nothing to tell you, I hardly know how to begin to tell it. At any rate I have seen as yet but one coffin travelling into this hotel, and that was this morning,—an elderly man: took a cold tubbing here a week ago and laid down and died. I verily believe that more lives are sacrificed to this deleterious English practice of cold 'tubbing' than were ever saved by cleanliness. However at best this hotel is but a hospital:—one gentleman from New York,—pleurisy: his daughter,—liver: a gentleman from Boston,—acute nervous dyspepsia: a French Canadian,—bronchitis: an Alsatian woman,—liver: a young man from New York,—consumption. As yet there are but thirteen or fourteen guests, but we are all looking for more by the next (fortnightly) steamer from New York on Monday. It is a unique experience this, to me, of being shut off from even the possibility of communication with the outward world for two weeks at a time. I can't say that I have as yet been able to accommodate myself to it:—fancy, no morning and no evening newspaper: hotel all lighted up at night: affable clerk in attendance: register lying on the office counter: all this, every day and every night, and yet not a new-comer possible. It strikes one at first as very odd, and then as very tiresome. However, the thermometer has marked 76° in my room night and day ever since I hung it up; the mercury never budges; it is a delightful temperature; the air extremely soft and balmy; open windows of course and gauzy vestments, but no nets to the beds: only *one* mosquito as yet registered in our rooms: but he *was* a stinger. No end of ants: and there is said to be an insect called a 'jigger,' which works into the flesh, lays eggs there and has to be cut out, and cigar ashes stuffed into the hole in order to kill eggs; but these are minor infelicities: no snakes, nor scorpions as in Cuba. The island flat: covered with bush: Nassau is on North side: and stretching along the island here at distance of half a mile is a long green strip of land called Hogg Island, serving as a breakwater and thus making harbour of Nassau safe and convenient. I believe it is said to be the best harbour in the West Indies. The island is all rock: coral: but it looks like limestone: fancy a place where all the streets run over natural rock: hence no dust: but an awful glare at midday. The hotel is scrupulously clean: dining-room most ample: fare decent: breakfast at eight to nine,—dinner, alas! at two,—supper, very scrubby: nothing but cold meat and cold toast. We stroll for two hours every afternoon all over the place and I pull myself together at supper over bottles of Bass,—praised be his name. It is very odd, but I am never sleepy here,—no sleep in me since I came: nor do the walks tire me in the least; the only discomfort I experience is getting in *der Schweiz gebadet*, as an American lady once remarked to me in the Fatherland. But I must not write everything all at once.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, NASSAU, BAHAMAS,
Tuesday, 12 *January*, 1892.

MY DEAR H.,—Your most interesting and welcome letter (everything is interesting and welcome here) came duly to hand. The steamer which brought it had a most horrible passage: awful gales: portentous seas: cabins flooded: everything on deck smashed, and so on. But, àpropos of books—before I came down here I picked up in the West Indian alcoves in the Athenæum a little book about Nassau, which it amused me to look through, written by some women who spent a winter here, hiring a cottage and keeping house. They described their experiences in a vivacious way. The little book is called *Picknickers*. At any rate, listen now to this tale of woe. It was a family of three, who began coming here five years ago,—Mrs. Mary Dickinson and two daughters from Fairport in the State of New York and a (lady) friend. It was the daughters I believe who wrote the little book. Well, they engaged their passage for the usual winter voyage on the steamer sailing Thursday, December 31; but on the Monday week preceding they were called upon to bury the poor old mother, who died on Saturday, December 19, of grippe at the age of eighty-six; or as the local Fairport newspaper said,—(copied into the local *Nassau Guardian*) 'Eighty and six years was she ripening under the sun of Righteousness.' It was really touching,—the notice of the good woman in the local Fairport newspapers. It opened thus: 'Again the *Reaper* has thrust in his sickle and gathered in one of our ripened sheaves; in her full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season, our Mother in Israel was gathered into the garner above.'

Well, having buried the old lady, the daughters set sail on the appointed day, Thursday, December 31, and, as said at the beginning of this writing, they had a terrible voyage; according to the accounts given me by one of the passengers, —a lady who had travelled oceans at intervals for years,— it was a marvel the ship didn't founder; as it was, she did well in getting in even twenty-four hours late. As I said, the boat came in on Tuesday morning. On Wednesday one of the Dickinson daughters sickened, and on Saturday night she died. They get you under ground very soon after death in these parts. On Sunday afternoon we were taking a stroll along the sea, and came to the villa where the sisters had lived. It was set back from the road on slightly rising ground, a pretty lawn in front of it, and on either side groups of tall cocoanut palms, and tamarind trees and all tropical fruits and flowers : in front the blue sea : altogether an idyllic spot. Behind and not far from the house is a cemetery. Thither the coffin was being borne by negroes, a sad and silent procession, quite altogether pathetic. Read the *Picknickers.*

I wrote to you on Thursday, December 31, nearly two weeks ago, and since that time we have experienced a 'Norther.' The equableness of the climate was a little shaken; the mercury fell to 60°, and everybody made believe feeling cold ; one poor gentleman carrying sciatica in both legs, had to go to bed in order to get warm. Fancy a biting cold wave desolating a place and the thermometer marking 60°, and you will have a fitting conception of our sufferings for a week. For my part I shouldn't mind if the cold wave were still biting ; it is 74° in my room at this moment of writing ; all my windows are open and pretty much all my clothes are on the bed ; however I must say that on the whole I enjoy this sort of thing : the sunlight never ending : the golden sunset : the soft air and the refreshing breeze : the summeriness of all things. But I cannot eat sapodillas or pawpaws or sugar apples ; everything fit to eat comes from the North,—even chickens,—though chickens are as plenty here as blackberries in a New England pasture ; but they are tough and bony and refuse to be edible.

The hotel remains delightfully empty. How I dread a restless American crowd.

Royal Victoria Hotel, Nassau, Bahamas,
Wednesday, 27 *January*, 1892.

My dear H.,—Yes, as you say, I dwell among fruits and flowers, and am every day in the open,—walking and sitting ; but I doubt whether I should be here, were it not for that peculiar infirmity of mine which renders it an agony I could never make anybody understand, to pass a winter in a place where snow and ice prevail in the streets. And àpropos of this trouble, I read the following sentence in the local

Bahamas newspapers,—a semi-weekly publication printed here in Nassau, and made up chiefly of advertisements of 'variety stores' and clippings from current English and American journals, with a sprinkling of brief remarks upon local events, or rather, want of events. Well, what I read was this: 'Numerous terms have recently sprung into use on the Continent for phases of dread experienced by that widespread functional disease, neurasthenia,—such as 'agasophobia,' the fear of public places; 'batophobia,' the fear of collapse of lofty objects; 'pantophobia,' the dread of everything possible.' Thus it has come at last to be seen that I suffer from a recognized disease; a form of neurasthenia; and now all that remains is to find a name for this peculiar form of neurasthenia, namely the dread of falling when walking over slippery ground. Can't you hunt up in your Greek Dictionary words that will convey the meaning, and put them together? What I want is a handsome compound Greek word for the thing, and it might amuse you in a moment of leisure to invent a term for my trouble. Such a term would save lots of periphrases: and besides impart a certain dignity to what is now regarded as a ridiculous failing.

Now about books: A lady here has recently lent me a book entitled *The Story of my Heart: My Autobiography*, by Richard Jeffries. He was born in 1848 and is now dead; but his life is said to be a tale of 'heroic struggle against the agony of disease, of genius unappreciated until it was too late.' As yet I have read a small part only of the book. What I have read is a description of his passionate longing to experience what I should call an immersion in pantheism. The repetitions are incessant and tiresome, and the style is not good,—not sufficiently fluid, as one may say; and as yet I do not find any original underlying thought in the book: phrases of passionate longing for a pantheistic immersion, varied in every possible way; and then from this kind of longing he passes into a longing for a soul life,—something beyond this circle of ideas known to us,—beyond Deity even; yet this I must confess I do not grasp. What I had in mind in speaking of the book at all was to quote the following excellent aphoristic writing: 'It is injurious to the mind as well as to the body to be always in one place, and always surrounded by the same circumstances. A species of thick clothing slowly grows about the mind, the pores are choked, little habits become a part of existence and by degrees the mind is enclosed in a husk.' This strikes me as well said, mainly I suppose because I have felt the truth of it in some degree myself. I suppose our author felt it also. Nevertheless I should quite agree with you that it is absurd to generalize and set up one's own personal experience, and make a dogma of it; this is a mistake constantly made. Some men have a craving to keep constantly moving and are improved if the craving be gratified; other men have a craving to live always in the same place; to be busy always in the same pursuits; to create a definite sphere in which they can always be revolving, until finally whirled off into the Infinite with all the rest of us. To each his own; in life, in taste, in thought. Without variety the world would be a dull place indeed. What would it be if everybody stayed at home? What would it be if nobody ever stayed at home? Let us make no rule.

This is a delightful morning; altogether heavenly; 74° in my room, darkened by heavy jalousies, through the slats of which I can look out from my writing-table upon the distant blue sea, over lofty cocoanut palms waving in the breeze and silk cotton trees making the air foul around them with the stench of their blossoms. And that reminds me that the Sapodilla, about which you inquire, is a fruit resembling a very dark large russet apple; the skin is rough like leather, and the taste of the juice might be defined as that of a rotten pear soaked in maple syrup. It is said to be excellent for the digestion, and many of the invalids here eat it on that account. Although not pleasing to me at first, yet I fancy I could readily acquire a liking for it, having a cosmopolitan and most hospitable stomach. The sugar apple is another peculiar fruit. It looks something like an artichoke, is full of big stones or seeds, and what little pulp there is has a most delicate flavour. There is also the sour-sop so-called, but this I have not yet seen; it is used mainly to make a drink; also there are breadfruit trees in plenty, but I have not yet seen any of the breadfruit; also tamarinds, which the wife likes on account of their acid taste. The pawpaw is a horrible fruit; it resembles a small pumpkin filled with glistening caviar, and I regret to learn that it prevails in the United States, even as far north as Ohio. The vegetation of Nassau is wholly tropical; one sees few trees with which one is familiar in New England. There are however roses in plenty; we get fine ones every day; also morning-glories, and I have seen one hollyhock. There are also pine trees and cedar trees; but trees are not abundant, that is, except the cocoanut palm and the tamarind and the silk-cotton. The island is covered with bush and jungle; and a drive is to me absolute pain,—so appallingly dreary is the landscape. There is a walk, however, through the village and back by the sea which I take almost every afternoon; it is enchanting.

We have a few more guests now but the season is promising to be a brilliant failure from the landlord point of view, though there are quite enough folk for me, who desire none. To me it is a delicious climate, and altogether filling in itself. I am grateful to be here; it is precisely the kind of thing for which I have always had a passionate longing. Alas! that I cannot live the summer in Munich and the winter in Nassau; but one cannot have everything all at once in the world.

Royal Victoria Hotel, Nassau, Bahamas,
Tuesday, 11 *February*, 1892.

My dear H.,—You will find in a Greek Dictionary the word ἀπόδημος (away from home) from which I took the liberty to frame that excellent and expressive adverb apodemotically. 78° at this moment of writing, and as usual my clothes are all on the bed. This is the kind of thing I like,—provided I do not have to go out of doors. It is better (for me),—this having to slip off one's clothes in order to keep cool, than having to go to bed to keep warm. Rousseau and the Sentimentalists of the last century were always trying to get back to a state of nature. I wonder they didn't strike at once for the West Indies; here one may enjoy a state of nature for twenty hours out of the twenty-four.

And now the cable is laid. It began to function last week, and has just brought us the news of the burning of a hotel in New York, accompanied by the loss of thirty lives. Well, I think we were just as well off without a cable, when for two weeks at a time we were in happy ignorance of the miseries of the world. Newspapers and telegraphic news,—what are they for, except to keep one in a state of unnatural cerebral excitement? Better after all, a cycle of Cathay than fifty years of Europe. I don't wonder that for twenty-four hundred years, three hundred millions of human folk have been 'going in' for the Calm of the Buddha, which they have never attained,—so imperfect are all earthly things. Materialism is the product of northern and cold countries; the Romans, too, were filled with materialisms, for Italy has a season of bitter cold; but in these softer climes, where the struggle for existence is less severe, the mind does not turn with such fury as it were, as in the north to the seizing of material good. One cares less for the instruments by which wealth is created; cares less for wealth and luxury; life is simple, easier. I do not believe the Bahamas would ever have got an ocean cable if they hadn't had a Governor,—full of what is called enterprise and that kind of thing,—who had lived seventy years in Newfoundland; a man of rigid, icy will. He made these poor creatures lay a cable at an expense of £30,000; and now he expects to galvanize the place through the Sisal industry; one hears of Sisal plantations, and 'boom,' and that kind of thing; but it 's all in vain. The population of these islands is wholly African, and you never can get anything out of the Africans except lies and Methodist hymns; they are too lazy; poor old Governor! They say he is seventy-six, a most intelligent, clear-headed business man. In Newfoundland there is something for a man like that to grapple, but the finest will is of no avail when it strikes a coral reef; it is sure to be wrecked.

Well, and now our good and gentle friend W.'s Letters. I have read them all, though not without strainings at the eyes and mind, with a sad kind of pleasure ; for a certain sadness one cannot but feel in handling relics like that of a friend but recently gone. In after years the sadness would be worn off ; one would feel only gladness. I find pleasure unmixed in the airy touches, the sweet spirit of sympathy and admiration, the amusing bursts of indignation. I have a fellow feeling for all his ways of looking at things, for his liberalism and his naïve admiration of beauty in things altogether useless from the world's point of view ; also his remarks upon books interested me ; the same sweet Catholic spirit, the same horror of the prosy ; the same humour and frankness. They were like a dream to me of other days and other lands, idling now in this palmy isle of Southern Seas ; sweet echoes of a world that exists only in echoes now, if I may say so ; of days and scenes and persons, all evanescent as the purple tints of sunset in the Land of the Pink Pearl ; yet golden, too, and tranquil, like the wondrous light of morn that awakens me here in this shining land to more dreams and purified memories as I stroll by the glittering sea.

And now I find I have written myself quite dry 'anent' these letters ; I cannot pump up another word ; and yet I fancied that I had much to write ; thus are we emptiest when we feel fullest ; however, 'anent' is one of our friend's words, and I am sorry to say that I dislike it ; I don't know why I dislike it, unless it involve to my mind a certain affectation.

But it 's all the same now ; the suns rise and the suns set, the waters sparkle ; the lofty cocoanut palms wave in the breeze ; one day is like another day, and all days are the same, and the years glide away ; one cycle cometh and another goeth. The Infinite and the Eternal,—they are here and now, and endless succession alone abideth. This is the mood which these sunny climes induce ; the monotone of nature transfers itself to the mind ; and hence it seems to me may be explained the tendency to brood over the Infinite and the Eternal which is characteristic of climates like this,—of India and Ceylon and all the hot Far East countries. In the northern countries of Europe and with us in the North,—the climate is constantly vexing us with its changes; hardly ever one day like another. Our life for the greater part of the year is an indoor life and is filled with intense pursuits;—in these sunny climes an everlasting sameness; a perpetual sitting; the mind grasps the monotone of the Universe as it were. You see and feel the law of endless succession,—always of the same things;—you will understand what I am feebly struggling to express, namely, that nature in these latitudes predisposes to this brooding over the Infinite. I can understand the calm of the Buddha in India but not in New England. And now my thermometer marks two degrees higher; 80°. I must resume my clothes and go to dinner. But dinner has now become a mere form with me; a plate of soup and two vegetables; a slice of pie and a cup of coffee; no meat; nothing more. I eat a breakfast which runs me for twenty-four hours; it is the habit which best agrees with me.

However, since I last wrote, the hotel has filled up a little, but I do not care for the guests; the restless Yankee is too great a discord in this sunny world to suit my taste; but the wife finds diversion in the society of many agreeable persons, and is altogether contented. And what is more and best we keep well, and postage has just been reduced from fourpence to twopence halfpenny.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, NASSAU, BAHAMAS,
Saturday, 20 *February*, 1892.

MY DEAR H.,—I am delighted to learn that you have read Morley and like his style. I do not know a better style in all the writing of these days. It is a long time since I have read him, but I retain a most vivid recollection of the pleasure I derived from his pages. Your criticism of his style is most just,—clearness and sincerity are his leading traits. He is far more interesting to me than Macaulay with his rhetoric and so-called brilliancy. Does anybody read Macaulay in these days? I suppose the young do.

Some time ago I took up Macaulay's *Essays* expecting to renew the pleasure,—nay, the enthusiasm which I once felt in reading them : in vain, they fell altogether flat upon me, and I laid aside the book. I do not believe one could ever have that experience with Morley.

From Morley to pipes is a far cry :—but I must tell you who are fond of pipes that I picked up an admirable 'wrinkle' here yesterday. I bought a cheap pipe at a shop kept by a Maltese coloured man ; well, we talked about pipes and he told me to put a small pebble at the bottom of the pipe ; the pebble, he said, absorbed the nicotine and moreover tempered the smoke and kept it from coming so hot into the mouth as is usually the case. He kindly 'fixed' a pipe for me, and I smoked it on the spot : admirable. I repeated the experiment this morning : more admirable. Henceforth I shall smoke nothing but pipes with a pebble at the bottom : supreme wrinkle. I have lost all desire for cigars ; I now only wonder that hitherto I have never done justice to pipes ; I have now a craving for pipes. The limestone pebbles here are precisely the right kind of pebbles, for limestone is porous ; hence put a pebble in your pipe when doing your lesson in the Norwegian tongue.

In years gone by I have spent two long summers in Norway, carrioling all over the country, but I confess I never observed 'the smooth and musical quality of the language.' The language always struck me as very hard and rugged,—nay, repulsive ; and I was never drawn to it. I don't quite compass your desire to study it, unless it be in connection with Platdeutsch, in which I supposed you to be proficient. There is more or less literature in the language,—the Danes have written a good deal ; but I never heard of any masterpieces. All that is worth reading in Norwegian is accessible I fancy in German. For my part were I at this advanced period of my course through this terrestrial sphere to attempt a Scandinavian tongue, I should take the Swedish. Sweden has an attraction for me beyond Norway,—or rather, I should say, the Swedes ; for Norway is a most fascinating country in which to journey ; its mountains and fiords are beautiful beyond words ; and then the mode of travelling,—in a carriole. The roads all through the country are admirable; the inns clean; the daylight never ending. I have carrioled over the Dovre Fijeld to Throndhjem, and steamed along the coast to Tromsoe. Alas! for the days that are gone: and the years: and the weird scenery of those high northern latitudes,—how it all comes back to me,—in its loneliness and grandeur! But the Norwegians are a race of sailors, and never brought much to pass in a bookish way. The Swedes, on the contrary, are a brighter people, with a history, and, I might say, civilization of their own; they have produced grand characters; they are an entertaining and polished people, and Stockholm is a unique city; its water environs, with their castles and things, are extremely beautiful. However, you study Norwegian, I fancy, mainly for its lingual relations, so to speak, and not for its literature; and I have no doubt you will find great pleasure in the pursuit. I wish I had your enterprise and courage to attack a new language, but I haven't. I am too far gone in indolence and pipes. However, I have one possession—won by years of assiduous toil—the German: for a book-knowledge of which I really think I could stand an examination for entrance at Harvard.

Well, we are living serene days in the Land of the Pink Pearl. We had a varied cargo of folk by the last steamer from New York, on Monday. I looked them over, but they do not interest me in the least: weak-lunged for the most part: broken-winded: but worst of all, very ordinary,—this 'you was' and 'I just come' kind of thing. I declare, take us all together, we Americans are the greatest vulgarians on earth. Well-meaning folk, no doubt; I am intensely alive to all their good qualities; but in manner and way of talk, supreme vulgarians; in the whole lot lately arrived I do not believe you would pick out more than two or three gentlemen, as the word gentleman is ordinarily used. In Southern California I used to call this kind of folk, cattle. I do not like, however, to use that word, and must confess I am totally at a loss for a fitting term. I will add only that the tooth-pick chewing habit seems to me to be making frightful progress among the better class of Americans; even boys are taking it up. We are an educated people and spend lots of money on common schools and the like. Why in the world can't ordinary good manners be taught to the young, and all this horrible vulgarity of speech pointed out to them? There will never be any improvement until this is done; as it is, we shall go on sinking from one depth of vulgarity into another, and become the laughing-stock of the earth. Well, we are now enjoying a cool spell—72° in my chamber at this moment; but we have been having gales, which make night hideous through rattling windows and doors. However, we have been having charming walks, notwithstanding. My favourite walk is to Fort Montague so-called, through Shirley street, round the point, and back by Bay street along the water to the Polo Grounds, and thence across to Dowdeswell street, and so to the hotel,—about four and one-half miles: everywhere scattered negro cabins: lofty cocoanut palms: palmettos, oleanders, tamarinds, breadfruit trees and sparkling green water. The walk is eastward,—sun behind us. The sun is down by the time we return: golden sunsets and lonely palms with weird fronds against the glittering sky: air intensely clear: roads dustless.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, NASSAU, BAHAMAS,
Wednesday, 23 *March*, 1892.

MY DEAR H.,—Àpropos of words, do you know the word 'plodge'? A bright young English girl writes to the wife: 'Do you and your husband never go sailing? Is there no fishing? for porpoises or sardines? No shrimps or prawns? Why don't you try? It 's such fun. I 'm pretty sure your husband would like it. Do suggest to him to plodge among the rocks for prawn. I know of no amusement more entertaining for young people.' Fancy me 'plodging' among rocks for prawns, barefooted too:—and I don't even know what the word means. No, I don't go sailing. I have been in a boat several times here, but I really don't enjoy it: you have to tack a great deal here, and the jib-boom, or whatever the beastly thing is called, is constantly getting swung from one side to the other, and it 's a dreadfully tiresome task for me to be always dodging it ; and besides, when there is any wind here, there is apt to be too much wind, and the boat reels over in an uncanny way, and I feel as if it would take but a very little additional energy in the breeze to tip me altogether into the water. In fact, my particular form of neurasthenia keeps cropping up in all these things : dread of this or that thing happening : and I enjoy nothing when the dread is on me, and by no effort of the will can I suppress it. I suppose everybody has his infirmities ; at any rate my infirmities are taking this disagreeable form at present. As for fishing, when I was a boy I used to like salt-water fishing ; but such a mass of years lie between that time and this that I don't know whether I should like fishing or not. I made some inquiries about fishing when I first came here, and the fishermen told me that in the winter months the fish are very shy in these waters in the day-time. The fishermen make their catch for the market at night ; well, I can't fish or do anything else at night except sleep. I am too far gone in senility for night amusement of that kind, or any kind. I have never heard of any fishing for porpoises, but there is occasional fishing for sharks. This is said to be wildly exciting. A dead horse is taken out some distance from the mouth of the harbour and sunk in the water, a buoy being attached to show the place. After a day the men go out and find lots of sharks ; the sharks smell the carrion and gather from all quarters. In fact these seas swarm with sharks. The sharks, I believe, are speared, but I have forgotten precisely how they are done for.

A nice young man, English, appeared here one day, and was put next to the wife at table, now a good while ago. He had just come over from Florida in a schooner after long days on the water. He had come out to Florida a few weeks before from England, bringing his wife and an infant boy. The wife is an American, and she remained in Florida while he came over here with a view to solicit a position in the Colonial Service, he had formerly been in the Colonial Service, in Ceylon and in British Guiana. In the latter country he fell ill, but after several years of suffering finally recovered his health, and is now, with a wife and family on his hands and no money visible from any quarter, most desirous to secure a permanent position. He brought letters from Lord Knutsford, head of the Colonial office in London, and also from other swells, all most fashionable. He was born in India, this youth, where his father was a magistrate, in the Bengal service,—not far from Calcutta; and his father's sister was Thackeray's wife, but he can only just remember seeing Thackeray. When a child, his father and the family stayed with Thackeray once in Thackeray's house in London; and among his letters was one from Mr. Ritchie, the husband of Thackeray's daughter. Well, the young man applied to the Governor, of course, Sir Ambrose Shea, and was most favourably received; but the Governor frankly advised him to abandon his project of soliciting a Government appointment in the Bahamas. There were but two or three vacancies, and these were offices of the meanest description, at any rate as far as salary was concerned: £80 a year and the like. Sir Ambrose advised him rather to turn his attention to the Sisal industry, which is now becoming an all-absorbing industry in the Bahamas, and in the Governor's opinion is destined to have a famous future. The Governor provided him with letters to the Chamberlains, who have a great Sisal estate in Andros Island—one of the Bahamas,—and the young man sailed over there to look up the Chamberlains. He was well received, and spent several days there. The Chamberlains have a grant of twenty thousand acres, but as yet they have only about six hundred acres under cultivation. Mr. S. expected with a favourable wind to get over there in six hours; he was 26 hours on the passage,—a small sponge boat; and he had to sit the whole time on deck, and besides he went the whole time without food or drink. He had taken no provisions of his own: he said it was impossible to eat the negroes' food, or drink the water they used; they got short of provisions themselves, but they soon obtained a fresh supply, for they dived and brought up conch shells, and ate the meat raw,—fancy! It is positively incredible what a nigger can live on. Coming back they had an encounter with an enormous shark. These sponge boats are so small that a shark suddenly turning over on his back and making a lunge at the deck could bite a man in halves. Mr. S. said the negroes were wild with fury, and as the shark made for the boat one of the men took an oar and thrust it into his mouth, giving it such a shove that shortly afterwards the shark gave up his horrible ghost.

Well, upon coming back Mr. S. fell in with some American capitalists, and he is now away in the out islands looking up favourable sites for a Sisal enterprise, which these capitalists are intending to organize. He has studied the Sisal question with care; and he tells me that the state of the case is this. The Bahamas are adapted to produce the best kind of Sisal, but the product has thus far been too small to have a commercial value by itself; there hasn't been Sisal enough produced here to enable manufacturers to put upon the markets products exclusively made of Bahamas Sisal. Hence the Bahamas Sisal is mixed with Sisal from Yucatan and other countries, and commands no higher price than the Sisal from other countries, though on its merits it is worth more than any Sisal produced anywhere else. Hence, when the product of Bahamas Sisal becomes large enough to be available for manufacturers to establish what I may call a Bahamas brand, then the Bahamas Sisal will command a very high and most remunerative price, and the Bahamas will become a Sisal mine. It takes four years before the Sisal plant begins to yield a product, and at fifteen years of age the plant dies.

Well, it 's 76° by the thermometer hanging on the wall, and I am beginning to feel empty; the witching hour of two is approaching and I must get my clothes on; I will give over spinning idle cobwebs, and sit now for a little and gaze upon the blue sea and listen to the winds sighing through the palms and the cedars; for Calm as of the Buddha is on the waters and in the sunlight.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, NASSAU, BAHAMAS,
Monday, 7 *March*, 1892.

MY DEAR H.,—The last fortnightly mail brought me your most agreeable birthday letter! And I am wondering where our next birthdays will find us both. Alas for the flying years! How true is it as the poet wrote: 'Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes. Eripuere jocos, Venerem, convivia, ludum.' I found these descriptive lines in Froude's book; and yet after all, they are not entirely true as yet of me, though I am hastening fast towards the cataclysm of age; for I do still enjoy jokes and cups; I only wish cups were as cheap as the jokes. And now we are returning shortly to New York, where we may spend a month: anything for a change! It is a great remedial agent, change; there is nothing that makes one so sodden as living in precisely the same way week in and week out. Goethe said the world was wide, and made wide expressly to give mankind a chance to stir around in it. Hence his advice to keep moving briskly; to wander and learn. Froude, too, enjoys wandering; especially does he enjoy sea voyages, the chief fascination of which consists to him as he says, in their affording a respite from dinner parties,—fancy! And àpropos of Froude and voyages, do you know why the small gull,—swallow-like,—is called a petrel? It is in memory of St. Peter,—because they (petrels) 'seem for a moment to stand upon the water, when they stoop upon any floating object.' And then again, speaking of the sea, Froude quotes Euripides (I will spare you the Greek words) as saying: 'The sea washes off all the woes of men,'—this, in illustration of the joy the Greeks had in the sea. Well, now I don't believe the Greeks had any more joy in the sea than I have. I wish to speak respectfully of the Greeks, though I think they are often overrated, and besides I am often vexed to find that a good thing which I have come across in a modern writer, and taken as original and as showing the depth of modern thought, has been said before by one of those very Greeks. Well, what I am driving at is that I have a passion, an ever returning craving, for the sea. I am at times driven to make a voyage; or to sojourn by the sea. There is something gladsome, joyous to me in the sparkle of the waves, in the mere wide stretches of ocean : a freedom of spirit : emancipation from cities and poor mankind and all the turmoil of human life : a restfulness beyond words. But precisely what I don't grasp is the significance of this saying of Euripides about the sea washing off all the woes of men. Is it that, when on the sea or in the presence of the sea, say on a lonely strand, we forget our woes and so get washed clean of them ? Perhaps you will divine this thing better than I can.

I shall try and read Oscar Wilde's *Intentions*. Clever paradoxes are always entertaining, especially if they favour a view of life which one likes to take in face of the prevailing popular views. But the real fact is, that though in a general way we may all use such phrases as ' everybody ought to be useful,' and so on, yet there are exceptions to all general rules. Wilde sees these exceptions, and boldly justifies them ; the mass of mankind does not see the exceptional character of many cases of individual life, and does not justify them ; and the mass of mankind is quite right in not justifying them. Else the exceptional cases would find no relish in Wilde's paradoxes ; and besides, the mass of mankind would make itself uncomfortable, if it permitted any deviation from the popular standard : and that is the last thing the mass of mankind will ever do,—make itself uncomfortable, I mean. But I go with you on all fours, as the lawyers say, about that vulgarism, ' later on.' It is precisely thirty-four years that I have been fighting this vulgarism—' later on ' ;—on what ? I had an impression that it was an Americanism, I do not remember ever seeing it in a book by a British writer ; yet vulgarisms after all, are an international possession ! But how delicious what you quote Wilde as saying about idleness,—idleness properly understood, that is,—not the idleness of the street loafer, not the idleness of the vacuous mind ; but abstinence from action, made an ethical standpoint ; quite the purpose for which the Elect exist, luminous in the fullness of vision, and lonely as guiding stars in the turbid blackness of low lived materialism.

And alas! your Norwegian teacher! that was really tragic. In the midst of life we are in death. The unexpectedness, the suddenness, of this kind of thing affects me. What a vivid illustration it is of the frailty of the ties which bind us to earth! Such a thing quite knocks the breath out of me for the time being. I remember writing one day a long letter to our friend W., figuring him as living :—and not long afterwards, all of a sudden, a postcard was laid on my table, and I read thereon that he was dead. However, you took the case calmly; but you are more in the line of funerals than I am. I mean that it probably seems to you a more natural thing for a man to die than it does to me, and you are less affected by a case of death when it occurs. It is indeed in the course of nature that men die; but what I mean is, that the suddenness of the event affects less those who are more familiar with its recurrence.

The Cable does no harm; we get no news by it, except perhaps three lines twice a week; and as for newspapers I share your opinion. If it were not for the financial articles, which I cannot afford to ignore, I would never look at another American newspaper; I say American, because there are some European newspapers which I like to read; of course the average American says there is nothing in them; that is precisely why I like them; there is nothing in them which the American likes: and I don't like what he likes. I remember finding often most interesting reading in such journals as the *Allgemeine Zeitung* and especially in the *Neue Freie Presse*. I always used to 'go' for the *Neue Freie Presse* the moment I entered a café on the Continent. It is one of the charms of this place that we are without a daily newspaper; that we know nothing of what is going on in the world for a fortnight at a time. At first one may not adjust oneself readily to this arrangement, but after a little experience it comes to be recognized as beneficent: a supreme element in the calm yet joyous mood which alone is fitting for a ripe enjoyment of these Isles of June.

Bierstadt has returned to the Royal Victoria after a long and very rough cruise to Watling's Island, whither he went with a view to understand the spot where Columbus made his first landfall in the New World, it being now agreed that Watling's Island is the right island. He is a very well-preserved man, Bierstadt; his wife, sweet little diaphanous creature, has been coming here for the last ten years to die, but she is living still: wonderful proof of the efficacy of this charming climate. It was in the Bahamas, as you may remember, that Ponce de Leon sought for the Fountain of Eternal Youth. The Fountain is here, but he didn't stay long enough to find it; the Fountain is the Climate.

Bierstadt is said to be painting a great picture for the Chicago Fair, illustrative of that first landfall of Columbus; and if an evil fate sends you to Chicago, I dare say you will be able to gaze upon something really wonderful: namely, the very spot where Columbus fell when he landed in the New World.

We had a cold spell here lately,—I mean ten degrees off the usual temperature; but we are back to 78° now, and my clothes all go upon the bed again as soon as I come upstairs after breakfast and pipes. I hope you have tried my wrinkle of a pebble, it works very well with me. I shall write you once again,—my last letter from the Land of the Pink Pearl.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, NASSAU, BAHAMAS,
Thursday, 31 *March*, 1892.

MY DEAR H.,—We are booked to embark for New York on Monday, April 11; and I must confess that it is with sadness I behold the winter (so called) which we have spent in these Isles of June passing away, to be buried with all preceding Winters in the great charnel house of the Past. Well, everything comes to an end at last; we are but phantoms, shadows; and all things are illusions, as Solomon said; and surely he ought to know.

The last boat for New York took away lots of guests and thereby broke the back of the season. We are now once more quiet, and the Smoke Room is no longer swamped, and there is an occasional tenderloin left for breakfast. The last boat took away a party of C.'s from Boston. One of them I had never happened to meet there, but I have heard of him all my life, and was glad to meet him. This was John C., seventy-eight, and the best preserved man of his age I have ever met : small in stature : active and alert to the last degree. He used to bathe almost daily, and bathing here is really an enterprise. I may have told you that along the Northern side of Nassau, at a distance of half a mile or a mile—there is nothing so deceptive as distance measured by the eye on the water,—stretches a long narrow island, called Hog Island, which serves as a natural breakwater, and makes a harbour,—such as it is,—for the place. Well on the other side are stretches of sands where people bathe. There is indeed another bathing-place,—sands likewise,—in front of an old abandoned fort, called Fort Montague ; but John C. used to bathe in the morning on Hog Island ; and that meant a walk in a sun that burns one like a live coal, a long pull across the harbour diagonally, and then another walk through jungle to the sands ; and then all this over again on the return. I cannot do it. I should be used up for a fortnight, were I to attempt it. John C. made nothing of it ; his physical energy is stupendous ; he ran after girls like a boy of seventeen, and chased young men upstairs. I was only too sorry to see however that he had no sympathetic appreciation for cups and pipes ; his passion was High Low Jack. Well, he has written a good deal. He began life as a supercargo's clerk in New York and got to the Far East. There he was supercargo ; then he was master of clipper ships, and I believe it is not yet twenty years since he left the sea. He has written many magazine stories of his adventures, etc. : all buried now I suppose, thousands of feet deep in that colossal mass of print which goes on encumbering the earth with ever increasing rapidity from year to year, till one finally wonders what will become of the earth. Of late years John has been an ardent advocate of free ships. You know under our present law upon the subject, no American Register can be granted except to an American-built ship. John hoped to get this law repealed, and he says the prospect of success is altogether certain. John has also lived much among the Mormons. He has a small ranch in Idaho, where he passes the summer. I am told that he has written a book upon the Mormons of whom he has a more favourable opinion than most folk have. He has also lately published a little book relating the adventures of a horseback ride from New York to Boston; the frontispiece contains a portrait of himself on horseback, properly decorated for an equestrian journey. In winter he lives in New York, when he is not away on horseback up the Hudson somewhere, going there for skating: fancy, at seventy-eight! There is something altogether prodigious in all this to me. Nevertheless the poor man has his ailments: horrible catarrh, and disorganized stomach:—bad stomach,—this is dangerous. A Scotch physician once told me that I should live for ever (whatever that may mean) because of the soundness of my stomach. Well, John was most entertaining when among men. I really never heard so many stories all at once from any human being as he used to reel off late of an evening in a corner of the hall downstairs called the lobby.

I fancy you do not put your mind much upon Public Measures; but I cannot help congratulating myself and the country upon the defeat of the Free Coinage of Silver Bill. There seems to be in all countries what I may call an Evil Fate urging Government and People upon courses directly contrary to the true well-being of the land. The Free Coinage of Silver Bill is an instance, and I dare say it will come at last; it is too disastrous not to come; it means the abandonment of the Gold Standard and the adoption of the Silver Standard, and that means taking us out of the company of strong nations and putting us among weak nations. It means disturbing commerce and industry in such a way that the rich grow ever richer and the poor ever poorer. It means many deleterious things, but I will not dwell upon the subject now; in the sunlight and the soft air of this delicious climate it is foolish to forecast the gloom which may come from political economies wrongly applied. Did you ever know a man,—personally know a man I mean,—who was the victim of a murder? I never knew but one man: and the tragedy of his murder is now filling the newspapers all over the world. The great Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation has a branch establishment in Yokohama in Japan, and in this branch establishment there was employed when I was there, a young man by the name of Robinson,—George Gower Robinson. He attended to the Letters of Credit, to forwarding letters, and that kind of thing; he was most agreeable and polite and attentive. I believe his mother was an Italian, but I am not sure of this; at any rate, if I remember rightly, he spoke several languages fluently, especially Italian and French, and Japanese of course: he dressed in rather a gorgeous way,—velvet waistcoats and highly-coloured neckties. He seemed to me especially attentive to us and our interests, forwarded our letters himself to Miyanoshita and Nikko and Tokio with great care and promptness, and was in every way serviceable. I liked him very much, and had looked upon him as a friend. I remember once when we were descending the sulphurous heights of The Great Hell, as the Japs call it, we met Robinson and a companion coming up. It was an awful descent; we had eight or ten coolies with us, but we had to abandon our chairs, and three or four coolies had me in charge on foot. I was nearly paralyzed by the heat and the sulphurous fumes and the terrible fatigue of climbing the mountain, for we had come up on the other side. We were descending at the time I speak of, and the descent was worse than the ascent: precipitous declivities: bare and jagged rocks cutting one's feet: a boiling sun: and stench of sulphur. There we met Robinson and his companion coming up. Robinson was as fresh and gay as a lark; he bounded up the rocks like an antelope; it was an immense pleasure to meet a friendly face in those dreary solitudes. I shall never forget his hilarious ways and joyous good-humour. Well, you know we always have a warship at Yokohama. One of the officers of it, a man named Hetherington, had a giddy flirting wife. Robinson's quite altogether fascinating ways produced an impression upon this silly thing, and I dare say there was more or less flirtation; given the chance, and there are few young men of the world who would not take advantage of it. Well, the upshot of it all was that one afternoon in February, while Robinson and another man, a German merchant from Kobe, were riding along the Bund in a dogcart (the Bund is the street in all the foreign settlements, which runs along the water: it contains as a rule all the great Banks and mercantile houses), this man Hetherington shot Robinson dead, or nearly dead. Robinson died the next evening. The Coroner's Jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder; and if this wasn't a case of wilful murder, I never heard of one. Hetherington is under arrest of course, in prison; but as this kind of murder is becoming more or less fashionable now I dare say he will save his neck.

I have been reading Marion Crawford's *The Witch of Prague*. He calls it a 'fantastic tale,'—I should think so: altogether weird and dreary. The Witch's name is Unorna. The Witch was born on the 29th of February. 'Unor means February': Unorna, derivative adjective, 'belonging to February': some one gave her the name to commemorate the circumstance. We ought to call you Unorna H——, as you too were born on February 29th.

BOSTON, 20 *October*, 1892.

MY DEAR H.,—Parkman's mention of my father's article as being 'on a subject so important and a work of Roscoe's so recent,' has misled me. I supposed the 'work of Roscoe's' to be a work by the author of *Lorenzo the Magnificent* and other similar works on the Italian Renaissance; and I wasted much precious time, and wiped off on my hands and coat a mass of dirt and dust which had been at least half a century in accumulating, in endeavouring to find such an article. In vain. At last I hit upon an article on a book entitled *Observations on Penal Jurisprudence and the Reformation of the Criminal Code et cetera*, by William Roscoe, Esqr., London, 1819. This was the work, and this the Roscoe: hardly more than a book notice: and it does not pretend to be more: quite in my father's *style*: with copious extracts. The work advocates the Penitentiary system for criminals, and contains in an appendix 'the latest Reports of the State Prisons or Penitentiaries of Philadelphia, New York and Massachusetts.' I mention this in order to introduce the opening paragraph: which strikes me as well written and worth quoting.

'The contents of this volume, as they are the result of real philanthropy, address themselves forcibly to all the benevolent, who, to the common compassionate regard for the wretched unite a willingness to aid, by their individual exertions or influence, all endeavours to relieve the sufferings, to reclaim the guilty or to invigorate generally the moral principle among men. They are particularly suited to awaken a strong interest in those who have at heart a feeling for the purity and peace, and if we may so speak, the integrity of our society in its progress to refinement. It is not confined to the philosopher, to know that, as society advances, crimes multiply faster than virtues; and those who are happiest in the consciousness of the comparatively unsullied character of our society at this day, of our present youthful innocence, are perhaps the saddest as they contemplate the moral changes that await a manhood of power, consolidated and immense, and an old age weakened by wealth and corrupted by luxury.' . . .

'To *extirpate* moral evil, is among the dreams of the visionary. To apportion with a discriminating regard to the subjects of it, punishment to crime,—by chastisement or restraint to subdue or soften the obduracy of the vicious: by a wholesome discipline to chasten and control the wayward: in short, so to lay the sanctions of the law, that by every form of penal application the delinquent shall feel himself rather drawn to penitence than driven to despair—is among the noblest aims of the legislator and philanthropist.'

I found nothing worth noting in all the volumes I looked through except one article, upon the *Memoirs of the Life of Anthony Benezet*, by Robert Vaux, of Philadelphia. Benezet was a philanthropist apparently, after the fashion of Howard. He lived in the last century, was an opponent of slavery, and seems in his day to have been not merely well known, but really a celebrated person. It is said that he desired that no posthumous memorial of him should be erected by his friends; but he adds, 'if they will not regard my desire, they may say, 'Anthony Benezet *was a poor creature, and through divine favour, was enabled to know it.*' This struck me as excellent:—in the dreary waste of rubbish through which I had been making my way, it was like the quickening sound of a human voice in a solitude peopled only by phantoms.

The Summer seems not yet to have come to an end; it always lasts with me as long as I can sit in the open air, and still I sit at appropriate times in the day in the porch of mine inn and do offer incense in curling clouds to the shades of the Great Immortal of the Hour,—I am referring to Columbus: who though by no means a Saint is perhaps not after all so much of a Liar, as be some who do so designate him.

Also I have noted Church's *Dante and Other Essays.* I like to read anything that takes my mind five hundred years away from this present. Did I say that I had finished reading Sir Henry Taylor's *Autobiography*? and I am indebted to it for several pleasant hours passed in well-bred and intelligent society: a society which does not in any way distract the mind: one sleeps well after it: and though one can remember nothing about it the next day, yet still there remains the recollection of a pleasant flavour associated with the book,—the flavour of agreeable hours, which just missed being heavy, through the inborn grace and nobility of the talkers. Also I have read Birrell's *Res Judicatæ*—charming, tranquil, little essays, and now I have at last got hold of *Obiter Dicta*, second series, by the same writer: most agreeable writing: especially at the hour when one draws the curtains and lights the lamps and sinks back with slippered feet and collarless neck into one's comfortable armchair: and though I suppose I have read a hundred Essays on Charles Lamb, yet in the quietude of the evening hours, I can always read one more,—especially if Birrell writes it.

Boston, 28 *October*, 1892.

My dear H.,—I have made a note of the *Life of Fawcett*. Carlyle says that biographies are sickening things :—perhaps because he spent his life in writing biographies. At any rate, *his* is the most odious name to me in English Literature. I never read him now ; at one time I read a good deal of him. Now and then he would write an admirable paragraph,—but alas ! for his drivel ! Yes, I have read Birrell's *Obiter Dicta*, second series, all through now : delightful reading. Did I call him tranquil ? well, in a way he is ; but at the same time what you write about him is quite true,—he is lively ; he is brisk ; but it is not a kind of liveliness that in any way excites one,—it is a tranquil flow of good-humour. He has not quite what I should call *sparkle*. Our friend W. hit him off precisely,—'*he tickles one*' ; he tickled me on almost every page. It is immensely amusing at times,—the way he writes : his irony is delicious,—he does not reach satire ; his good-humour dominates him. He has what I should call a quiet way of saying things that are not in the least biting, but always *tickling*. He is tranquil ; he doesn't shriek ; he doesn't abuse anyone ; the flow of his talk is gentle,—like that of a quiet humorous old fellow who sits at one's fireside, and discourses in a low pleasant voice of literary men,—always full of a kind of underlying fun ; no deep thinking, as in Meyer's *Essays*. I am looking forward to reading his third and last book. I may buy it perhaps and read it on the way to New York, though as a rule I do so little car-riding that I am more inclined to sit quietly and view the landscape. The trees and houses, the hills and valleys furnish me ever with themes for pleasing reverie. I do not care much for books when I am riding ; it is a peep at nature I get ; and I always enjoy it. I like sometimes to sit still and let the outward world be borne in upon me ; and railway riding in a Drawing-Room Car furnishes an agreeable occasion for this sort of placid and poetic, if half somnolent mood : when one may 'pause a while from letters to be wise.'

Yes, poor dear W. ! how often I thought of him when reading Birrell's writing on good old Sam Johnson. 'It is notorious that he (Dr. Johnson) never read any book all through, and never could get to believe that anybody else ever did.' 'As a letter-writer Johnson has great merits. Let no man despise the epistolary art. It is said to be extinct. I doubt it. Good letters were always rare. It does not follow that, because our grandmothers wrote long letters, they all wrote good ones, or that nobody nowadays writes good letters because most people write bad ones.' This is truly pleasing, and altogether *Birrellesque*. And with all his humour and gentle irony, whatever Birrell writes is marked by *good sense* ; he is always *just* ; one goes along with him, as they say in the law, on all fours. But how he does *tickle* one at times ! I should never have thought of this word, but it does credit to W.'s discernment ; and I must say that for pure literary enjoyment Birrell is really a treasure. But before I leave him, I *must* quote a passage in his writing on Pope : it is delicious : it *tickled* me in every line :

'Men and women, we can well believe, went in terror of little Mr. Pope. Well they might for he made small concealment of their names, and even such as had the luck to escape obvious recognition have been hoisted into infamy by the untiring labours of subsequent commentators. It may, perhaps, be still open to doubt, who was the Florid Youth referred to in the Epilogue to the *Satires*,—

> 'And how did, pray, the Florid Youth offend,
> "Whose speech you took and gave it to a friend?"

Bowles said it was Lord Hervey, and that the adjective is due to his lordship's well-known practise of painting himself ; but Mr. Croker, who knew everything, and was in the habit of contradicting the Duke of Wellington about the battle of Waterloo, says "Certainly not. The Florid Youth was young Henry Fox." Sometimes, indeed, in our hours of languor and dejection when

> "The heart is sick
> And all the wheels of being slow,"

the question forces itself upon us, What can it matter who the Florid Youth was, and who cares how he offended ?

But this questioning spirit must be checked. "The proper study of mankind is man," and that title cannot be denied even to a florid youth,'—*et cetera*. This is delicious,—this is Birrellesque,—this is truly *tickling*.

And by the way, I have found a new book, *Nature in Books: Some Studies in Biography*. By P. Anderson Graham. I have read only the paper on Thoreau ;—*The philosophy of Idleness*. It strikes me as a just critique. Yet I don't know in what sense the word *Idleness* is used. I suppose I am entitled to be called an Idle Man, and yet I am busy from morning until night with something or other ; I don't find time for one half what I should like to do, and to read. Thoreau was a busy man,—a much busier man,—*in his way*. Hence if the philosophy of Idleness is to be extracted from the lives of Thoreau and—*longo intervallo*,—from your humble servant, the word Idleness must be used in a sense different from what is usually attached to it. If by an Idle Man is meant a man who is doing nothing to earn money, the phrase does not apply to Thoreau for he was always, or almost always, trying to earn money. If the phrase is applied to a man who is doing nothing to earn money, because he has enough for his support, it is a vapid phrase ; for the chances are that such a man will create occupation for himself. A man who is intelligent enough to understand the phrase 'philosophy of Idleness,' will be intelligent enough to utilize his Idleness, and make clear the philosophy of it. It strikes me that Thoreau is the last person in the world to stand for the philosopher of Idleness ; yet after all, I must confess I don't grasp the sense which is attached to Idleness,—I don't mean in life, but in books ; however, the author undertakes to give us his notion of an Idler :

'His (Thoreau's) physique was a contradiction of his creed. The innate idler (listen to this) is of a soft and corpulent habit of body, his eye restful and languid, his muscles unstrung, his motions easy and slow, his speech trickling and ever in search of an excuse to stop. He rests i' the sun like one who has eaten of lotos, and allows the warmth and the breeze, the greenery of Nature and her music to build picture and procession, to erect groves and to trace rivers and to people this land of fancy with beauteous nymph and naiad. But it all comes as involuntarily, as unbidden, as independent of exertion as a dream.'

I should think so.

THE WESTMINSTER HOTEL, NEW YORK,
13 *December*, 1892.

MY DEAR H.,—In a corner of the tiny writing- (also smoking-) room, in this little hotel, mounted upon a convenient stand, provided with divers mechanical devices for opening and laying out the book, is a stupendous copy of *Webster's Unabridged*,—fancy! I have never seen any one having recourse to it, except two negro bell-boys, and myself. But it is certainly an immense resource to me, and I shall now be able to crack all the philological nuts that may get thrown this way. Yes, *obelise*: excellent word: derived from the old practice of putting the sign of an obelisk against spurious or doubtful passages and words. Also *digladiations*, I like: though both words strike one as uncouth; but if they were much used, and we were accustomed to them, they would sound no more remote than thousands of other words,—*dilapidate* for instance. It is strange, how from century to century words drop out of use, and when we stumble over them in old writers, how very archaic, obsolete,—nay, absurd they seem. Yet I think this is a pity. The English language is none too rich in words,—words conveying different shades of meaning. Why shouldn't we keep all these so-called obsolete words,—*obelise* and *digladiation* for instance? I wonder if any list has ever been made of these discarded words. I should really like to study such a list, and see if I couldn't find words worth restoring to use,—for myself I mean. Of course good taste is a law unto itself; and in English style we are extremely sensitive to anything that smacks of barbarism as it were. Still I think we may carry this æsthetic tendency too far,—for there must be obsolete words which are not offensive to the ear; and if a word be a good one, conveying as is often the case, a shade of meaning different from that conveyed by the word which has taken the place of it,—why not use it ? It is use that makes words, in all cases, legitimate ; and the ear once accustomed to a new word,—the new words that somehow get coined from time to time in our day, for instance,—we take the word as a matter of course. However, it may be that there is some occult reason for dropping these now obsolete words,—a reason valid in itself ; it may not be a mere caprice or fashion in all cases. This again would be a curious subject of inquiry, and I should think could hardly be characterized as a *distemper of learning* ; for after all, there may be things which even 'the late Lord St. Albans' never dreamt of in his philosophy. Nevertheless, I am curious about Ben Jonson's *Timber* or *Discoveries* : very odd word, *Timber* : I suppose it must have a meaning, although I have not caught it. But I am obliged to you for giving me an account of the new edition. I should agree with you in preferring it to an old and musty folio edition,—especially if I must go into one of the great New York Libraries in order to read such an edition ; for as I have told you, no books are allowed to go out of the great New York Libraries. This is a fact difficult to grasp ' but it is a fact you would soon *feel*, as it were, if you were in New York. And it is so long since I have haunted or much used great Libraries that I feel considerable diffidence and awkwardness in attacking them. Librarians, like other folk, are creatures of habit, and they have to get used to you and know you,—get *en rapport* with you,—before you will receive anything but a certain cavalier treatment at their hands. Now this is a tiresome process, especially for a bird of passage like myself. I do not complain of it, for it lies in human nature ; and I understand it. I bought the other day,—or rather, the wife, who kindly does all my errands, bought it for me (I am too heavily built, too clumsy, too timorous, to go about much in these crowded streets, swarming with vehicles, and amidst these shops big and little swarming with masses of people, all in a hurry and all hustling one to the wall)—the wife bought for me, I say, an entertaining little book, called *Pensieri-Vani* : all about

Italy by a young fellow who was never in Italy. Nevertheless he has caught somehow the warmth and glow of the Italian Landscape,—when it isn't sterile and dreary,—and is quite master of all the emotions which ancient ruins and fragments of ruins and that kind of thing awaken in the breast of the contemplative wanderer. The writer comes from Chicago too, but I notice a certain striving for humorous effects :—for instance, 'invertebrate humanitarianism,'—meaning sickly humanitarianism. This will pass, but I nearly choked when I came across *somber sepulchers* : and felt as if I would never open another American-printed book so long as I lived. Also I have been reading another book,—*Equatorial America*, by Maturin Ballou. Ballou is a traveller. He lives at The Brunswick in Boston when off the road, and he made my acquaintance there not long before I left Boston : an agreeable, elderly, and extremely well-preserved man. He made recently a voyage, which I also should like to make ; for his travelling, like mine, does not go beyond the beaten ways. He goes only where good steamers and the railway will take him, and where there are inns, or hotels, more or less Lucullian. Of the interior of tropical countries like South America and Australia he knows nothing. Well, he took a steamer at New York and sailed Southward, calling at the Barbadoes and Martinique, —on to Para, Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, and so on ; and then round through the straits of Magellan, up the West Coast, calling at Valparaiso and so on. And then he steamed back, and across to London, and then back again across the Atlantic to The Brunswick in Boston. He was absent from Boston just *seven months*, and he visited, we will say, a dozen seaports : nothing more : never more than ten miles inland from the coastline anywhere : and out of this he makes a book,—and calls it *Equatorial America* ! The book interested me simply for the reason that I have always had a fancy for doing precisely the same thing, though I shouldn't care to do it in seven months. But incidentally I must confess I was somewhat surprised by the picture he draws of the prosperity and progress of many of the South American cities, such as Rio, Buenos Ayres, and Valparaiso. South America is a *terra incognita* to most of us: and I fancy you could find twenty persons who had been in Japan, to one who had been in Brazil.

THE WESTMINSTER HOTEL, NEW YORK,
31 *March*, 1893.

MY DEAR H.,—I am an advocate, as you know, of change of scene and air, if it is possible to be had. Nothing wears on the nerves like the monotone of an unbroken round of living; change of scene is to the moral nature what a tonic is to the blood, quickening the circulation and refreshing the spirits. Well, here I am, sitting at my table with the firm purpose of letting off something before the last day of March runs into the first day of April. April,—delicious word;—for it signifies the burial of Winter and the actual presence of the inchoate Springtime: such as it is: and I must confess there is not much of it at present. Still, the month is there; and the man, meaning this weariest of mortals. The thermometer marked 46° out-doors when I went down to breakfast this morning, and we are getting to be far ahead of you in our nearness to the Springtime. I am interested in noting the greater mildness of the climate of New York over that of Boston, as I remember the Boston climate. There is really a greater difference than I had supposed. The East wind here is not what it is in Boston; though I cannot see that the North wind,—which I hate far more than the East wind,—is any the less penetrating. It is a horrible wind to me,—this icy, arctic hard North wind; it drives all the blood to my head, and rasps all my nerves like a gallon of green tea; and we have had a good deal of it in the last days.

This is Good Friday; and the mail came as usual. Whether the shops are shut, I do not know; but the Stock Exchange is shut; and I shan't be able to lose any more money until to-morrow.

I have several times of late frequented the Astor Library, and my experience there has been agreeable, so far as the officials are concerned. But it is very tiresome business,—

using the Library. You write your name and address and title of book wanted etc. on a printed blank, and give in the same over the counter. Well, there is weary waiting and waiting ; yet you *must* wait, for the Reading-room is a good distance away ; the books are not brought to you there ; you receive them over the counter and carry them to the Reading-room. And in the great hall where the delivery is made, there is no chair whatever ; not a solitary chair ; you must wait standing ; and I get very wearied by standing. It would be hard work for me to prosecute any researches under these circumstances. I wanted to read Froude's *Oceana* : which I did. An interesting book : Froude always makes his books interesting : a voyage to Australia : and comments upon Australian scenery and things, including New Zealand. I should like very much to visit those countries. Far-off lands have always had a peculiar attraction to me, even if I don't travel to them, as does Froude, with Horace in one hand, and Euripides in the other, and care little for all the religious talk which makes up a good part of Froude's experiences. Also, I have been long intending to look up the *Paston Letters*, which I have often seen mentioned as being of interest, through the light they throw upon social life of a remote period,—the period being, speaking roughly, from 1440 to 1480. I found them intolerably dull, and soon put the book aside. The letters are all short, the greater part being what we should designate as ' brief notes ' ; and they are *translated* into Modern English. It is amazing the change which has gone on in the English language in five hundred years. Will there be as great a change after another five hundred years ? and if so, what will ever become of the mass of printed matter with which the present age is encumbering the Earth ? It will require a special education to read, for instance, the newspapers of to-day, if any newspapers of to-day survive so long ; and very few newspapers survive one year nowadays : except in the great Libraries, and those you can count on your fingers. Indeed the only comforting thing in the contemplation of the printed matter with which the Earth groans daily, is its rapid disappearance. Take newspapers ;—

there is no place in New York where you can buy *yesterday's newspaper*. A friend wrote to us, asking us to get a copy of a certain number of the *New York Times*,—say three months old. We went everywhere, and we couldn't get it. At the Office of The Times, there are kept files of that newspaper, which files you can inspect; but there is no copy of any old newspaper to be bought; and the reason is that none are kept. When the day's newspaper is served out to the newsboys and newsdealers, copies of *yesterday's* newspaper remaining in the hands of the newsboys and dealers are *returned* to the Office, and then sent to the paper mills to be ground up. And as for individuals who buy or take in newspapers, how many ever keep a file of them! Burn up half a dozen of the big Libraries,—and everything in this country, at any rate, in Boston, seems to get burned up sooner or later,—and of all this newspaper literature which covers the earth every morning and every night as with a blanket, there will not be a shred left:—happy deliverance indeed for the race!

THE WESTMINSTER HOTEL, NEW YORK,
14 *April*, 1893.

MY DEAR H.,—It is just a fortnight ago to-day since I wrote to you; and here we are still, in *statu quo*. On Thursday morning I went to the Lenox Library. It is a very small affair regarded as a Library; but there are collections of manuscripts and Columbiana and old rare books and things which are interesting and valuable. There is also a gallery of Pictures upstairs,—not a large gallery, and much of it poor stuff; and lately there has been added another gallery, containing pictures bequeathed to the institution,—also poor stuff for the most part; also a *bric-a-brac* collection. And then the Library,—small and commonplace! The Institution is neither one thing nor another. It is a pity that it does not confine itself to a specialty: say, rare books and manuscripts. This mixing up pictures and bric-a-brac and books and manuscripts produces a heterogeneous mass, of which the average worth is low. It is very far up town,—Sixtieth Street or thereabouts,—in Fifth Avenue ; and we intended walking down Fifth Avenue on our way home. It was a brilliant morning, but there was an arctic North wind blowing, which cut us in two and filled the eyes with dust ; one shivered like a poplar sapling in a gale of wind ; and we took refuge in an omnibus. In the afternoon we went over to Hoboken, and inspected the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* of the North German Lloyd. The sail on the ferryboat across the North River always interests and refreshes me : most picturesque of waters : if that grand statue of Liberty with its uplifted arm were not so tiresome : and why is Liberty always represented as a woman ? It is a fine Boat, the *K. W. II.*, built, I believe, in Stettin : very large cabins. I never had such cabins on any ocean Liner :—clean, and commodious :—and then we walked along Hudson Street,—nice, pretty houses, commanding fine views of the Harbour,—lying between the water and the Heights behind them,—until we came to the Fourteenth Street Ferry, whence we horse-carred home.

I fancy I have not mentioned to you Dr. Stevens' book on the Eye. The book was written originally in French, and was 'crowned' by the Royal Academy of Medicine in Belgium some years ago. This is much, especially as the book sets forth a new principle in medical science ; a principle never before recognized, but now for the first time brought forward by Dr. Stevens and illustrated by a mass of cases,—the principle, namely, that irritations, defects, troubles in the eyes may produce a reflex action, inducing nervous disorders in other parts of the body,—chronic headaches, sciatica, indigestion, even epilepsy ; and that the strain on the eyes, inducing such nervous disorders, may be lessened or removed by *tenotomy*, or cutting of tendons or muscles.

It is a warm Spring morning ; 54° outdoors when I went downstairs this morning at seven o'clock ; and the grass is green, and the birds are singing merrily in the Central Park, and the sprightly crocus and the pansies are lighting up the flower beds in the Square ; and everybody is making plans to go somewhere. Alas ! I can make no plans.

The Westminster Hotel, New York,
1 *May*, 1893.

My dear H.,—Yes, behold me in New York on the First of May. I came here on the Second of November, and the eye affliction of the wife seems to be just where it was when I came; but I will not complain; it might be worse; there might be no eyes at all.

Well our friend R. is at last to sail for Europe. It is a great break-up, and in the whirl of it, I miss R.'s clever letters. However, The Unheard-of will sometimes make its way to the surface; and The Unheard-of is R. writing from Europe to me in America,—fancy! the whirligig of Time doth indeed throw off surprises,—if indeed R. does anything of the kind; for as a rule the epistolary function is the first to get lamed, when one is freshly thrown among foreign scenes. But I am glad that R. has no definite plans. There is nothing so tiresome as a definite plan; it takes all the poetry out of foreign experiences, and makes life as prosy as it is at home. This view of course is not in conformity with the Ethical standpoint; and therefore I shall not defend it, except as an illustration of the High Art of Travel; for High Art carries no moral. Stories for instance written to express a moral are commonplace, and tiresome. Art in any direction carries its own interpretation,—it is Pleasure; and the sphere of Pure Pleasure is higher than that of Morals. Morals are a kind of spiritual police force; transcend morals and take them for granted when you enter the High Domain of Art. And now as I said, here is the First of May:—cloudy, gloomy, raw: with fitful rainings: thermometer 50°. It is not indeed so wholly Arctic here as it must be with you,—with the mercury at 28° and the grass brown and wintry; for here the grass has been of the greenest for weeks; but the trees in the Square are only just leafing, and in the Central Park the greening does not yet predominate over the sere and withered tones of Winter. The Spring is very backward; it was much greener here a year ago, when I had for the first time the misfortune to be caught in this howling wilderness of Mammon.

However, we have had an exciting week :—or I fancy there must have been excitement somewhere,—else from all quarters folk would not have streamed into the City in such masses. This hotel like all other hotels was fairly swamped. Scouts were sent out to explore the neighbouring lodging-houses, the number of which is legion, in search of rooms : not one to be had : telephone messages were sent to Jersey City and Brooklyn and elsewhere, inquiring for rooms : not one to be had : finally after the public rooms in the house had been filled up with *cots*, the still remaining wearied and belated guests put up with *chairs in the corridors*, and dozed the night away with what strain they might at an expense of a dollar and a half for the chair !

Well, we did not see the Grand Naval Parade on Thursday,—rain poured in torrents nearly all that morning. It was impossible to go out. The Review was deferred for three hours, and when it did come off, I fancy it must have been a very sloppy affair. But the preceding day was brilliant, and in the afternoon we sallied forth to get a view of the fleet. It had already entered the North River, and was lying in the River—in two long lines, stretching from Thirtieth or Fortieth Street to One-hundredth Street. The Riverside Park is the grand driveway along the River, with a promenade its whole length along a stone embankment. The promenade, as well as driveway, is upon high ground commanding a fine view of the majestic River, and of the wooded heights of New Jersey on the other side. We struck the driveway and promenade at One-hundredth Street ; and there below us, in the River, were the three Caravels, which Spain has sent over,—duplicates of the Caravels in which Columbus made his first voyage, so far as it was possible to make duplicates : extremely curious and interesting : I should like to have gone on board of them, but I didn't. They were the only things that interested me in the whole Show. The fleet of warships of all nations made an imposing appearance. We walked along the promenade as far as Seventy-second Street, and had an excellent view from our elevated position, of all the ships. The biggest was *The Blake*, English armoured cruiser : stupendous machine. The rest did not interest me,—American, Spanish, Italian, Russian, German, French, Brazilian and so on. It was a pretty show; but warships are much alike, and a mass of them as here, was a weariness. If one could have been taken over *The Blake*, for instance, and shown all the machineries and things, it would have been interesting; but the mere outside of warship after warship,—this was tiresome,—offering nothing in the awful glare of the sunlight lying across the glittering surface of the waters, except perhaps a study of flags. On Friday there was a land Parade of sailors and so forth, but I did not go out to see it. I hate crowds; and the crowds in New York this last week were altogether phenomenal.

Yes, I am familiar with the feeling which you describe: the feeling of having numberless little things to do when I leave a place, and a confusing consciousness all the time that some of them are not getting done. It takes me at least three weeks to get ready to leave a place where I have spent three months and upwards. This may seem incredible; but there are so many little things,—shall I want this or that, where next I alight? and so forth. And that reminds me that there are some things which do not in the least interest you, but which to me are vital; and what I went through here, when the Silver Scare was on, until Cleveland spoke his long delayed decisive word that the Gold parity of all the Currency should be maintained,—this you will never comprehend; but it is a part of my gloomy New York experiences; and comes in fitly at the tail end of a letter.

THE WESTMINSTER HOTEL, NEW YORK,
1 *June*, 1893.

MY DEAR H.,—Last week we had some diversion, even here in New York. Our friend R. appeared on Wednesday afternoon, and I gave him Thursday morning. I should also have given him Thursday afternoon and Friday, but I became *hors de combat*, not long before his arrival. However, we made a morning of it on Thursday: a most brilliant day: bluest skies: cool, tonic air. We took a Fourth Avenue Horse-Car,—this hotel is situated within a few steps of Fourth Avenue and Union Square,—and rode to the General Post Office, where the Fourth Avenue line stops. Thence we strolled down Broadway,—extremely animated and even picturesque in the brilliant morning light,—until we came to Wall Street, where is the Stock Exchange, or Bourse. This institution seemed to have a particular attraction for R. We entered it, and ascending a flight of stone steps came into a gallery, from which we looked down upon the vast and busy scene below. The shrieks and gesticulations of the brokers, buyers and sellers, were amusing, at first; but they soon became very tiresome, especially as neither of us could understand in the least what they were all about, from whom the shrieks came, nor to whom the gesticulations were addressed. R. was indifferent, but I was not. I am of an inquiring turn of mind, and when I take the trouble to go about the world and see things, I carry with me a rule which I established early in life, as the first rule of travel: namely, to ask questions: also, I carry with me a second rule,—ask questions: also a third rule,—ask questions. Accordingly I braced myself for the task, and at once lowered myself by accosting a uniformed official who was guarding the entrance of a room, into which I had peeped and beheld a multitude of men, all seated in armchairs, and apparently all plunged in profoundest contemplation of the Infinite and Unseen. Really it did bother me to conceive what they were about:—ask questions:—it was the *Bond Room*, where millions of dollars' worth of Bonds daily changed hands. Then in broken intervals I wormed out of the official what in substance doth follow:—the Hall below was lined with telephones; at each telephone stood a young clerk; he was waiting with a tube in his ear for orders,—from New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia or any other place, even Chicago:—well, scattered over the Hall were posts on which were signs,—such as *Missouri Pacific*, *Industrials* and so on; around these posts were gathered groups; in the technical language of the Exchange they are called *crowds*; the Missouri Pacific *crowd* :—the *loan crowd*, around the post bearing the sign *Money to Loan*, etc. There gather buyers and sellers ; the buyers shriek their offers, like auctioneers, holding up their hands ; extending one finger means that the buyer offers one-eighth % more, and so on. But really, come to think of it, this must be tiresome : and I will drop the subject. I will add only that what puzzles me is, how a man like R. can take the trouble to go about in the world and see things ; and yet never ask questions.

Thence we strolled down to the Battery, and sat in the sunlight and looked out upon the glittering waters. It was a radiant scene, and the Goddess of Liberty didn't seem in the least tired of holding up her gigantic arm. The Goddess stands directly opposite the Battery, across the water,—affording a perennial view of her noble figure.

Well, afterwards we took a Broadway horse-car home, and I succumbed for a day and a half to the fatigue of this morning excursion. You see I never go out in the morning : and therefore when I do, I collapse.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. R. arrived. We dined together at seven o'clock, and saw bubbles winking at the beaker's brim. The next morning early,—a cold, cloudy, somewhat raw morning,—at ten o'clock the great steamer,—the *Werra* of the North German Lloyd,—slowed out into the stream. We waved our last handkerchiefs ; and the last I saw of R. he was brandishing a *New York Tribune* from the mast head : or seemed to be doing so : which is precisely the same. They are due a week from to-day in Genoa. It was Mrs. R.'s first voyage, and when the last landing-plank was shoved ashore and the last rope flung off, she covered her face with her handkerchief, and was altogether limp. And now they are gone ; everybody is gone ; all the folk whom we have known in the hotel are gone. But of course in all this excitement I have not yet found a serene moment for going to the Astor Library and looking into *Clark on Climate* ; indeed I had altogether forgotten him ; and if your letter had not reminded me of him, I should have continued to forget him. Yet surely the morning will come,—and Clark : for who would live forgetful of *Clark on Climate* ?

Many thanks for your explanation of the names of the Brunswick Clubs. When I give up the Mustard Seed Club,—of which I have always been a silent member, being the least of all seeds myself,—I shall surely enroll myself in the *Hedonic Club*; that would suit me. And that reminds me that New York has been very gay this week, doing festive things in honour of *Eulalie*, the Infanta of Spain. She is said to be a very sweet woman. I have not myself been a part of the festivities; in fact I have seen nothing,—nor have I heard anything,—except at this moment a distant booming of cannon, in honour, doubtless, of Eulalie. However, I did write down some verses the other day,—'after Poe.' They begin:

> 'I dwelt alone
> In a world of moan,
> And my soul was a stagnant tide,
> Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride.'

But I forget how the verses end: for I have lost the 'copy.'

The Westminster Hotel, New York,
Saturday, 10 *June*, 1893.

My dear H.,—Dear me, my windows are open, with a view to avoid suffocation; and a dreadful hand-organ has just 'started in.' You can really form no conception of what I suffer from hand-organs. Every hour in the day there is a fresh one. Where they all come from, and how the wretches all make a living,—this is one of the many mysteries of a great city. I suppose somebody must fling them pennies; but oh! in the same street, precisely in the same spot,—that is to say, directly under my windows once every hour in the day,—this is the really great mystery. I wish I could smash all the hand-organs in New York, but I can't; it 's the other way; they smash me; at any rate, they are wholly responsible for this incoherent writing.

No, I have never read Lawton's paper on 'Homer's Girls.' But I wish I could have heard your Reading from the Poets. The reading of 'Professionals' is to me odious. The mere suggestion of 'declamation' makes me *sick*; I had enough of it at school and at college, and never want to hear anybody ‘ declaim ’ ; but reading like yours is a different thing. And if the Brunswick girls and boys,—especially the girls,—don’t ‘ catch on,’—is that the phrase ?—to your readings,—they are altogether lacking in the spirit of Homer’s girls, who are never found giggling, but always attentive to wise words from wise men,—listening with a certain fascinating austerity of manner,—even when Homer makes a joke.

Yes, ‘ Essays dedicated to my Pipe ’ would suit me, I fancy,—provided there were anything in the Pipe,—or rather, in the essays ; but as you intimate that both are empty, I will let them alone. However I agree with the smoker that idling is a gift ; and that he alone knows how to be truly idle, who is intensely busy. Isn’t this the kind of paroxysm,—I mean, paradox, which Oscar Wilde has been making the fashion ? Paradox is a capital and striking thing, when occasionally introduced ; but a little of it goes a great way ; and a book made up of paradoxes I should fancy to be insufferable.

We had it very hot here at the beginning of the week : 75° and 77° at seven o’clock in the morning : later in the day, 88° and 91° :—and I did not go out of the house for two days. I can bear a great amount of heat ; and in fact, do not mind extreme heat so much as most folk, provided I can sit still. It is not to me the heats which make New York very disagreeable at this season of the year ; it is the never-ending racket in the streets,—the racket begins between four and five in the morning ; but when it dies away I don’t know, because I am asleep.

THE WESTMINSTER HOTEL, NEW YORK,
17 *June*, 1893.

MY DEAR H.,—By the way, Mr. Richard Hovey comes in for a notice in the *Evening Post*. The writer speaks of him as ‘ already favourably known by his *Lancelot and Guinevere*,’ —not ‘ Ginger,’ as you inadvertently write ; and then proceeds to criticize him for attempting a hopeless task,—namely, an Elegy in a hundred lines on Thomas William

Parsons, when Parsons himself did up Dante in fifty lines. And the writer adds : ‘ Nor is it possible to make of Parsons anything but a morbid and self-cloistered figure ; utterly out of touch with the vigorous life around him, having his own environment, his own Puritan ancestry and yet unable to achieve for himself an isolated repose.’ But I don’t understand the meaning of this last sentence. Poor Parsons,—I shall always remember him as very vigorous indeed, when he pulled a tooth for me once in my early boyhood,—in a pleasant little back parlour, up one flight, in a very narrow house in Winter Street, near Washington Street. I recollect too seeing Italian books lying about,—in intervals of agony as I sat leaning back in the dental chair, with the good doctor,—by no means as yet either a morbid or a self-cloistered figure,—leaning over me, and saying suavely,—his manner was always very suave,—‘ Now, don’t be afraid ; I shan’t hurt you ’ ; but I am sorry to say that I *was* afraid, and that he *did* hurt me. My recollection of Dr. Parsons is therefore one of the earliest recollections of my life ; I was but a little boy when I was taken to him ; and of course he seemed to me then like an elderly man ; hence I was amazed when I read an obituary notice of him, and found that he was only seventy-four,—or was it seventy-three,—when he died.

How delightful and cooling does it sound,—studying Icelandic Literature in hot Summer days amidst New England landscapes,—and I really hope that the Icelanders wrote something worth reading. Fiske,—formerly a Professor in Cornell University, who used to live in our old poetic *Albergo di Milano* in Florence, was reputed to have had an immense Library of Icelandic Literature :—very curious indeed this Literature of a people so obscure, and of an age so remote. They were always saying wise things too, the Icelanders ; they had plenty of time for meditation ; nothing to distract the mind, in their far-off island ; practically shut off from communication with the rest of the race, —‘ dwelling alone, in a world of moan ’ : what mighty things they dreamed : and sang.

THE WESTMINSTER HOTEL, NEW YORK,
Sunday afternoon, 25 *June*, 1893.

MY DEAR H.,—Yes, always dip your pen into the ashes in your pipe before beginning to write; it is marvellous what an effect this has upon the flow of thought. I condole with you upon the dullness which Du Chaillu's book induced in your usual cheerful mood. I was once in Upsala, myself. I have spent two long Summers in the Land of the Midnight Sun. But I was never bothered with folk offering me coffee; I paid hard cash for all the coffee I drank; and at the rate of thirteen cents the cup. This you will observe at once is *one* of the points of difference between me and Du Chaillu. However, it was pleasant to read your remarks upon him àpropos of smoking. I agree with you in every word; the sentiment does you honour; 'the same impulse of fellowship (which led him to drink all the coffee that was offered him) should have led him also to smoke.' Dear me! the world was younger to me when I was in *Nor'oway o'er the Foam* than it is to-day. O that I could do it all over again! I *carrioled* for weeks and weeks; and sailed on fjords; and lived on salmon and sherry. I went as far North as Tromsoe, where the sun at midnight is as white and high as with us three hours after rising:—and the funniest thing was, the innkeepers were always charging me for *bougies*!

It was very hot here in the early part of the week. We ran the mercury up to within half a degree of 100°, and for three days I never went out of the house. Latterly it has been much cooler: that is to say, about 80°: good Southerly breezes.

CHAPTER V

SWITZERLAND

1893–1894

Lucerne—An International Hotel—The Murder of Carter Harrison—The Tradition of Pontius Pilate—Henry James—John Morley—Francis Parkman—The Boston Latin School—Hamerton—A Play Enacted—English High Churchmen—Socialism—The Passing World—Interlaken—Alger—Seeley's *Goethe*—St. Beatenberg—Thun—Grindelwald—Mürren—Swiss Flowers—Mrs. Ward's *Marcella*—The Swiss Charm—*Nudlmaier à Paris*—Lausanne—Territet — Vevey — Wiesbaden — Oliver Wendell Holmes — Weimar—The Kneipp Cure—On Fads—An American Philanthropist—On Old Houses—The 'Demise of a very Old Friend.'

EUROPAEISCHER HOF, DRESDEN,
14 *September*, 1893.

MY DEAR H.,—Yes, I cannot help thinking how much early rising is a matter of habit ; for six or eight months of the year, I get about a couple of hours before morning coffee. In the Winter I rise later, just in time for breakfast at eight o'clock, because I do not like to use artificial light in the early morning hours. And I am always sorry when the long days come to an end, as they are coming now very fast indeed, though it is still broad daylight when I get up at six in the morning ; but the Autumn shuts down with great rapidity in this part of the world, as you know, and the early morning especially, in a coal-smoked place like this, is very gloomy indeed. Nevertheless I take my usual morning walk before coffee. I have always found it to have a most refreshing effect. But we have had bad weather as a rule for a long time,—with some brilliant exceptions : very heavy rains,—or as they were spoken of the other day in the local newspaper, '*reichliche Niederschlagsmengen*,' how pedantic !—And I am beginning to look forward to a change to other scenes. There is a good deal of cholera on the Italian Peninsula,—in Naples and Palermo especially,—and now I see that there is cholera in Leghorn,—and I am afraid it will creep into Florence. I am not much disturbed about the disease itself, but I am afraid of the quarantining which its presence occasions, and especially of the fumigation process at the frontiers. I could not stand being fumigated; it would suffocate me. You are put into a big room where you breathe a disinfecting vapour: altogether a nasty proceeding.

I do not know S.'s books. I looked through his Life of Dr. Howe once, but it disappointed me. S. is essentially a journalist, but an extremely clever journalist; and journalists, however clever as such, make as a rule poor books. Books require condensation, arrangement,—what you call perspective,—in a word the literary art. Journalists, on the contrary, are limited in a way. They do not look at a subject in all its bearings; they catch at one point of view and make the most of it; they aim to produce a single impression in regard to one particular thing. Words are of no value in their eyes: they shoot one arrow at a time, and aim at one thing only. The journalistic style is an awful style; the journalistic *habit* of mind is ruinous to the literary faculty. A man who writes for newspapers can never be good for any other kind of writing. The journalist loses all sense for literary art.

Hôtel Schweizer Hof, Lucerne, Switzerland,
16 *October*, 1893.

My dear H.,—Yes, I arrived here on Friday night at six o'clock in the afternoon, having come straight through from Dresden. It was a long pull; but I could not arrange the journey otherwise, and I selected the route *via* Frankfurt as a lesser evil. I took the night train to Frankfurt:—and I must say I had a bad night. There was only one First-Class through-carriage from Dresden to Frankfurt and it was nearly full. The carriage held five persons; and we were four, two women and two men. I was obliged to sit upright; no stretching of the limbs possible; I writhed and wriggled; and my poor legs ached; and I didn't get a wink of sleep. However, the night did come to an end at last, and when the day came, we were in Frankfurt. And very soon on the way again,—to Basel. It is a magnificent new railway station in Frankfurt: lofty halls: and excellent restaurant service: pleasant sitting and good coffee: and all things serene and sweet. How much better they do this sort of thing in Germany! Well, all the way from Frankfurt, through the Black Forest so called, to Basel, I had a sumptuous compartment to myself; also I had a package of sandwiches and a bottle of Greek wine, and on either hand charming scenery: here and there a ruined castle on a hill-top: autumnal foliage: and exhilarating sunshine. But oh! how the train dawdled from Basel to Lucerne. It took four hours and thirty-five minutes to run a distance which a swift train elsewhere would have done in something over an hour; but the scenery was pretty: hills and greenest grass: and the Lake of Sempach: and a purple sunset: and Swiss cottages, and so on: and finally Lucerne. It is a vast and sumptuous hostelry this. We had a *table d'hôte* dinner at half-past seven o'clock, in a grand Hall, extremely lofty, and beautifully decorated. It was like dining in a Palace; and under the cheering influence of savoury dishes and electric lamps and copious cups, I found myself reviving somewhat from the colossal fatigue of twenty-three hours of railroading. *But* luxury costs money, and we shall soon move on to Florence; where I hope to arrange myself economically, for it is the worst period of financial distress which ever I passed through, and I do not yet see the outcome of it. It is very depressing,—especially to me who have no speculative investments; and who have therefore not to reproach myself with rashness or the taking of undue risks. In time I have no doubt that I shall recover myself, but at my age one hasn't much time for waiting. However, I am thankful that, bad as is the condition of things, it is not worse. And I must say, the precepts of the Stoic Philosophy, kindly handed down to us from a long distant past, come in very handy just now, and show altogether a superior wisdom on the part of the ancients.

I was sorry to read in your letter that you were feeling depressed and tired by the loneliness of your life. Seasons of depression and gloom are appointed for us all,—I am passing through a peculiarly acute period of anxiety and apprehension,—but somehow we work out of them; the clouds lift, and light and cheer come to us. Oftentimes the physical condition has much to do with our state of mind; and your letter read to me as if it were written at a time of prolonged indigestion:—a foul fiend,—this indigestion: and responsible for much of the misery of mankind: but this too will wear away. And by the way, what has become of all the 'girls': and their Clubs: and their Essays: their walks and their Teas? Surely they have not evaporated. But I must stop: the day is beautiful; and I must go and walk; the Lake and the mountains make an exquisite landscape; we look out upon Pilatus; the air is delicious.

Hôtel Schweizer Hof, Lucerne, Switzerland,
24 *October*, 1893.

My dear H.,—We are intending now to linger here for a time,—perhaps till the snow comes. So long as the weather remains tolerable and I can enjoy long walks with my amiable comrade, who I am sorry to say, doesn't know the meaning of the word *tired*, I am very glad to be here. I have not had any country air for a long time, and the air here is delightful, and fresh, and there is hardly any wind: a very well sheltered place, this: I like a place in which there are no disagreeable, harsh winds: no dust: the scenery is superb: and the walks, ravishing: picturesque and beautiful everywhere: and also one need not be always climbing hills: there are plenty of walks on the level: the exercise refreshes and cheers me: and keeps me in good condition. And the climate also is somewhat milder here than in Dresden; as yet we have had no fire, and I have worn no overcoat,—though in the last two days I have begun to take a thin overcoat with me for use when dampness sets in with the going down of the sun. I forget whether you have ever been in Switzerland. It is a country which I like better than the Tyrol; it is clean and sweet and pretty everywhere; though for that matter, the Tyrol is sweet and clean enough, and certainly pretty enough anywhere; perhaps it is the *living* which I like better here. The beds are good; what I may call human; most comfortable beds. German beds are never comfortable. But why these trivial details? Yet I must add that here the rooms are lighted by electricity. It is altogether a delightful way of lighting a room; at the head of my bed is a knob, which I have only to turn, at any moment in the night, and my room is all lighted up. But I have not here a movable electric lamp for reading and writing. However, I do no reading or writing at night, though I often do it in the early morning, from six o'clock on; but then the breaking day supplements the electric light and I get on very well. The *table d'hôte* dinner is at 7:30 o'clock in the evening, and it is nearly nine o'clock before we rise from our sumptuous banquet; then I go into the Smoking-room, where I generally find someone with whom I can exchange a word, though I am not especially desirous of converse at that hour; smoking is with me a contemplative habit, and it is rather a pleasure than otherwise when I can sit quite by myself in a corner of a sofa and pass into the Calm of the Buddha:—but what in the world the Buddha did with himself in his Calm without tobacco,—this is not yet clear to me.

The House is kept open all Winter, and many people live here up to Christmas. The place, as I have said, is so well sheltered from winds, that it presents great climatic advantages to elderly folk, especially to retired English officers, who have spent their lives in India. There is always a sprinkling of this element in the great Swiss international hotels; and how easily some of them carry off their seventy years and more! it is really beautiful to behold. But here I am again, always on the plane of the Trivial.

Hôtel Schweizer Hof, Lucerne, Switzerland,
31 *October*, 1893.

My dear H.,—We had a *Paris Herald* here yesterday, and it contained a startling telegram, announcing the murder of Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago. This is the second instance of a person whom I had known, being murdered. We met Carter Harrison in India in the early part of the year 1888,—I forget now precisely where we met him first; and we met him at intervals in the course of our respective wanderings; and I often had conversation with him. And now he is gone, suddenly and without warning, so far as I know,—in the midst of life we are in death. And I must say, this sort of thing makes a great impression upon my mind. If I read that the Governor of a Russian Province has been assassinated,—I pass on without emotion to the next paragraph in the chapter of newspaper horrors. But this man I knew and remember most distinctly; I can place him; and reproduce the scene; the thing becomes vivid and real:—and what must be the state of society which is breeding this sort of crime? Of the murderer we know nothing as yet,—he is called a madman and an anarchist; nothing but the mere fact of the murder was cabled to the *Herald*. But it wouldn't surprise me to read bye and bye that the people of Chicago were taking vengeance into their own hands and slaughtering anarchists right and left: now that no reliance can be placed upon the machinery of the law for rooting out this pest:—witness the late wholesale pardoning by the Governor of Illinois of the wretches who were condemned to imprisonment for life,—for that dreadful bomb-throwing in Chicago some years ago, by which many persons lost their lives. Chicago seems to be in a condition similar to that in which was New Orleans some time ago: the very basis of the social order undermined.

We are still lingering in this beautiful spot, and we may linger on for two or three weeks more. Fortunately, of late the weather has been for the most part fine:—altogether glorious weather: bluest skies: clear pure air. This Swiss mountain air strikes me indeed as something exceptional; it is immensely tonic and refreshing, and induces profoundest and most agreeable slumbers. And àpropos of walks, there has been sitting opposite to me at table in the last days an English clergyman,—a small stubby person; he has his wife with him,—also a youngish man,—who may perhaps be his brother-in-law. I should fancy the clergyman to be, say, forty-five years of age. Well, he is a tremendous walker. The other day, he and his companion (not the wife) took the steamboat to Vitznau at the foot of the Rhigi; thence they climbed the Rhigi; and then they walked all the way back to this hotel,—about twenty-two miles in all; yesterday, the twain walked to the top of the Brunig Pass,—about eighteen miles, and came back by rail. To-day they were to ascend Pilatus; and I dare say, the day being supremely fine and clear, that they are at this moment of writing, climbing wearily up the great gaunt sides of that massive mountain. It is a much more impressive mountain than the Rhigi; also it seems much nearer; in fact it dominates Lucerne. According to an English book on the *Forest Cantons of Switzerland*, by one J. Sowerby, the peculiar appearance on the mountain, preceding and accompanying atmospheric changes, has given rise to traditions of its being haunted by spirits, who indignant at being disturbed by the approach of mortals, caused storms and inundations. In the fourteenth century decrees were issued, prohibiting persons ascending the mountain. The legend of Pilate is said to have been first related in the middle of the thirteenth century. According to the tradition Pontius Pilate was executed by order of Tiberius and his body thrown into the Tiber. There it caused storms; hence it was fished out and carried to Gaul, where it was thrown into the Rhone. In the Rhone it produced the same disturbances. Then a solitary spot was sought, far from human abodes, where it might be deposited; such a spot was found on the slopes of this great desolate mountain, near a small lake. 'Here the uneasy spirit wandered round, sometimes appearing on the shore, sometimes on the rocks above the lake, producing terrible storms, terrifying the herdsmen, scattering the cattle, and driving the finest animals to destruction by falling over the cliffs. Then appeared in Lucerne a student of Salamanca, who was a powerful magician. He undertook, for a large sum of money, to exorcise the evil spirit. The magician found the spirit seated on a high rock. His first exorcisms had no effect. He then gained the top of a hill opposite the spot where the spirit was, and began to use a stronger formula. The struggle was so violent, and the magician stamped so violently with his feet, that that part of the hill has since remained bare of grass. The spirit was at last compelled to give way, and consented henceforward to remain quiet in the lake. He stipulated only for two conditions: that a spirit in the form of a black mare should be given to him, on which he, as a Roman Knight, might return in a worthy manner to his dwelling-place: and, secondly, that once in the year he might be allowed to return to the upper world. The conditions were granted. He rode with such fury down into the lake that the marks of the horse's heels are still to be seen. On the appointed day,—Good Friday,—the form of the Governor of Judea, in his robes of office, is still to be seen on the shore. *But whoever sees it, is sure to die before the year is out.* Should anyone insult the spirit, or throw stones into the lake, his anger is shown by the outburst of a violent storm.'

Quite altogether deliciously amazing,—this! There is now a railway up the mountain,—a most hazardous undertaking; and the spirits which may still be found on the summit are now brought up from below, and then poured down,—to the great refreshment and strengthening of the wearied and bewildered tourist. I walked up the Rhigi once many years ago; and never shall I forget the awful fatigue of that occasion; but my peculiar form of neurasthenia prevents me from ascending Pilatus in the railway; looking down into precipitous chasms, is mere agony; I could not endure it. We are thinking somewhat of going to Geneva; but the longer I linger here the less inclined am I to move. What I like especially is the great Reading Room—with its newspapers and books; newspapers not so much; though I do like to read now and then the *Neue*

Freie Presse of Vienna. It is strange, by the way, that one never finds,—out of Bavaria—a Munich newspaper,—the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten* for instance,—and yet the *Neuste Nachrichten* of Munich is as interesting as the *Neue Freie Presse.* The books here interest me more: all the Tauchnitz books: also bound volumes of the *Deutsche Rundschau*: and many other German and English books. The great hall is well warmed and brilliantly lighted, and the armchairs are most comfortable. We come in from our café and walk at half-past five to six: and I have then an hour or more for reading. And fancy what I read last evening,—James' *Daisy Miller!* I had often heard of the story, but had never read it: a pretty little psychological study to be sure: but a tragedy also: altogether painful,—the struggle of the wild free American girl with the rigid formalisms of European Society: and yet after all, even in America, the way Daisy carried on with her handsome Italian, would hardly be good form, I fancy. The *American Ideal* will certainly be a long time in forcing its way into European society,—if indeed it be not already losing its character in American society. Also I read part of *An International Episode* by Henry James; but thus far the story seems to me more after the ordinary type. However, I could not read many such stories. Nothing is so tiresome to me as this setting off one nation against another. American and English manners and so forth I have heard discussed every day for thirty years; and now it is to me a nauseating topic; let us be thankful if either nation has any manners at all.

Hôtel Schweizer Hof, Lucerne, Switzerland,
Wednesday, 8 *November,* 1893.

My dear H.,—We have received intelligence by cable that the Silver Repeal Bill has been passed by the Senate,—there remaining only the formality of the Bill passing the House, and receiving the signature of the President; and now we learn that this has been accomplished. It is a great historic event, this Repeal of the Silver Bill: and I celebrated the occasion by drinking a bottle of Swiss Champagne : price one dollar and twenty cents. I mention the price as evincing the sincerity of the jubilation. Of course it was money thrown away, so far as regards the vinous joy which it produced ; for I do not care in the least for champagne ; I never order it,—and never drink it—except by way of symbolism : it is purely a symbolic potation,—its effervescence and bubbles breaking on the beaker's brim symbolizing the hilarious mood into which one has been thrown by some happy event. I call the Repeal of the Silver Bill an historic event : for it marks an Epoch,—the Epoch of the elimination of Silver as a part of a dual standard, and the evolution of gold as the one International Standard : a consummation of vast importance.

Yes, I found the article on La Fontaine most charming : ' born in days before people thought there was any crime in being comfortable,'—how fortunate !—and, oh ! for the monks of Orbais complaining in Winter that the short days left them no time to get through—their meals ! And did you ever hear before of J. C. Bailey ? I think his ' personal note ' would be most interesting. Intellect is one thing ; the ' personal note ' is another, and the only fascinating thing in Literature : for Literature appeals to the æsthetic perception of life, not to the intellectual perception. Intellect is a magnificent machine ; Kant and Newton had intellect ; also the great mathematicians and Darwin and the great men of Science have it ; but Science isn't Literature. All we care for in science are methods and results, not men. The moment we begin to interest ourselves in men, we pass into the ' personal note ' ; and how delightful is the ' personal note ' in La Fontaine—in Charles Lamb,—in Boswellized Johnson and so on ! And that reminds me,—the Essayist, whose name I had forgotten, is not John Morley. I remember him, too, well. I believe I have read everything he has written ; and read him with the greatest pleasure,—his *Rousseau*, and *Diderot* and *Voltaire* and so on. His style is to me altogether *simpatico* : an admirable English prose style : there is none better. The Essayist whose name I had forgotten, was that very charming writer, Myers, who is at the head of the Psychic Research Society in England. His Essays are in two volumes: among them is a long one upon Virgil: intensely interesting,—nay, even in some respects a revelation. I liked very much the paper in the *Atlantic* on American Fiction; it was really clever,—fine discrimination and insight, and though I never read the novels of Wilkins, or Garland, I can see that the writer must have characterized them justly. The fact is, I can't read novels. I take up a novel indeed every now and then, but before I have gone over many pages, I become altogether sick of it; these everlasting love stories,—how very tiresome! I can't help regarding this craze for novel reading as a kind of mental disease:—perhaps it isn't; I am really no judge; I live so apart from the ordinary life of men, so to speak,—in a world of my own, in lands not my own,—that I can form no just conception of the needs of masses of people in the matter of mental refreshment; perhaps to millions of people novels are 'a blessing and a boon'; I dare say they are; they bring the imaginative element into many a dreary life; create a world of light and beauty and cleanness and sweetness for many a downcast soul; and I feel as if I ought not to have said that they make me sick.

Well, we are still lingering here; and now to-day for the first time hath snow appeared. The last two or three days have been 'awfully' gloomy and wet; and when I pushed back the blinds of my window at half-past six o'clock this morning, the earth was white and the air was crisp and cold. The evergreens which I see from my window were all covered with snow, and the landscape was picturesque: but the ground being wet in the night the snow melted as it touched it, and the streets are now dry and hard; only on roofs and trees does there lie snow. However, indoors, we are comfortable enough; the Dining-hall and the Smoking Room and the great Reading-room are well warmed. There are still thirty or more guests in the house,—enough to afford diversion in the longer evenings. But they are all threatening to leave; and then we shall feel pretty well cut up—with no one but an old German Excellenz and his antiquated English wife to fall back upon. Excellenz persists in speaking English; you should hear it. He assisted at the siege of Paris, and brought away a rheumatism and sciatica as a souvenir of the occasion. Also he was once Stadt-Commandant of Dantzic; this function bestows the title of Excellenz: and once Excellenz, a German officer skips upon the earliest opportunity. In fact, he is no longer wanted; he must make way for the ever surging crowd behind him.

We are still thinking of Geneva; but I dread moving. We are very comfortable here, and I enjoy the tranquillity of the place and the regular, if monotonous life. I think you would like Switzerland better even than the Tyrol:—it is all so clean, and sweet and beautiful and cheap: good paths in every direction: snow-capped mountains, slopes of green pasture,—rivers and lakes: excellent views: a quiet, thrifty, honest folk. You have everything here at all times, except good weather; but that you do have *sometimes*; also you have Thorwaldsen's Lion,—the Lion of Lucerne,—have I mentioned him? It is a wonderfully beautiful country, this German Switzerland; but it has never produced any famous names, except of a legendary character. Tell of course has been exploded: a mere myth: and I believe even Arnold von Winkelried has fared badly at the hands of the Iconoclasts. On the contrary, French Switzerland has been fruitful in great names,—Rousseau and the rest. Geneva is a classic spot in many respects and has a history; Lucerne has no history,—I mean, none worth reading.

HÔTEL SCHWEIZER HOF, LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND,
16 *November*, 1893.

MY DEAR H.,—I should like to have heard Mazoomdar; there is something fascinating in the antiquity of Hindooism, though in itself, so far as I could ever discover, it is a very nightmare of horrible gods and colossal superstitions.

Jacob Wirth,—yes, I recall the pleasant hours we spent in his hospitable Beer Halls; and I shall never forget the grief of his brother, who, when the news of Jacob's death in the Fatherland arrived in Boston,—and I happening to go there,—first and only occasion during my second visit to Boston,—grasped me by the hand, and in a voice choking with emotion, assured me that the business would be continued at the old stand. . . . Dean Stanley draws out from the pictures in the Catacombs 'the *ἀγαλλίασις* and *ἀφιλότης*, the joy and simplicity of the primitive Church. There is found there no crucifix, no cypress, no death's head, no dance of skeletons, no martyrdom of Saints; but the young shepherdess carrying the lamb amid green pastures, and dove-like souls that soar to heaven,—and the mysterious gladness of the vine.' This last phrase is truly beautiful.

We are still lingering here; and the sun is at this moment shining,—for the second time in a fortnight. However, there has been hardly any rain; the walking has been good; and though one could see nothing in one's walks,—for mountains and lake and all things have been wrapped in heavy clouds, a pall of gloom,—yet at least I got good exercise and purest air:—and we live here so comfortably that I am really loth to move; our rooms have been changed and we are now in the main house; sumptuously furnished rooms. And the tranquillity of the place delights me. There is a bit of a town; most picturesque narrow little streets with projecting roofs, in the Florentine fashion; and a cheerful little Café where we wind up our walks when darkness gathers. The company changes often; and in the Smoking-room in the evening I come across all sorts of folk, who interest me more or less; at any rate, I am kept in contact with *men*. The last guests were three Turks. Men coming from Italy report that the country is on the verge of a revolution; gold is already 20% premium, and the premium steadily rises; this means bankruptcy; and a bankrupt nation falls an easy prey to the demagogue and the spoiler.

Hôtel Schweizer Hof, Lucerne, Switzerland,
28 *November*, 1893.

My dear H.,—I have read all that the *Advertisers* contained about Francis Parkman: a most admirable character and most interesting man. I had a slight acquaintance with him; and I must say, when at very long intervals I happened to meet him, that he was most agreeable and polite. I often met him crossing the Common; and I can see him now, limping along on a stick, and greeting me with a smile. He was a clever writer; and he has made most valuable contributions to an exact and comprehensive knowledge of our early history. But I think he had rather a prosy way of writing, and I do not look upon him as a *great* historian. Nevertheless his works will always hold a place in all 'gentlemen's Libraries'; and it will be a long time before they are superseded by anything better. He had not the vivid imaginative style of Prescott, nor the philosophical insight of Bancroft, but he was painstaking and accurate. His defects lay also in his subject, which was hardly dramatic enough in itself to excite interest. I have received your printed remarks upon books added to your Public Library. They are most interesting to me; and I am accumulating a valuable series of comments upon current Literature. It is an infelicity of Life Abroad that one misses the stream of new books. However, one cannot have everything all at once in this world; yet I should like to have read Ford's *Tropical America*,—I am much interested in tropical America; in fact, all tropics have an intense fascination for me. And I should like also to have looked through Weeden's *Economic and Social History of New England*. I dare say one might find many interesting facts in it relating to the lives and doings of the forefathers in that dreary glacial age, which preceded the present flowering out in New England of the Humanities, under the stimulus of Wealth and Invention,—to say nothing of Rationalism, and of Psychological discoveries and so on. Years ago I remember to have seen Weeden; he was made a member of our old Examiner Club; a modest, clever man, a manufacturer by profession, with a turn for literary pursuits.

It is a drawback that I never have an English Dictionary with me; nor any other Dictionary, nor, in fact, any grammars or aids of any kind to composition; though as for English grammars I can hardly remember the time when I saw one. I was eleven years old when I entered the Latin School and I never saw an English grammar after I entered it. If ever I saw or studied one, it must have been before I entered the Latin School, which by the way was then 'located' in the old schoolhouse in School Street, on the site of what is now Parker's Hotel; and Dixwell,—still alive,—was Head Master; and Francis Gardner,—dead long ago,—was Usher in charge of *Meine Wenigkeit.* Gardner, though peculiar in his ways, was altogether human, and it was Gardner, who through private lessons, put me into the class ahead of mine, so that I made the course in four years instead of five, and entered Harvard at the age of fifteen. *Eheu, fugaces anni.* Old age is often reproached for its garrulity; and I feel sometimes as if I had already entered upon Old Age, though I still hold firmly to the theory that Old Age begins at eighty. But the changes in Boston have been so prodigious in the last sixty years that Old Age is tempted into garrulity, when the mind is thrown back into that period of Ancient History.

This Hotel takes in the Daily New York *World*: full of the most horrible woodcuts. It gives indeed a good deal of information; but the tone of it, as is the case with almost all American newspapers, is very ordinary, not to say vulgar. What a contrast is the sedate way of writing in the German newspapers. It pains me to speak disrespectfully of anything American; but I must say a newspaper like the New York *World*,—and a most copious sheet it is too,—brings one into an atmosphere of dreary talk and dreary company altogether paralyzing. I shall send you a copy of the *Fliegende Blätter.* It beats all the comic journals, in my opinion, in the excellence of its woodcuts; they are all done by the best artists, and show a fund of invention and skill in design, or conception, altogether remarkable.

Yes, I wish I could give you some idea of the beauty of this place, but I can't; nothing could give you an idea of it, not even photographs; and I consider myself fortunate in being here;—yet I must add *thus far*: for it may be that before long we shall be frozen out or snowed under. Thus far, however, we have been able to get our daily afternoon walks; of course we have had a great deal of gloomy weather, but we have had no rains in the afternoons to keep us indoors, though in the mornings at times and especially at night the rains have been heavy; but they make hardly any impression upon the roads, which are still hard and firm, and of late we have had several fine days. To-day for instance is superb: a brilliant blue sky: and clear crisp air: however, the mercury has not yet sunk below the freezing point and our rooms are fairly comfortable: 62° in one room, and 56° in the other. This I find to be a salubrious temperature: to be sure I keep my legs well wrapped in a rug and I wear a wadded silk cap,—but I never suffer from cold hands; and my head remains cool; and I feel much better than I did in stifling New York and Boston Hotels. But the fact is, we are not much in our rooms. I rise usually about six, turn a button and flood my room with electric light, and I have from six to eight for undisturbed exercise of the mental faculties. At eight we have coffee in our rooms; and this with supplementary labours of smoking and reading the newspaper and that kind of thing carries me over to ten o'clock; from ten to twelve o'clock, I give myself again to mental exercises,—and the day is a sucked orange, for at twelve-thirty we breakfast with forks, as the French say; and afterwards I am to be found in the Smoking-room; sometimes I fancy that I might be caught dozing there. At two-thirty we begin a long walk, over grassy hills, along smooth paths, great snow-covered mountains all around us, and fir-covered slopes, and the winding waters of the Beautiful Lake. These walks are doing me much good; and although November may not seem to be a favourable month for Lucerne, yet in point of fact I am taking walks which I could not take in July or August; for Lucerne is a very hot place in those months. We sit as it were at the entrance of the

Gotthard Tunnel; and through this Tunnel there flows a steady stream of travel into Italy and down to the Riviera, and hence the guests are constantly changing; many stay only over night; some linger two or three days. But before I forget it, I must remark upon the wonderful anemological character of the place. I have been here nearly seven weeks, and in all that time there has hardly been wind enough to stir a leaf. The place is extremely well sheltered; the air is always still, and inconceivably pure; I have almost forgotten what wind is like. I should fancy that this extraordinary feature of the climate would make the place an excellent Winter resort for some sorts of invalids.

Hôtel Schweizer Hof, Lucerne, Switzerland,
18 *December*, 1893.

My dear H.,—I have been very depressed of late by the calamitous financial effect of the recent Panic, one of the worst Panics I can remember. I should not however mention this were it not that, in letter-writing, *mood* is everything; and a letter as such is worthless if the mood of the writer be not apparent: a letter being like a lyric, something subjective,—except of course a *descriptive* letter, but then no one of sane mind writes descriptive letters: journalists do that and one reads their letters in the newspapers.

I have been reading a book entitled '*French and English: A Comparison*': by Philip Gilbert Hamerton. It is not a profound work,—the comparisons are rather on the surface; but it is what I call *agreeable talk*; and I find that it has given me a more exact conception than I have had hitherto of many points in the French character; and it strikes me as eminently a fair book. The author has lived long in France; long enough to know something about the French, and at the same time to see his own countrymen from a non-English point of view. He is not unjust to the English; neither is he partial to the French; he holds the scales pretty evenly, free from jingoism on the one hand, or undue love of the French on the other. Under the title of *Manners*, in the Second volume, he discusses *Epistolary Forms*: 'If a superior in rank subscribes himself my obedient servant, I know that this meaning is as remote as possible from the dictionary sense of the words. On the other hand, it would be a mistake to suppose that the words, as he uses them, are meaningless. Such a form, in English, is intended to convey the idea of distance without contempt. It is as much as to say, in familiar English, "I don't know you, and don't care to know you, but I have no desire to be rude to you." The form *Dear Sir*, in English has nothing to do with affection. It means, "I know very little of you, but wish to avoid the coldness of *Sir* by itself." *My dear Sir* means something of this kind, "I remember meeting you in society." . . . Englishmen hardly ever write, *My dear Friend*: that is now an American form':—fancy! But why shouldn't *we* have *American* forms, just as the English have English forms? Are we always to take our 'forms' from the English? The note of *sneer*, which marks all English writing about America, is perceptible in the words 'that is now an American form': —as much as if *we* should say among ourselves—'Oh! they do that in Texas, but not in Boston.'

We are enjoying very mild weather,—34° to 45°—but it is very foggy and damp; the fog has lifted only two or three times in the last ten days; but the snow still keeps off; and we do our walks over the hills with a regularity altogether exemplary. We have lost all desire for Italy, and I should not mind if I never saw either Florence or Rome again. And we have company enough now. The wife and the Parson and the female warrior, as I call her,—meaning her Excellency von S., English woman, prodigious walker, and a tongue like a shark's (do sharks have tongues?), amuse themselves nightly with practising *Patience*, making 'clocks' which somehow never get wound up, and the days flow by with a rapidity altogether amazing: a most tranquil regular life. We live as it were in a Palace in the country,—with a picturesque bit of town appended.

At the Schweizer Hof in Lucerne,
28 *December*, 1893.

My dear H.,—We have just received the harrowing news of the breakdown of the A. Railway; and for the time being our wings are clipped. We shall go nowhere at present until this financial storm shall have blown itself out. It is fortunate however that this 'untoward event' finds us in this delightful place, where we are living on so low a plane of expense that we are not compelled to retrench. Switzerland is the best country I know for poor folk. The Pensions are everywhere cheap and good; you can live down to a dollar a day, and still remain genteel and have somebody to polish your boots. The Pensions are all sweet and clean, and you are not thrown in among vulgar people; and there is a great serenity in the life. I never knew until I came to live here in Lucerne how much I hate cities,—large cities I mean. Large cities are large workshops; they are for men who toil,—who toil on a small scale or a large scale. The contemplative man finds more satisfaction in a semi-country place like this, especially while the snow keeps off, as it does here at present: an occasional flurry indeed, which comes to nothing, except to whiten the higher slopes of the mountains roundabout. But in the main, though extremely gloomy for the most part, the weather is mild: hardly under 40° outdoors for the last ten days, while to-day for a wonder we are enjoying a brilliant sunshine.

One of my Christmas gifts was a copy of Green's *Short History of England*. I have begun the reading; and do not find it so dull as I had fancied it might be,—I mean, the early English part, dealing with the 'forming' of the English people, the gradual crystallization of rude folk into a sort of race or nation. At any rate I shall be able to brush up my knowledge of English History which has become very rusty; and I intend to make a brief compendium,—of leading events and other things, so that I can keep the line of English History in my head, and not be obliged to shut my mouth, for fear of betraying a stupendous ignorance, when a subject of English History is mentioned at a *table* *d'hôte*: a thing which strange to say, does really occur sometimes.

Yes, ' obitual days,' is dreadful; except for your assuring me of the fact, I could not believe that such a phrase were to be found in an English Dictionary.

At the Schweizer Hof in Lucerne,
7 *January*, 1894.

My dear H.,—Well, our Winter has come too at last. It set in on New Year's night with a fall of snow, which frightened me somewhat at first, but in a day or two I found that it came to nothing; for being followed by an unexpected cold wave, the snow which was thin, became dry and was rubbed into the earth and mixed with it by pedestrian travel. The cold was pretty severe for this part of the world,—5° above Zero, rising only to 8° on the two days following; and I did not go out of doors for severe cold acts on my nerves. It is too tonic; the blood goes to my head; and I feel excited, as if I had been drinking strong green tea. At anything over 20° I do not experience this effect.

And now we have had a Play got up by some young English folk; it was rather a farce, indeed, than a Play, and came off last night,—called *Ici on parle Français*. The wife took the part of *Mrs. Spriggins*. The Play was given at nine o'clock, and lasted about an hour; a part of the great Reading-room was set off by screens, and the stage was admirably got up. The English chaplain was the *Major*, and he did really very well. *Mr. Spriggins* was a young English boy, who has passed his entrance examination at Oxford, but will not ' go up ' until after another year. He caught the spirit of the character and played with zest and intelligence. His two sisters, *Sybil* and *Una* (what pretty names!) filled minor parts; and there was a young English boy at school here, who did the Frenchman. It would be too tiresome to write out the plot of the Play. Afterwards they had what the English call ' musical chairs,'—or what we used to call when I functioned in this sort of thing, in old times at Summer resorts,—‘ Stage-coach ’ ; also supplementary dancing ; but as the parquetted floor is very slippery, I abstained of course from dancing, and I am not sure whether I didn’t also abstain from the musical chairs. In fact, we have been in a wild whirl of excitement with these English folk for the last ten days : games every night, to say nothing of dancing : it is a great diversion,—not for me, for I do not care now for this sort of thing, but for the wife, who likes simple amusements of this kind.

Well, the father of these young people is one Mr. P., a mere bit of a man with a boyish face ; his wife is sweet and frail in figure. He is a younger son of a lord, and a clergyman ; and I am sorry to add that he belongs to that treacherous class of Anglican clergymen, whose only object in remaining in the Church of England is to carry it with them into Romanism. He has never once attended the services in the English Chapel in this Hotel ; on the contrary, he and his family go daily to the Roman Catholic Cathedral and there perform their devotions. There is an Italian Prince here too,—a very nice man, altogether refined and polite. He speaks only French and Italian, and says he quite understands everything I say to him in Italian. Well, in a conversation between him and the clergyman the other day, the latter told him that *their religion* was quite the same, except in the matter of Confession, which was not *obligatory* among them as among the Roman Catholics ; it was optional. This was the only difference ; and this is where Ritualism and High Churchism end. The English Chaplain tells me that there is a great deal of this kind of thing in England, but it is counteracted by the common sense of vast masses in the middle class ; and he does not believe that this tendency to the Church of Rome will become universal. But I have given a description of this curious specimen of an ecclesiastical traitor,—I cannot look upon him as anything else,—fancying that it might interest you. Personally he is a very agreeable man,—this clergyman ; and so are his two bright daughters : most agreeable ! so is his frail wife, with the Ten Commandments written on her sweet serious face ; so is his clever boy in breeches and woollen stockings,—a rollicking boy, with a young bull's head, and an arm like a sledge hammer, and a leg,—well, at this point comparisons fail me. They are all agreeable, animated,—we are a Happy Family,—and beautiful Una has even asked me to 'hunt them up' whenever I visit England.

To-day is bright and sunny: and not cold: in fact, we have had a good many sunny days of late: and it makes all the difference in the world whether you have a sunny day in Lucerne, or a gloomy day. The other afternoon, in a brilliant sunlight, I had a grand walk along the Lake with its deep green waters on one side, and before me the great ranges of mountains white with snow, the Rhigi and the Titlis and so on; and returning, Pilatus, with its jagged indentations all whitened, and its brown, black pines, as a foil against the snowy glitter. But it has been severely cold 'all over the place' so to speak. Our friend R. writes from Rome, 'hard snows and worse walking than I ever saw in Boston,'—fancy! in *Rome* the walking worse than in *Boston*; this must be an exaggeration; there is no place where the walking *could* be worse than in Boston in the Winter.

Lucerne is one of those places which furnish little material to the Letter-writer, however strenuous he may be:—landscapes are hard to describe, and even when well described, the description isn't worth reading. 'Nobody of any real culture ever talks nowadays about the beauty of the sunset. Sunsets are quite old-fashioned. They belong to the time when Turner was the last note in painting,' says Oscar Wilde; but I have brought in this quotation rather abruptly. The *argument* is: 'To look at a thing is very different from seeing a thing. One does not see anything until one sees its beauty. At present people see fogs, not because there are fogs, but because poets and painters have taught them the mysterious loveliness of such effects. There may have been fogs for centuries in London. I dare say there were. But no one saw them, and so we do not know anything about them. They did not exist until Art invented them. Art creates an incomparable and unique effect, and having done so, passes on to other things. Nature, on the other hand keeps on repeating this effect until we all become absolutely wearied of it.' There is a great deal of this sort of clever criticism in Oscar Wilde's *Intentions*.

At the Schweizer Hof in Lucerne,
18 *January*, 1894.

My dear H.,—The afternoon promises to be sunny and mild ; extremely inviting for a walk over the hills or along the Lake. In fact, we have been having very mild weather of late : 32° and above, and *no snow*. What you report of 22° below Zero is altogether terrible ; such a temperature would give me a congestion of the brain. 13° below Zero is the lowest figure I ever saw marked on a thermometer, a great many years ago in Boston ; and I remember walking out over the *milldam* in order to experience the strange sensations which so severe a degree of cold might be expected to cause ; but I don't remember finding anything out of the common. Severe cold acts on my nerves, and sets the heart beating unduly.

We take the Chaplain with us sometimes. He is a well-read man, and is so lucky as to have what he has read at his fingers' ends ; but he is extremely stiff and ponderous : a kind of tortuous icicle. Nevertheless twice in four months I have caught him smiling at one of my inchoate jokes. And by the way speaking of Letters, he remarked the other night that the words commonly used in closing a letter,—'faithfully,'—'truly,'—'sincerely,' have all in England a different signification :—'faithfully yours' is extremely *distant*,—the most *distant* phrase one can use ; *truly yours* means intimacy ; *sincerely yours*, the *utmost intimacy*. And I must say I am in favour of giving definite signification to such terms, and not using them indiscriminately : slopping all over the place, as it were.

At the Schweizer Hof in Lucerne,
17 *February*, 1894.

My dear H.,—We are now sharing your Arctic conditions. After several weeks of the most delightful weather,—sunny skies, and soft air, it began to snow last night and has been snowing ever since. It looks as if we were in for a 'great snow'; for from what I gather from the natives, the possibilities of snow in this place are really prodigious; they have it three feet high at times. However, the air is mild and the sun powerful.

Our warrior Excellenz von S. has brought us little bouquets of mountain daisies and primroses and tiny ferns gathered in morning walks over the hills. And that reminds me,—Excellenz von S. has of late been in great distress,—a distress which has no doubt aggravated her heart trouble,—because a daughter of hers, married to an Englishman and living in London, is slowly 'passing over to Rome.' The husband is a Roman Catholic, a 'pervert.' He seems to have money, besides having a good position under Government. Poor von S. is constantly receiving letters from her daughter upon the subject of the Church, and she reads them to the Chaplain, with tears in her eyes and cheeks awfully flushed, almost purple; and the two discuss the situation with profoundest solemnity and gloom. They are really in earnest, the poor things:—it is painful to see how earnest; and how Excellenz takes this all to heart; it has really almost killed her. To me, with my philosophic views, it seems indifferent what form a man's religion takes, provided the ethical contents are there; I cannot understand all this fuss and worry. To me it indicates a certain narrow-mindedness or even fanaticism. From the *political side* I hate the Roman Catholic Church as I hate the devil; and if it ever came to a fight and I were fit for the job, I would lead a forlorn hope against it with all the fury of a musty Puritan; but from the *religious side*,—it is all one to me, so long as a religion makes for righteousness and love, for good works and charity.

At the Schweizer Hof in Lucerne,
17 *March*, 1894.

My dear H.,—We have not had a frost here for now a long time, and until lately we have been having most brilliant weather; but this is the fourth day of gloom and rain and sleet. The air to-day however is mild and the sun is making an effort to break through the mist; the grass is very green; and early buds and blossoms are visible here and there. I hear often from our friend R. but he writes nothing about Rome. The only sight-seeing he has done has been confined to the *Forum*. He saw that, and was laid up for weeks with an attack of influenza. His whole thought is directed to the subject of Socialism, and the new order of society which Socialism is expected to bring in, accompanied by awful cataclysms. It is a very dreary subject. The reformation or regeneration of the human race is too big a thing for me to grasp; and I can't picture to myself a state of society, from which the right of property has been eliminated,—a state of society in which the wolf lies down with the lamb, and everybody is co-operative and virtuous. What would the world be without its follies,—nay, its vices: that is, within limits: when everything that we do is to be judged good or bad according as it brings in an 'economic return'? This would be a kind of Quaker Communism; and how very dreary would the earth become; it is dreary enough already; but take away our amusements, and follies, our Art and Literature and Science, and reduce us all to mere labouring machines, bringing in 'economic returns,'—goodness, may I be gone before that glacial phase overwhelms mankind! However, no soup is eaten as hot as it is cooked, according to a familiar German proverb; and though you expel human nature with a pitchfork, it will return—according to Horace—and it is precisely the vice of Socialism and all these modern Utopian doctrines that they overlook human nature. In my opinion every effort to reform mankind must begin with the individual human being; reform him, and Evil falls away of itself. However it is certainly a portentous sign of the times,—the rapid progress which the Socialistic doctrine is making in the United States, as well as in Europe ; the doctrine that the State shall find remunerative employment for everybody, after having abolished all private property :—of course this means Chaos :—but as mankind cannot exist in a state of Anarchy, this means Socialistic despotism, and what not. Yet Political Economy, for me the dreariest of all subjects, is positively an obsession with our friend ; he eats and drinks and sleeps Political Economy ; and even writes verses on it :—while overhead is the blue sky of Rome, and all around him lie treasures of Art such as the world knows not of elsewhere. Well, we must all interest ourselves in something, and one hobby is doubtless as good as another. Nevertheless his letters are interesting, for his thought runs on an elevated plane : a man of much reading, of incessant thinking,—and withal, permeated with the finest ethical principle. I have the greatest esteem for his character and striving ; indeed, I feel quite like a worm when I reflect how much interest I *might* take,—as he and others do,—in the welfare and fate of mankind :—and yet don't take it. To my mind, there is an overruling Providence that guides the race as a whole. I cannot pretend to formulate schemes for the future movements of civilization—all I can see is that each man must work out his own salvation ; and then all will be well with the human race.

At the Schweizer Hof in Lucerne,
28 *March*, 1894.

My dear H.,—Our friend R. reports having 'assisted' at a Passion Play in a cheap theatre in Rome, where the men wore their hats and smoked during the Agony ! and I am watching the proceedings in Congress with ever sickening disgust. There seems to be no likelihood that anything will be done to bring the country out of the muddle into which bad legislation has brought it ; business is still prostrate and railway earnings do not improve, and on the horizon of the future lowers ever the dark cloud of Silver Inflation. Our only reliance for the present is upon President Cleveland and his strong will ; but he may snap in two at any moment. Oh! for an enlightened despot,—for as to the people ever being enlightened,—that is past hoping. The times are indeed turbid; and all things are uncertain. We have each of us our own burdens to carry, and it does no good to whine about them; everything passes in this world, and we and our worries shall pass too:—and that reminds me, I have just been reading a thin sad novelette entitled *Ships that pass in the night*:—the title being taken from Longfellow's lines in 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,'—

'Ships that pass in the night, and speak to each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness:
So, on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.'

The scene is laid in Davos in Switzerland,—a very high snowy spot, where consumptives do resort in the hope of prolonging precarious days. But the title as usual has nothing to do with the story; and there is not much in it,—either in the story or in the title; but it served to fill the fag end of an evening, while the wife played Halma with the spectacled Chaplain. And by the way, the Chaplain is leaving us to-morrow for Glion, above Montreux, where he is to officiate for a month, another clergyman having been appointed for Lucerne. I went to hear him for the first time last Sunday, being Easter Sunday. He read the Service well, but in what seemed to me a most unnatural voice. I sat in the rear of the Church; and its acoustic properties are so dreadful that I couldn't make out a single word of the Service. The Sermon, delivered from a pulpit, I heard somewhat better,—though unconnectedly; I could make out only a few flowery phrases. I fancied that the Chaplain, who talks uncommonly well, a man of wide reading, of scientific cast of mind,—he got his degree on mathematics at Cambridge,—extremely well informed upon a great variety of subjects,—I fancied that his Sermon would really have something in it; but it didn't; it was the usual trash. And by the way, the English have this Church,—it is just behind our hotel,—in common with a German Protestant

Congregation,—a Society which consists of Zwinglians,—who are said to be substantially Unitarians :—and there has been a split in it,—a more orthodox minority wishes to draw off and have a pastor of their own, using the same church in common with the original society, thus leaving the English out in the cold. Lucerne, for the rest, is an intensely Roman Catholic and bigoted place ; and monks and ringing of cathedral and convent bells supplement the picturesqueness of the old walls and towers and Alpine snows and forest slopes of the forest lake.

The weather of late has been most brilliant : quite like Italy : bluest skies : intensely clear pure air and mild : budding of shrubs and carol of birds : and no wind whatever : and then the picturesqueness of the hills with their villas and white roads and gardens and trees. And the outlook over the Lake and upon the mountains glittering white in the sunlight ! I sit much in the open now : in the long glass-covered verandah in front of the hotel, where I smoke painful Swiss cigars and contemplate the wondrous landscape and the trim little steamboats gliding in front of me not thirty feet away : for we are close upon the water. And then, after the Chaplain leaves, our other buffer at table, the Prince S. of Palermo, will go shortly. The Prince has been living for a year in this hotel : busy with introducing into Switzerland the wines of his estate in Sicily,—the *Château de Mezzojuso* : a most industrious man : very sweet in his manners. He speaks French and Italian only ; the wife chooses the French and I do the Italian ; but the construction of my sentences in that beautiful language ‘ leaves something to be desired,’ as the Germans say. One night last winter the Prince read Dante to us,—he knows the *Inferno* by heart :—it was an exquisite enjoyment. What a delicious tongue it is to be sure ! I wonder if Icelandic can beat it, either for sound or for sense. If you were here, however, you would surely grapple with the Schwytzer Dootch spoken in Lucerne :—it sounds like the gabble of gorillas ; but the people who talk it, can’t write it : when they write letters to one another, they write in good German.

At the Schweizer Hof in Lucerne,
10 *April*, 1894.

My dear H.,—Spring has burst upon us with unwonted glory. I sit in my chamber with open windows; the air is soft and laden with perfume of flowers, and the birds sing merrily; and there comes in upon me too the shriek of the steam whistles from the busy little boats on the Lake; and now and then from afar off the sound of a convent bell. For weeks now we have had uninterrupted sunshine: not a drop of rain and hardly a cloud for over a month.

Well, we are hanging on here by the skin of the teeth, so to speak (you will find this phrase in the Bible: it struck me always as extremely happy): But I must confess that the daily rush of invading hordes is becoming tiresome and confusing. However, we have availed ourselves of this delicious Spring weather to make a couple of excursions upon the Lake. First, a sail to Alpnach,—through one of the Bays of the Lake: exquisite scenery. Alpnach lies behind Pilatus, and it is there that the railway up Pilatus begins. I looked up the track: it was fearfully steep; I could not possibly make the ascent; I should become giddy at once and drop out. Secondly, we made an all-day excursion, from ten in the morning to half-past five in the afternoon, up the Lake, to Tell's *Platte* in the Bay of Uri. The Bay of Uri makes the end of the Lake, and is wonderfully grand: mountains rising precipitously from the water. The *Platte* is the only spot affording a foothold; and it was there that the mythical Tell sprang ashore and escaped from the boat in which the mythical Gessler was conveying him to prison. From the *Platte* we ascended by an extremely steep path up wearisome heights until we came out upon the *Axenstrasse*, a magnificent road skirting the Lake. We had intended to walk to Fluelen and take the return boat for Lucerne; but we hadn't time to do this. We walked therefore through a part only of the *Axenstrasse*,—the finest part where are the galleries cut through overhanging rocks,—superb views down upon the green waters of the Lake and out upon the opposite mountains glittering white in the sunlight; and then we retraced our steps and came to a neat little hotel just above the *Platte*, where we had our lunch in an open verandah; and a joyous lunch it was: juicy tenderloin beefsteaks and *geröstete Kartoffeln* and bottles of good Swiss red wine: in an open verandah, looking down upon the Lake and up to the great mountains, in the midst of the most exquisite scenery.

Hôtel Victoria, Interlaken,
2 *May*, 1894.

My dear H.,—The other afternoon we left our beautiful Lucerne behind us. The day was partially cloudy: just the right sort of day for travelling. We journeyed by the railway from Lucerne over the Brunig. It is not a grand Pass, but the scenery is extremely picturesque,—especially just after leaving Lucerne, with its hills, *riant* in the blossoming Springtime, and glistening green slopes. It is a small railway, and before ascending the Brunig becomes cog-wheeled, so to speak; there were but two or three carriages, but they were well filled. At Alpnach we came out upon the Lake of Lucerne again,—and there took our final leave of it. The Brunig is not high enough to show any snow at this season; but the air was rather cooler at the summit and the coffee was horrible at ten cents the cup. Thence we descended to Meiringen, and then running through a long stretch of level bottom land came down close to the pier at the Lake of Brienz, where a little steamboat was waiting to take us to Interlaken. We reached Brienz at about six-thirty o'clock, and rather more than an hour's sail brought us to Interlaken. The sail was delightful, though there was a chill wind blowing. The Lake reminded me of a Fjord in Norway, being shut in by lofty precipitous mountains, their tops whitened with snow, on which the lingering light of sunset was still resting. It was dark when we reached Interlaken and rumbled up to this Hotel in a big omnibus. Alas! what a contrast is it all to our sumptuous quarters in the Schweizer Hof: small rooms,—and as the electric light is not yet installed we are thrown back upon the misery of candles. We are up three flights, but there is a lift, so that the altitude does not count : front rooms : one has a balcony, upon which before last Friday I could stand and contemplate the whiteness of the *Jungfrau* just in front of us. It looks very near, but they say it is eleven miles away as the crow flies. I say before last Friday,—for ever since Friday came in all is blank :—darkness and gloom and wetness. I was never so thoroughly wrapt up in clouds, and hardly ever so uncomfortable. The place lies between two Lakes,—the Lake of Brienz and the Lake of Thun : a narrow flat plain between mountains : you can walk from one Lake to the other easily in an hour I should think. Through it, close to the mountains, behind the main street on which are situated the greater part of the hotels, runs a green and limpid stream called the *Aare*.

Well, Wednesday and Thursday were fine days, Thursday especially; and we fancied that the Summer had really come, with its wealth of greenness and its balmy air, and what not. On Wednesday afternoon we strolled over the place : a bit of village, full of hotels and Pensions and shops of Swiss wood-carvings and photographs : the sun broiled us like a live-coal : a quaint place in some old parts of it : but the other parts displayed only the usual features of a European Summer resort. It is not a place that attracts me in the least. I should not care to tarry here : we are merely waiting until the hotels on the Beatenberg are opened,—or until we can go elsewhere ; for as long as this awful weather lasts, we are tied ; it is useless to think of going anywhere ; and the weather gives no sign of changing :—each day is blacker, colder, and gloomier and more rainy if possible than the preceding. There are no stoves in the house, and we sit wrapped in rugs : at 54° : ‘ sadly seeing our own heavy breathing.’ However, we did enjoy a magnificent walk on Thursday afternoon, all over a mountain, called the Kleine Rugen,—a mountain upon which I look from my balcony ; compared with the great mountains, it looks like a wooded hill, but it made my poor legs ache to conquer it ; delightful paths through the woods ; benches here and there at the prettiest points ; extensive views over the Interlaken plain and the Lakes at either end; the walks reminded me of those on the forest covered slopes of the hills in Carlsbad; but alas! we missed the right path for the descent, and I came down over precipices, strained and trembling; and I must say it's a wonder that I didn't tear a hole in the mountain on my way down. I am a heavy weight. There is no 'season' in Interlaken before the middle of June. We sit down only twenty to thirty at dinner; the Hotel is modern and somewhat pretentious; it is stingily kept, and the table is poor. We shall go up and explore Beatenberg; and if we find anything satisfactory, we may pitch our tents there for a time. It is a most delightful country, Switzerland,—in the Summer,—in fine weather; but when you are wrapped in a wet blanket of clouds, and can't see a hundred yards in any direction Switzerland is a 'different pair of shoes,' as they say here.

I have been wearing away some idle hours in reading '*A Gentleman of France*' by one Stanley Weyman. The scene is laid in the time of Henry of Navarre, and one is quite taken back into the Middle Ages. This is what I like,—not particularly the Middle Ages,—but to have my mind and imagination transferred to some distant epoch, far away from the muddle and turmoil and grimy unrest of the Present. The plot is one of incessant action; it reminds me of Scribe's plots; it is all narrative,—of quickly succeeding events and stirring situations. There is no moral to it; no point; it is simply a lively story; no thought in it; no purpose; no venom such as the *Heavenly Twins* is steeped in; but it is a capital story for a gloomy rainy day, being full of life and vacant of heavy moralizings. The few people in this Hotel do not interest me in the least,—except a country doctor from near Hartford, who entertains me vastly with his hearty undisguised whole-souled Yankeeisms. Blood is stronger than water and I would give a hundred tiresome Germans for one thorough-going frank kindly countryman like my friend,—if only he didn't sport such a beastly goatee!

Hôtel Victoria, Interlaken,
11 *May*, 1894.

My dear H.,—Have you read *The Sources of Consolation in Human Life* by our old friend W. R. Alger? He has sent me a copy of this book; but as it came to hand a day or two ago only, I have not yet had time to look into it. However, it strikes me that a little of this sort of consolatory writing goes a great way, to use a colloquial phrase. Alger has a rich vocabulary; he collects many thoughts; but there is a heavy monotone in his style; it is all in one strain, and therefore wearisome. He has not the literary faculty,—I mean from the point of view of *Art*, for writing is after all an art. There are no lights and shadows; he has a prodigious command of words, but he dumps them in sentences without discrimination; he is not easy nor winning in his way:—all this is what he isn't; but on the contrary there is earnestness, elevation of thought, refinement of sentiment; much to cheer the afflicted mind,—and lift the burden of sorrow and misery, by pointing out the purpose of suffering in the Divine Plan, and so on. Also the other day, perishing for something to read besides novels, and happening to see in a shop window a book on Goethe by J. R. Seeley, I bought the same; but this is a kind of book which I can't afford to devour as one devours books in literary centres, where one has only to stretch out one's hands and receive copious supplies of literary pabulum. I am therefore taking it slowly; and thus far,—it strikes me as rather wordy—not to say, weak. I read Goethe thoroughly in days long gone, when I was breaking my way into German Literature. His style is exquisite; he is always clear, and to the point. There is no verbiage about him: no cloud of words enwrapping vague thoughts. His ballads are wonderfully beautiful; and for proverbs, he is simply prodigious. In comparing him with other great writers, Seeley makes an interesting remark, to the effect that Scott for instance by virtue of his birth as a Scot came into the inheritance of a vast amount of romance and lore which had been accumulating from former ages: that in his brain were the stores already received from hundreds of years of chivalry and song: he had only by the force of his great genius to work up the material which was thus put into his hands as it were:—while on the other hand Goethe inherited nothing from the past,—not even a language. He was obliged to create everything,—his public as well as himself. Hence many baffled efforts, and a sum total inferior in volume of great achievement to such prodigies as Scott or Shakespeare.

We have availed ourselves of a superb day for an excursion to St. Beatenberg. This is one of the biggest things I have done of late years; I mean from the pedestrian point of view. Our hotel is situated, say ten minutes' walk from the Lake of Thun; there we took a small steamboat, after lunch; and a sail of half an hour or thereabouts brought us to a point on the lake called Beatenbucht. At this point we disembarked: and rode up the mountain,—Beatenberg,—on a funicular railway,—*Drahtseilbahn* in German—very steep: utter misery to me: sixteen minutes for the ascent. Arrived at the top we found ourselves in what is called *Beatenberg*,—being a winding road, three miles long,—nothing more, along the side of the mountain: on the other side of the road precipitous slopes: which it sometimes made me giddy to look down upon,—two thousand feet down to the Lake; and of a dark night one might easily wander from the road and go tumbling into eternity. This road is lined at intervals with hotels and Pensions,—hardly any of them as yet opened for the season:—but at the end of the road, where the descending carriage-road begins, we found an attractive 'Hotel,'—inn, or rather, Summer boarding-house,—called the *Alpenrose*, sweet and clean: in fact, altogether idyllic. Our Yankee doctor had gone up to Beatenberg the day before, and we met him on our walk along the winding road, and he kindly turned and accompanied us as far as the Alpenrose. He is tarrying at a house close by. Well, from this road you have a superb panorama: all the Jungfrau range, glittering white in the sunlight: the deep green Lake at one's feet: and mountains rising bold and grand against the sky in every direction. The sky was cloudless, of a brilliant blue; the slopes of the mountains were green with grass or laughing *riant* with blossoming trees,—the air was tonic; one felt almost as if it lifted and carried one on wings. This road took me over an hour. Then began the descent: fine carriage-road in endless zigzag: and oh! the weariness of it! two hours' hard walking: and we arrived at our hotel in Interlaken just at dinner-time,—I was pale, wet and trembling: three hours and ten minutes' walk!

Another day was also a field day. We went to Thun: cloudless sky, of a brilliant blue: cool air. Rail to Thun in the morning: a new railway running along the Lake: one hour by rail to Thun:—quaint place. We had struck a Market Day: place swarming with natives and cattle tethered in the narrow streets: everything most picturesque if smelly: strolled all over the place: mediæval *Schloss*: old walls; inspected hotels: one, the Bellevue, in a ravishing garden. The sun was very hot and it was not long before I collapsed; and we went for a *mittagsessen* in an old Inn called the *Freyerhof*; very good; especially the Barbera wine which they gave us; and afterwards I sat in the garden of the inn over a rushing stream, and smoked the pipe of peace and poetries, while the wife went into the town on errands. She is indefatigable and doesn't understand what it is to be tired, while I, as you know, was born tired. Delightful sail back to Interlaken in the afternoon light: charming scenery:—yesterday the old old gloom and blackness and wet: raining all day:—to-day the sun is wrestling with the imps of blackness, but will probably be worsted.

Hôtel Victoria, Interlaken,
19 *May*, 1894.

My dear H.,—At last we have decided to go up to St. Beatenberg. The weather has changed for the better, and of late we have been having delicious Summer days, warm and sunny. I suppose we are more than a month in advance of you; yet this would not express the whole difference. The Spring is longer,—far longer here than with us; at home we start up suddenly in the middle of

May, whereas here in Switzerland I have been having a Springtime for so long that I can't tell when it began. It was Springlike towards the end of February in Lucerne; and slowly, slowly the Spring worked on. It is already Summer; but nevertheless there are certain trees which are only just now budding. It is a fruitful plain, this *Bōdeli*, as the natives call it, though Interlaken lies nearly two thousand feet above the sea level, speaking roughly, and St. Beatenberg another two thousand feet higher up. 'The long grass waves in the breeze'; the luxuriant horse-chestnuts are magnificent in colour,—white and red; the red are superb; there is one avenue where the red and white alternate, producing a happy effect. The place consists substantially of one long street called the Höheweg, on which are situated the Hotels; and opposite them is a great green meadow called the *Höhematte.* I look down upon it from my little balcony: most refreshing to the eye: also fragrant. And then directly in front of me,—behind the opening of a valley which breaks the mountain chain, lies the towering *Jungfrau*, a mass of white snow. It is not a place which attracts me so much as did Lucerne; yet after all, there is pretty scenery, and there are many fine walks. The village lies at the end where we are, not far from the railway station for Thun; also near the steamboat pier; for there has been made a long canal for the steamboats through the low-lying plain leading up from the Lake of Thun.

Well, we made an excursion to Grindelwald in the afternoon: train all the way: cog-wheel at times: but we were very unlucky. The afternoon had promised to be sunny: but nevertheless heavy black clouds soon rolled up, and it was horribly dark and wet. We could see nothing, except here and there through the driving rain bits of picturesque scenery. We paddled about Grindelwald for a little, but it was no good: a hilly place surrounded by mountains: it was all burned down in August, 1892, through a spark from the kitchen of a hotel caught up by the *Foehn* wind then blowing and fanned into a flame. *Every* house in the place seems to have been burned; we saw many ruins, nothing but walls left; not a house that was not new; and they have nearly completed a truly magnificent hotel; but the glaciers and all that sort of thing in the neighbourhood of Grindelwald we of course missed; however, I don't think I care much for glaciers. The only ice I want to see now is what comes out of an ice-box.

But I was bent upon going to Mürren; and a day breaking cloudless and clear, we made the excursion:—by train from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen, through a picturesque valley with dashing streamlet, and from Lauterbrunnen by *funicular* to the top of the mountain. You know what these funiculars are: a train drawn up by a wire cable by means of the weight of the descending train which is freighted with water to correspond with the weight of the ascending train. The ascent lasted for twenty-six minutes. I sat with my face to the mountain, and never looked to the right or to the left. It was utter misery, but I had determined to endure it. The track is straight of course, and the grade 60 : 100; it seemed almost perpendicular; and the minutes were long. I thought that we should never reach the top, but we did; and then we took an electric trolley train,—imagine a trolley train five thousand feet above the sea level, running for two and a half miles along the edge of stupendous precipices, over against massive snow mountains, the *Jungfrau* and the rest, so near that one fancied one could throw a stone at them across the awful ravine along the edge of which we were running, This brought us to Mürren: stupendous view: grandest in the Bernese Oberland: vast snow mountains close to one: and fearful depth of valley between. There are two or three hotels in the place: nothing more: a lonesome Alpine solitude. We took lunch in the *Hôtel des Alpes*, on the borders of gruesome chasms: stone house: well fitted up: and pleasant verandah looking directly upon the glittering snows. We thought before we went up that we might like to tarry there for a time; but I could not stand this sort of loneliness and dreary glitter for long. It is a superb excursion, one of the few finest which I ever made; but I prefer St. Beatenberg for a sojourn. I had determined that I would walk down the mountain, and walk I did, but it was a fearsome task: a narrow bridle path: stony and steep: I had to pick my way at every step: I stumbled often,—once into a raging torrent that crossed the path: the strain on the knees and muscles of the legs was dreadful: it was at last a kind of agony. However, after two hours and a half of misery,—not a yard of level ground anywhere: one continuous, precipitous descent,—I reached Lauterbrunnen and sank upon a bench in the friendly garden of a little inn:—amidst flowering shrubs and lilacs:—and 'called for soda water' or rather, black coffee; which under the circumstances is the same thing, if not a better thing. Train from Lauterbrunnen back to Interlaken, including view of the Staubbach Waterfall, curious and picturesque.

At the Alpenrose in St. Beatenberg,
1 *June*, 1894.

My dear H.,—I am sorry to say that wet days are the rule just now; in fact ever since we came up here, we have had most 'awful weather'; fortunately to-day the sun is shining, and I am sitting with open casements and my thermometer hanging on the wall, marking 50° while my legs are well wrapped in a heavy railway rug. But alas! what haven't we endured in the way of discomfort since we have been on the top of this mount of the Saint called The Happy:—snow, rain, fog, blackest clouds, mountains and Lake all shut in, and a temperature of say 40° to 45° outdoors, while indoors except in front of a stingy fire in the Salon we have been shivering till you might hear our teeth chatter all over the place.

I have read Seeley's book on Goethe, and I must confess it did not interest me. I find it thin, and crotchety; in fact, weak. Nothing will ever be written about Goethe to compare with Lewes' Life of him, which I read years and years ago when the enthusiasms of youth were 'on,' and German Literature was a fragrant flower,—or rather a flowery mead; and I wandered at will therein, disporting myself in a new world of thought and fancy. Also I have read various reviews and things kindly lent me by our friends E. and Miss D. These are the only guests here besides ourselves: an idyllic seclusion, sweetened by good companionship. Miss D. we became acquainted with at the Hôtel Victoria in Interlaken, and she came up here the day after we came; she is tall and thin and of a 'certain age'; and she is one of the most thoroughly agreeable women whom ever I met; well read, clever, much travelled; knows everybody worth knowing, including the Anglo-American Roman set; for she is much and gladly in Rome. And in her way she is an artist. She showed us one night some of her pen and ink sketches of birds,—altogether exquisite; she is always amiable, never developing any kind of friction; and this you will agree with me is an eminent attraction. And then good little E.,—how shall I describe him? Small, thin, bald, sandy-whiskered: what the English call a *Dissenting Minister*: Congregationalist, in fact: but really a good Unitarian like you and me: of course a better one than I am:—sixty-five: has had two wives,—both dead: the second was an artist from Geneva: four children: two daughters in England: one son and a daughter in America. He must have had originally a good deal of money, but he lost much of it in bad investments in America; and I am sorry to say that Miss D. mentioned having incurred the same fate; from which I deduce the corollary that it is the function of America to impoverish Europeans as well as Americans. His son is a civil engineer, and studied his profession in America in Hartford, where E. lived with him. In fact E. has been much everywhere in the 'States.' He spent a Winter in California, and now for several years he has lived in Beatenberg in the Summer; he enthuses for Beatenberg; in fact he is the guardian angel of the place. He has an *apartment* somewhere, and lunches only with us,—this lunch being his chief meal. He is a most agreeable little man; knows all the walks and all the flowers; and with his help and that of Miss D. who is a born naturalist, I have been learning the names of Alpine flowers. And there are no end of flowers here; I never saw such masses of wild flowers of every name and colour: fields of pink *campions*: *primulas*: solanellas,—quaint little flower which E. says that Ruskin makes much of: blue gentians,—cowslips and many others, too numerous to mention: and besides, I have forgotten the names. E. has written a little book about the place, and in fine weather it is really a place worth enthusing about. From the balcony of my room I see the Alps from the Schreckhorn to the Niesen, and below me the dark green Lake of Thun: glittering snow-summits: and all around are grassy slopes, and dark fir forests: cultivation everywhere: a picturesque little old Swiss Church: (the place is Protestant): and a tiny graveyard: also a little English Church: and hotels and Pensions strewn all along the highway:—it is really wonderful scenery.

At the Alpenrose in St. Beatenberg,
12 *June*, 1894.

My dear H.,—How do you pronounce the English proper name *Colclough*? Miss D. gave it to me as an extreme instance of English eccentricity or vagary, or what shall we call it?—in pronunciation. It is pronounced as if written *Coakley*!

The meeting of the Pejepscot Historical Society in its new Building, likewise mentioned in *The Telegraph*, at which you read an extract from your Grandfather's Diary, giving an account of a brief visit which he made to Brunswick in the year 1806,—the Diary which you showed me when I was with you in Brunswick,—this meeting must have been most interesting. How much old diaries and letters,—almost worthless at the time they were written,—do gain in value by the lapse of years! especially when coming down from a period when newspapers were rare and never minute in their chroniclings; and the value is also enhanced by the mere fact of their preservation, so very few relics of this sort survive, private papers being mostly destroyed as the years go on,—burnt up or thrown away: I fancy there are comparatively very few private letters preserved from the Colonial times, even down into the present century. People wrote few letters in those times; they wrote long ones to be sure, when they did write; but there was not much epistolary intercourse; there were few if any folk who as now had nothing to do but write letters; the world was small; interests narrow; hardly anyone travelled; and over all lay the black shadow of dreary dogmatisms. But it is well, after all, that few manuscripts have survived. The world is groaning under a mass of words written and printed; and the volume swells year by year,—till at last nothing will be remembered. And that reminds me,—I read Winsor's and Fiske's tributes to Francis Parkman which you kindly sent me. Winsor's writing was thin and commonplace; but Fiske's paper was really interesting, and clever. It put Parkman's work in a new light; though I could not but think that the writer exaggerated Parkman's place in historical literature.

Well, we have been on *The Mount* for now three weeks; and if ever I had so much as dreamed of the weather and discomfort I was coming into, I should certainly never have come. When I opened my great green shutters this morning for instance, I looked out upon a fog so dense that I could scarcely see the railings of my own balcony; and when a little later I looked out again, behold it was *snowing fast*; of course it was a wet snow and therefore it melted as it fell; but nevertheless it made the air cold; 53° in my room.

Apropos of Madame Sarah Grand and *The Heavenly Twins* I have only to say that I take no interest in her. There is nothing bad or unwholesome in the book; but the venom of it is prodigious,—a venom directed wholly against *men*. The authoress can see no good in men, and nothing but good in women. The book is clumsily written and the style is turbid. How such rubbish can find a wide market I don't know. I am told to read *Marcella*, Mrs. Humphry Ward's last: socialistic, and that kind of thing. I should be glad if I never heard again the word socialism. I never knew till lately to what extent I am conservative and a fogy, but this riot of new and impossible ideas and theories for reorganizing mankind upsets me altogether; I am thrown off my feet; the old world totters and a new world, in which I am put to earn my daily bread by street-sweeping, looms on an horizon red with blood of fogies. For my part in the brief span that is left me I prefer to keep a tranquillity unruffled by the *Sturm* and *Drang* of a new social order. If I could really do mankind any good, I should be proud to do it; but it doesn't do mankind any good to play with these edge tools; and unless a writer has a definite plan or fragment of a plan, of amelioration to offer to the world, what good does it do for him to be always echoing the cries of discontent that go up and always have been going up from a suffering humanity: and that is what these socialistic novelists are doing.

At the Alpenrose in St. Beatenberg,
27 *June*, 1894.

My dear H.,—I never heard of this trouble,—appendicitis,—until within a year or two, and now it seems to me as if I heard of nothing else. There was an English gentleman laid up with it at the Victoria Hotel in Interlaken all the time we were there. He caught a chill on the Lake of Thun on his way from England with his family; and his case was very serious; it was an even chance for two or three weeks which way the disease would turn. The Swiss doctors, brought from Berne, wanted to operate on him, but an American doctor who happened to be in the Hotel at the moment and who at the request of the family was taken into a consultation persistently objected to an operation; and it was not performed. The gentleman has now recovered. We saw him up here the other day with his family; they had come up for a day's excursion; he was still weak; but he could smoke his cigar and enjoy the views; and I must say, this 'scored one' for the American doctor. He was a nice man: my neighbour at the *table d'hôte*. His grammar was dreadful; he *yanked* his words, as he did everything else; but he was very clever, though very slow and deliberate: one of those men who say more with their eyes and a twist of the mouth than with the tongue,—that member being chiefly occupied in another way more agreeable to the owner than in wasting words,—the chewing of tobacco, I mean.

And speaking of colds, our little E.,—guardian angel of the Mount, remarked to me yesterday, àpropos of a cough which the horrible Weather had given me, that every cold was a fresh nail in one's coffin. This strikes me as an exaggeration; but nevertheless a cold does wear on one badly, and a succession of colds and coughs may well lead us down the Great Decline faster than we care to go. However, we have left the horrible weather behind us; for now some ten days we have enjoyed sunnier skies and a milder temperature: 66° in our rooms. The Summer seems really to have come at last,—at least in a measure; and The Mount is altogether lovely. We shall soon once more fold our tents and silently steal away. And after all we have had enough of The Mount, *my* walks being extremely limited. People who can climb steep slopes may find plenty of occupation, but my one walk is to the Bakery, along the Beatenberg Road,—though now and then I vary it by an excursion over the slopes back of the House, up the Gemmenalp way, through pine forests and across a rippling streamlet, over a green Alp and down again upon the Road. There is but one road; and half way between the end of it at the Kurhaus, and the Alpenrose lies the Bakery,—nearly opposite the picturesque old Swiss church and still more picturesque old Swiss parsonage; and there is a little terrace in front of the Bakery where are tables and a bench and awnings; and Mrs. Baker (I forget the husband's name) makes excellent coffee. It is pleasant sitting there,—with the great mountains rising grandly in front and the deep green lake below, and verdant slopes; and just close to the parsonage is the biggest and weirdest tree,—a sycamore,—which I ever saw. Words fail me to describe it: huge trunk, forking in divers ways: vast boughs, moss-grown and rough: it must be very old, this tree. The church dates from 1594, the period of the Reformation; and the parsonage also I fancy. It is my favourite resort, the little terrace in front of the Bakery: for it affords me something human so to speak, by way of contrast with the dreariness of great white snow masses up against the sky. Scenery unrelieved by the human element does not attract me. The vast scenery of our Rocky Mountains never touched me:—at first, yes: but afterwards I am overcome by the loneliness and dreariness of it, and gladly turn away to contemplate a log hut, if happily there may be one near. I fancy a good many persons are affected in the same way with myself; hence the peculiar charm of Switzerland: everywhere cultivation: and grassy slopes and chalets: the tinkling of cow-bells,—and the *yodel*: and perfume of new mown hay: and *Sennhütte*; nowhere the loneliness of an uninhabited region: forests of spruce and fir,—with benches here and there: and well marked paths: and rustic bridges over splashing streams: and for a background towering mountains and glittering snows: with stretches of placid lakes, and hamlets dotting their shores at the foot of great green slopes. All this makes Switzerland beautiful; and the absence of all this makes our grand scenery, to me at least, depressing and dreary. But there is no accounting for tastes; and I will not quarrel with one who prefers Pike's Peak to the Jungfrau.

E. is a kind of 'come-outer,' as we say, from among the Congregationalists; and he lent me among other things a book entitled *Mark Rutherford: an Autobiography*,—a fiction of course; and I have just seen advertised another work of fiction, entitled *Catherine Furze*, by Mark Rutherford. The point of these books is to explain the mental condition as it were of the lower classes in England, and the utter inadaptability of the usual Church teachings to reach them. The impression left on my mind was one of utter hopelessness of any good being done to these lower classes in England by any means or machinery whatever. They are dreary books,—with only occasional gleams of brightness; but they are I fancy terribly true in their realism. They are, for nine-tenths, justification of 'come-outism'; and we Unitarians got through with all that kind of thing a hundred years ago.

Munich, *Saturday*, 29 *June*, 1889.

My dear H.,—We are in a painful muddle just now about plans: I haven't as yet the vaguest idea what we shall do: I am waiting for light to be vouchsafed. This is the way I always do: the Socratic *Δαίμων* always sends me at last in some direction or other: and if we should return to America this year, I have a fancy for going to Seattle for the winter. The climate is said to be delightful: it is a green country: not like California, a glittering aridity: and there is hardly any snow. The late fire seems to have burned up everything in the place: and perhaps there is a chance for turning a penny (I think I might enjoy the occupation of turning a penny):—and by the way, I have sent you masses of *Neueste Nachrichten.* In the *Feuilletons* of some of them you can read of the adventures of *Nudlmaier à Paris*:—How he wandered in the *Schampus Elisaus*; and saw the *millionische Venus*: and eat *Hordowers*: and went home laden with the *heimathlichen Bettschwere*: how he talked with a Frenchman who told him 'dass Bulanschö sehr viel Schans abe, su werden Lamperör, nix Präsidant, nur Lamperör durch Suffrasch—oder Frosch—üniversell; dass Fransäss ändüstrüöll nix woll la gerr, aber sein frer, eine schön Offissiö wulle ordamany macken—Bum! Bum!'

Or is the following amusing,—'Zum Schlusse brachte der Garsson eine grosse Schale mit einem Porzellanbecher in dem ich eine art Grog befand, welchen ich auf einem Zuge leerte, weil das Getränke recht angenehm gerochen hat. Es war aber eine verzweifelt schlechte Brühe, die mir beinahe übel gemacht hatte; Salzberger klärte mich so fort auf; es sei diess ein Mundwasser, um sich nach dem Essen den Mund zu spülen—eine Schweinerei, die mir in meinem Leben noch nicht vorgekommen ist. Oder glaubt man vielleicht, es sei appetitlich für einen Speisenden zu sehen, wie der Nachbar gurgelt und sprudelt und dann die Geschichte in den Porzellanhafen spuckt, der vor ihm steht. Wir entfernten uns mit hochgerötheten Antlizen, denn der Wein hatte uns ziemlich zugesetzt!'

It is noticeable how all through such adventures runs the talk of drink. The German humor seems always to play round the beer-glass or wine-glass: you 'll never find it, or seldom, anywhere else: certainly never as thoroughly genuine. You will see this in the adventures of Nudlmaier in Paris, always running after drink: the phrase *Heimatliche Bettschwere* struck me as most characteristic.

I hope your celebration was a success: at any rate I quite appreciate the delicate irony of your remark that the most delightful thought in connection with it was, that it would at last be over, and you could go to bed. Such are precisely my feelings. I never went into any company that I didn't find the most delightful moment to be that which sent me home: but I always supposed this to be an idiosyncrasy on my part, an idiosyncrasy which I always carefully concealed: but I feel justified now in letting it out.

LAUSANNE, 8 *August*, 1894.

MY DEAR H.,—I have just finished *Marcella*. I had a prejudice against the book as being a Socialistic novel; but I found it agreeable reading, though unnecessarily diffuse. It was by no means an argument in favour of socialistic changes; rather a picture of the actual state of things in agricultural England,—a description of the fermenting process now going on; and one derives from it an impression, that given the *people* as the writer represents them, it is a pretty desperate undertaking to set about *reforming* them. She is a very clever writer, is this Mrs. Ward; altogether what one may call a woman of masculine strength; also of much insight into shams; but the book is not a classic. It will pass. There is a good deal that is unnatural,—or rather, strained, in it; however, it is good *current literature*, fresh and full of the seething problems of the times; and after all, what is there that is permanent in Literature? Of course there is a catalogue of great names on everyone's lips; we live in the shadow of great names; and rushing headlong into Chaos,—as is *apparently* the case now,—who will have leisure or the heart to read old books, by however big a name they may be ticketed? Mankind as far as I can judge, is passing into a new phase:

a phase which has no likeness to any preceding phase: a phase determined partly by the discoveries and application of science,—and partly by a new mode of thought. What will be the outcome I cannot foresee. I suppose no one can foresee, unless it be Herbert Spencer who predicts for *us* 'civil war, immense bloodshed and eventually military despotism of the severest type.' And then what? The Oracle is dumb too soon. Well, I must confess that my mind is not adapted to a changing state of society. I cannot in the least keep up with the times. I am confused,—I might almost say, paralyzed by what I read about 'coming changes'; and that kind of thing. I prefer to dwell in a shell, shunning the glare of the new day,—dreaming,—in the fast fading twilight of the Past. And moreover, I am profoundly sceptical in regard to the likelihood of this new Socialistic state ever getting launched. Theories are all very well; changes in legislation are all very well; and there ought to be a good deal of legislation made in new directions, and made soon; but the underlying rocks on which Utopian schemes are finally wrecked are the stubborn facts of human nature, with its passions and greeds, and all the rest of its infirmities.

It is prodigious the number of people who come to Lausanne for the purpose of consulting physicians and going into *Kliniks*; more than half a dozen cases have already fallen under my observation; and then the number of young girls, English, American, German, Russian,—who come here to live for the sake of French and study; and then the number of folk who come here to live simply for cheapness. It is a thriving place; but it is a tiresome place for me. I cannot get used to this incessant climbing of hills. There is hardly a level walk in the place; otherwise it is an agreeable residence: picturesque views: pretty villas set in masses of verdure: clean streets: nice little shops: and Trichinopoly cigars: a wine country: good sound wine for little money: and so on. And then it is near many pretty places: a centre for excursions, into the Rhone Valley especially. We went over to *Evian-les-Bains* the other afternoon: directly opposite Lausanne, on the French shore of the Lake: extremely picturesque place: a grand walk along an embankment of the Lake under umbrageous trees :—a spring,—bicarbonate of soda: Theatre, Casino: promenades: a street of shops ;—quite altogether French: priests in flowing robes of black: nuns and Sisters of Charity with huge flapping white caps. It is of course a Watering-place. Lausanne is French too, yet it is also Swiss; and though one could hardly describe the difference in the physiognomy of the two shores, so to speak,—yet there is a difference and you feel it.

LAUSANNE, 19 *August*, 1894.

MY DEAR H.,—We made a couple of delightful excursions last week. One day to Territet by rail in about an hour. Territet is just beyond Montreux; in fact, it is one lake shore,—all the way from Vevey to Chillon. There is also an electric trolley car running from Vevey to Chillon in an hour; we took it from Territet to Chillon, and then back as far as Montreux,—whence we returned to Lausanne. It is extremely beautiful, this shore. It was a brilliant cool day: and the old Castle of Chillon, I may add is still there. I went over it thirty-five years ago, and therefore did not repeat the visit. It is enough to get the picturesque external effect, and hear someone repeat Byron's lines. Byron, and Rousseau are 'all over the place' here as you know: especially Rousseau,—who made this end of the Lake the scene of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, which I remember reading forty years ago; but in all that time I can't remember meeting anyone else who did ever read it; *Magni nominis umbra* :—like almost all classics; for nobody *seems* to read classics nowadays. We are too busy with reading newspapers and current novels, and all the gabble of a turbid and disintegrating world, given over to anarchistic and socialistic theories. Another day we went by rail to Vevey, and then by the electric trolley car to Clarens, and back to Vevey. It was the same thing all over again: a brilliant sky, a cool breeze,—wonderfully beautiful scenery, —Lake, and mountains, and vineclad slopes. It is prodigious, the growth of these places within a generation. I remembered Vevey very well. The town itself is old and somewhat shabby still; but pushing out from the town on either side are endless villas, and hotels and Pensions:—also the same in Montreux,—which I liked better than any of the other points on this Lake shore,—a thrifty little place: a long line of shops extending for a mile perhaps: much animation: a charming Casino:—cafés and hotels set in blooming gardens. There must be an immense number of folk wintering in the region. The multitudinous shops and hotels and pensions show it; and everywhere a cheap and serene living, and a mild climate; though I do hear that the fogs are dreadful at times and for very long times too. The trolley is not of the broomstick pattern, by the way, as with us; but two cords run along two overhead wires; and I was afraid to take a seat on top of the tram for fear of catching some of the electricity on my umbrella, which the sun made it necessary to carry; for though in the shade it is cool, yet sitting directly in the sun, the same doth burn one like a live coal.

WIESBADEN, 30 *September*, 1894.

MY DEAR H.,—Yes, there is always a certain confusion in using a verb of which the present and past tense have the same form,—for instance, *read*. The old writers used *redde* for the past tense, and our friend R. has revived the usage of the old writers. He writes *redde*. I think he is right. Let us all write *redde* for the past tense. Of course in almost all cases the context indicates whether *read* be used in the past or present tense, but you have to stop and interrogate the context, and this interrupts the lucid flow of the words. The only perfect style is a style which carries you on in an even flow,—and gives you no occasion to stop and think what the writer means; or to stop and read over again a sentence in order to put it together as it were.

I am told that Swinburne is soon to publish another volume of studies in literature and criticism. The *Standard* calls him 'the great artist in English prose, now that

Mr. Pater has left us and Mr. Ruskin has fallen silent.' This reminds me to say that I read the paper on Pater by Louis Dyer which you kindly sent me some time ago. Dyer's style is not easy; but I gathered from the article that Pater is a man all whose writings I must peruse,—or study, as the case may be. I am sure that he will be a writer of the most *simpatico* kind to me; for in him The Thought of Ancient Greece was luminous: the deepest of all earthly thought: outside of Hebrew inspiration I mean, which in its sphere is matchless. I am particularly looking forward to the Celebration of the Centenary of Gibbon's death by the Historical Society of London, for what it may bring in the way of *Gibboniana*, for I must say I agree with Niebuhr in regarding the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* as the greatest work of erudition and philosophy in all historical literature. It is a matchless work; it stands alone in English Literature; and there is nothing to compare with it in any other literature.

Since we have been in Wiesbaden, a pleasant, sunny day has been an exception to a dismal rule of wetness and gloom; and now the Autumn is closing in upon us with shortening days and falling leaves and a damp raw air: 54° in our *salon* this morning. There is an excess of verdure in the place: delightful enough in hot Summer days,—and Wiesbaden is very hot in the Summer,—but at this season of rain and gloom, the verdure is most oppressive,—it makes everything damp and dark and *triste*. We take walks, according to our usual habit, in the afternoons: but they have not come to much. It is a very quiet town,—though there is not wanting a certain degree of animation in some of the streets. There is no end of beautiful villas, and the Apartment Houses are superior—externally—to any I have seen anywhere in Germany: a kind of light yellowish brick (such as we used to call Milwaukee brick) is much in vogue. The old part of the town, with its narrow streets, is somewhat shabby; but the new parts,—where villas only are permitted, no blocks of houses,—are picturesque and beautiful. The town lies in a hollow between very high hills; but one is hardly aware of this until one has ascended the hills. One of these hills is called the *Neroberg*, and is ascended by a funicular; we made an excursion there one afternoon, and had a pleasant ramble through the forests which cover it.

Wiesbaden, 11 *October*, 1894.

My dear H.,—It is not a pleasant season for travelling; the days are gray: cloudy and gloomy and *triste*; and the yellow leaves of Autumn cover the earth; and there is dampness and wetness everywhere. It is a very long time since we have seen the sun; but the air has been warm of late,—60° in our *salon*. There has been a heavy fog all over the place, however, for now five days.

I am following at present the developing of two subjects of great interest: the War between China and Japan, and the health of the Czar. If a Japanese Army should enter Pekin simultaneously with the death of the Czar in Livadia, or Corfu,—there would arise a *knot* in *Weltgeschichte*, so to speak,—very difficult to untie or even to cut: requiring indeed the aid of a very *Deus ex Machina*, such as the Ancients were always handy in flinging upon the stage at critical moments. And by the way, I saw the death of Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes mentioned in the *Standard* as having occurred on Monday, Oct. 8, *ætatis suæ* 85. The *Standard* has a leading article upon him: an article peculiarly *English*: that is to say, most amusing. It is said that Holmes has left behind him an autobiography. I dare say it will be entertaining reading. No life seems to be complete nowadays without an autobiography. I wonder what posterity will do with them all. Think of the vast numbers of eminent persons,—poets, novelists, historians, scientific men, theologians and the like whom this century alone has produced,—with all their memoirs, autobiographies, letters and what not; verily the earth groans under an accumulating literature; but time will sift it all; not much will survive; life is too short, and it 's too intense nowadays for much time to be given to the past. The world will be taken up ever more and more with the future,—the new future which is looming already—and to many eyes looming bloodred—on the horizon. Nevertheless I think Holmes' *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* will interest a late posterity; it will be one of the half-dozen Boston books that will be found on the shelves of still curious inquirers, say in the year 2600; for what wisdom and light will not the world have accumulated by that time, and how very trivial will seem all the concerns of this narrow and petty age in the electric glare of Science and Socialism in that new-created world! I wonder if Holmes ever bothered himself with Socialism; the world that he knew is passing away; its ideals are shattered; mankind is fast taking a new departure; the age of the 'One-hoss Shay' is already half mythical:—that is to say, we are told all this, as if we carried the fate of mankind in our hands, and were responsible for delivering it purified at a given epoch in the future. Not at all in my view of the subject! the future, near or remote, is no concern of ours; what mankind may be in the year 3000 is a matter of no importance to us whatever; we are, each, an individual, and what the individual is here and now is the main point; all the content of our life is in ourselves now: infinity doesn't concern us: it is too big a thing. If there is a *raison d'être* for existence, it must be found in each individual, in each day and hour of his life; not in the future of a race doomed to perish, and of a world that is hurrying back to the nothingness from which it emerged.

HÔTEL ERBPRINZ, WEIMAR, 25 *October*, 1894.

MY DEAR H.,—I sent to you a pamphlet entitled *Caligula: Eine Studie über römischen Caesarenwahnsinn*. Von. L. Quidde. The Caligula pamphlet has been ravenously devoured in Germany under an impression that it drew a parallel in Cæsarian madness between the Roman despot and the present little Emperor of Germany; and certainly some striking similarities do appear; but I do not think there is anything in the likeness. Caligula was absolute; there was no check whatever to his frenzy of power, except the dagger of an assassin ; whereas an Emperor of Germany in these days is in the first place not in the possession of absolute power, and in the second place would be at once deposed by an enraged people were he to overstep the bounds of his office : as witness the late King Ludwig of Bavaria.

Well, Weimar. I hardly know what to say about it : a very classic spot : and everybody knows all about it. In comparison with Cassel, it strikes me as a very poor place. I see no signs of wealth here or of growth, such as one sees in many German towns ; it is a purely agricultural region hereabouts. The town is old and shabby and dull ; the shops are feeble ; the stillness of the place is colossal. It is not the stillness of the country ; that one understands and likes ; but it is the stillness,—oppressive and drowsy,—of a *town*, in which you are always expecting to hear some kind of noise, but never do. It is a quaint old inn,—this : very old indeed : some three hundred years : small windows : old fashioned staircase : rambling backyards and out-buildings : small Dining-room : no Smoke-room : no English newspapers : not much of anything except stillness : half a dozen perhaps at the *table d'hôte* : but the kitchen is good, and my room is *immense*. It was filled with beds and looked like a hospital when we first came ; but I had the beds taken out, and now disport myself in altogether unaccustomed space. The wife has a smaller room adjoining, and both rooms are well carpeted,—fancy !—this is much for Germany, which, when I first knew it, couldn't show a carpet from the Baltic to the Alps. We have been doing the sights slowly. There is a Picture Gallery here ; it tired me awfully ; also Schiller's house ; also Goethe's house. We went into Goethe's house yesterday : an old-fashioned roomy place ; I saw a few rooms in it thirty-five years ago, but the whole house is now to be seen,—price One Mark. It is made into a Goethe Museum, and I suppose is unique in its collection of interesting *Personalien*. I don't believe any other genius ever had such a collection made of his personal belongings. Goethe's study is of the most primitive kind ; adjoining it is his bed-chamber, where he died ;

the bed-chamber boasts of one armchair; the washstand arrangements are extremely meagre; everything small and primitive; a kind of Spartan simplicity and discomfort. But on the other hand, in other chambers and rooms are numerous collections of pictures,—majolica, gems and such: extremely interesting all this. The day was bright and warm, and three hours of sightseeing addled my brain; and by the way, I believe Goethe never smoked!

I happened to pick up in this hotel a very curious book: It is entitled *Germany: A Series of Narratives of Personal Visits to Places therein famous for Natural Beauty or Historical Association* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: W. M. Griswold: 1892). The book is made up of a series of papers taken from magazines and such. This must be the Griswold whom I knew when he was a boy,—I met him and his Mother in North Conway, say forty years ago; but what troubles me, are the *accents* and the spelling: thus, sīt (for sight): meadōs (for meadows): vue (for view): hīway (for highway): and such things: altogether repulsive: I tried to read some of the papers: but broke down: the spelling was so hideous.

EUROPAEISCHER HOF, DRESDEN,
5 *December*, 1894.

MY DEAR H.,—I have received a newspaper containing M. H.'s writing on the Kneipp Cure. It amused me very much. Fancy M. H. or any other sane woman 'wandering barefoot for hours at a time over the soft, damp meadows'; and fancy this kind of thing curing the blind, the dyspeptic and the rheumatic! M. H. says that she saw two blind men at Woerishofen, who had recovered their sight through this Cure. I know of an old blind lady who went there blind, tarried for months, and came away blind. Also I know of several cases of invalidism, which still remain cases of invalidism in spite of a Kneipp Cure: dyspepsia and the like. Also I was amused by M. H.'s account of Kneipp prohibiting tea, coffee, beer and wine, while himself smoking 'a big black cigar in a small meerschaum cigar-holder.'

Well, I 'm glad to learn that there is something human left about him. Yet why should flannel never be worn next the skin ; but if worn at all, then outside of a linen or sackcloth undergarment ? Why shouldn't it ? and what is sackcloth ? There is a vast deal of credulity in this world ; and the more it is appealed to, the more it rises to the occasion. In order to be believed and followed you have only to proclaim aloud the precise contrary of what everybody hitherto has believed and followed :—and there you are :—a made man. That was a very entertaining anecdote, too, about her mother. I can fancy poor old G. S. saying in a kind of despair,—'If you were on a desert island with nobody there but one old nigger, you would give a party.' This reminds me of what I am often saying about the wife ; if she were in the desert of Sahara and met nobody but one Bedouin, she would know some of that Bedouin's relations ; for her acquaintances make a line round the globe.

I have also read the article in *The Forum* about 'Teaching Greek as a Living Language.' It is the usual argument in favour of combining the study of Modern with that of Ancient Greek, and I have always been in favour of that course. I quite agree with Gennadius and the eminent authorities whom he quotes in his favour. Still, there is a good deal of truth in Lawton's brief paper in *The Nation*. The Modern Greek is by no means so close to the Ancient Greek as many enthusiasts would make us believe. Nevertheless, it has always seemed to me that one would take a livelier interest in Ancient Greek, if one could fancy that it were still a living tongue ; and besides, it must be pronounced somehow,—why not pronounce it after the manner of Modern Greeks ? Again I was interested in reading Eliot's article in *The Forum*. Its optimism is certainly cheering, and its arguments are plausible ; but I can hardly say that they were convincing. What he says about religious toleration is very just ; but among other reasons for believing in the permanence of our American Republic, he adduces for instance the full publicity which characterizes American life,—meaning especially the publicity which exists through newspapers. 'Publicity exposes not only wickedness, but also folly and bad judgment. It makes crime and political corruption more difficult and far less attractive. The forger, burglar, and corruptionist need secrecy,'—and so forth. Well there is not and never was a country where the newspapers are fuller of publicity, if I may use such a phrase,—where everything, no matter what, good bad and indifferent is dragged out and made into newspaper paragraphs,—than precisely our country; and there is at the same time no civilized country and hardly ever was, where there is so much crime as with us,—so many burglaries, murders, robberies and what not, and so much political corruption and financial dishonesty. I will venture to say that there are 20 murders in Boston for one in Dresden; ditto of burglaries; and robberies; and ditto of great financial frauds:—and in Dresden there is not much publicity, and there wouldn't be any if the authorities could prevent it; but they can't.

The Hotel continues to be full of Americans; and we had a Thanksgiving Dinner with an absurd *menu*,—everything *à la* Chicago, Boston *et cetera*. Living in this hotel you would hardly know that you were living in a foreign country; you hear nothing but English,—or rather, American; for there are only two *English* guests. We are altogether nasal; and go in cliques; and each clique glares at the other clique. 'Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness.'

EUROPAEISCHER HOF, DRESDEN,
28 *December*, 1894.

MY DEAR H.,—I should like you to explain to me the interest you find in Icelandic. Is it the mere philological exercise that entertains you? or do you find thought and imagery and illustration of an elevating and stimulating character? I sympathize, however, let me add, with all literary fads. The human mind requires the stimulus of fads; I often regret the absence of fads in my own life. Tallyrand had a fad for playing whist; and hence his exclamation,—I quote it as the most powerful of all illustrations showing the fascination of fads,—'Think of an old age without whist!' But then fads, like everything else, have a philosophy of their own; one may easily find the roots of one's own fads, upon exploring the consciousness; turning it inside out, as it were. I can readily understand a fad for Swedish,—even for Russian,—and I could understand also a fad for Icelandic,—but all these fads imply to me a sense of longer time for their proper development than you and I are now in possession of. A fad is nothing to me unless I can associate with it the possibility of fullness and completion. But after all, men differ so much in tastes and habits of mind that one can hardly make clear to another the fascination or cause of any particular fad of one's own. Icelandic is a first-class fad from every point of view; and if we were thirty years younger and I had a yacht, my first impulse would be to invite you to accompany me in a voyage of exploration to that far-off land of ice,—otherwise called Iceland. I should really like to see that frozen abode of heroic men: men who sang Sagas and quaffed foaming drinks from skulls of enemies:—an extremely interesting land and people. Where else can such a people be found? frugal, primitive, innocent, reading Latin,—knowing the stars: and never a newspaper in the place!—It is wonderful blood, this blood of the Northern races. The Icelanders afford the only pure specimens of it left:—elsewhere there is nothing but degeneration; the degeneration that comes of newspapers frittering away the very marrow of the brain; of five-o'clock-Tea-gossip and stock market gamblings; and so on.

Well, this is my last letter for the year 1894; or rather, my last *line*; I have ceased to write letters. It has been a busy, muddled, tiresome week. The Germans, as you know, celebrate Christmas with a kind of fury; and I do not take the least interest in any kind of fury. The wife invited a friend of hers,—Miss S.—from Philadelphia to dine with us. We dine of course at the *table d'hôte*; but as the hotel is a favourite resort for Americans, American ways are creeping in, more or less, and we, like many other guests, have a small table to ourselves: so that at our table we were three on Christmas Day. And yesterday our guest left Dresden for Vienna on her way to Egypt :—all roads lead now to Cairo, as once they led to Rome. Well, I should not have mentioned Miss S., nor the fact of her being a woman of wealth and position,—except for an interesting article which appeared lately in a magazine. This article describes *The R.*,—fancy, what a name !—an establishment founded by Miss S. where the working-man may find Rest, Refreshment, Recreation, Reading, Reformation, and last but not least, Religion. Hence the name, *The R.* ; and certainly it is an encouraging example of what may be done for the Working Man, even in Philadelphia. Miss S. is a small, unpretending woman : very intelligent and altogether Presbyterian. However she did her duty by an excellent Rhine wine, which graced the occasion, though I was pained to hear her remark that she drank wine on festal occasions only. For my part, I have substantially given up wine, since I got so shattered in Wiesbaden. Chocolate is my favourite drink,—next to castor oil ; but still it is pleasing at Christmas-and-other-such-tides to keep in mind the traditions of happier days, and at least to contemplate a golden liquid in goblets of sea-green hue. We polished off two flasks,—or rather, perhaps, I did the polishing.

Phenomenal weather thus far,—this shows that I am nearly at the end of my scriblet,—not a snowflake yet ! hardly any frost : but for the most part gloomy weather : now and then a little rain : sometimes a blue sky, as to-day, with a soft mild air : altogether delightful weather : clean streets : and pleasant walks. Have I said that the Terrace is now adorned with really beautiful structures,—Art Buildings and such : erected in recent years and lately finished : altogether transforming the place. But alas ! I prefer the old *Café Reale* of yore and the old serenity and shabbiness : I am tired of newness,—even of fine buildings, if they are new ; you get newness everywhere ; there is no variety in it ; and of course no mellowness. And then with newness comes increase of bustle. I like the old serene quiet ways and picturesque bits and vistas ; newness wipes out vistas, wherever it is introduced. There is a poetry in the grimy old houses, with their quaint roofs, which new houses lack nowadays. There is neither poetry nor picturesqueness in any modern houses; and this sudden and prodigious growth of the place quite upsets me. I cannot give you any idea of the new quarters, and the vast outlying districts which have been built over here in the last few years. There is nothing like it in my experience in America :—and the masses of people in the streets,—ever increasing conglomerations of men and vehicles! The Old World is fast becoming a new world ; and new worlds are prosy,—except to the young, to whom all the earth is green ; but for the aged there is no real joy even in a succession of glittering façades however indicative of opulence and *Dampfheizung*. They have it in this hotel,—Central Heating they call it ; but I am happy to say that it has not been introduced into the rooms which we occupy. Steam-heat, it strikes me, will finally kill off the human race. I do not believe that mankind anywhere can long survive the prevalence of it. It *must* have in the long run a most deleterious influence upon the health, drying up the lungs and the brain. Fancy coming over to Germany and finding the curse here too. In the old days we had furnaces, heating a flood of fresh cold air and passing it on warmed. They were bad enough ; but now steam merely heats the air already in a room ; you get no fresh air ; hence the curse.

And now alas! I am reading in a Boston newspaper of the demise of a very old friend :—not less a friend because it was a house and not a human being : yes, on Saturday night December 1, the *Tremont House* was closed :—and presently it will have vanished forever from the face of the earth. It was a cheerful old inn and I was much attached to it ; the new inns do not attract me ; and besides, Boston is now an Inferno of trolleys. Why should I ever go back to it ?

CHAPTER VI

ROUNDABOUT JOURNEYS

1895–1898

'My Father's Article'—Birrell—Idleness àpropos of Thoreau—'Words, Words, Words'—Ballou's *Equatorial America*—'Hooker's'—More Words—Collectivism—President Cleveland—A University in America—Football at Harvard—Georg Brandes—On Old Age—A Visit to St. Gallen—Boston Lawyers—The Idle Man and his Contemplative Life—The *Appenzeller Mundart*—From Zurich to Lugano—A Stroll about the Streets—A Gale—Lake Como—*La Certosa*—Genoa—Sir George Bowen—A German *Menu*—Carlyle's *Friedrich*—Arrival on the Azure Coast—Surnames—Lamb's and other Letters.

EUROPAEISCHER HOF, DRESDEN,
24 *January*, 1895.

MY DEAR H.,—The doctor has made a thorough examination of me, stethoscoped and hammered me, and finally pronounced me to be a most healthy subject: heart, lungs, liver, etc. all strong and in good condition: but,—alas for the but,—I was lined throughout, inside, with too much fat. Hence he put me on a diet, and I am rigorously observing it: no sugar: no butter: no wine: no tea: no soup: no beer: no potatoes: no starch-containing foods: no beets, peas nor beans: no sweets whatever: and the doctor would also have shut me off from coffee and tobacco, but I can't get on without my morning tipple. However, I have reduced the quantity by one half, and that I take without sugar, and with only a few Zwieback. At dinner I am allowed to eat all the fish and meat I want; fortunately we always have fish for the first course; and for supper I am allowed meat, hot or cold, and dry toast (without butter); also a drop of white wine in much water. This is all I am allowed to drink, except *Bilinerwasser*, which

I may take *ad libitum* at fifty pfennigs the bottle, and also *Citronen Limonade.* Strange to say, I find no difficulty in dropping wine; wine has quite fallen away from me; and as for sugar and butter they are mere bagatelles; but I can't give up tobacco,—*yet*, although I have already very much reduced the quantity. And besides, as this will be with me a permanent change of diet, I don't see the necessity of being fanatical on the subject. My doctor is a specialist for stomach troubles, and *he* is altogether a fanatic upon the subject of diet. He tells me that he never drinks beer or wine, or tea or coffee; he drinks nothing but water; and never uses tobacco: well, for my part I am a weak vessel, and besides, I don't believe in fanaticism of any kind: *modus in rebus*, as the Romans said,—moderation in all things: and I must say I am very curious to observe what will be the effect of this limited diet after, say, three or four months, and whether it will result in my friends seeing *much less of me by that time.*

It is one of the mildest Winters which I ever knew in Dresden; nevertheless the stream of travel is already turning Southward. Miss B., with her troop of maidens, leaves on Monday for Italy. She is a sister of Miss Sarah B. of Boston. Sarah B., though now aged, is a most interesting woman: conversation with her was really a luxury. One of the earliest things I remember from boyhood is how I used to see the B. family, with poor lame Sarah in the middle, travelling every Sunday up and down Franklin Place on their way to and from Dr. Gannet's Church; Boston streets were quiet in those days; and I can still hear the clink of poor Sarah B.'s cane on the pavement as she limped past our house. It is really wonderful that a person with such an infirmity,—so prodigious a lameness,—can hold out so long and keep an untarnished brightness of mind,—full of life and wit still. The fact is women never grow old; men, do; that is, almost all men; a few don't; and I have not yet made up my mind whether you and I are to be classed among the many, or whether we can take a place, and keep it, among the few. This we shall know before long.

EUROPAEISCHER HOF, DRESDEN,
9 *February*, 1895.

MY DEAR H.,—One of my earliest associations with Rome is connected with the Banking House of McQuay & Pakenham,—in later years McQuay & Hooker. I never had much to do with this House, as I preferred Italian bankers. I avoided bankers patronized by Americans, as I thus escaped running into *green* Americans,—who are my *bête noire*,—loud talking, ignorant, conceited creatures; you know the species. But Americans who have been in Europe long enough to grow mellow and learn wisdom, it is always a pleasure to meet. This Banking house was in the *Piazza di Spagna*; I passed it every day; and every day somebody or other told me what rate of exchange Hooker was giving, or spoke of having just found letters at Hooker's, and so on, so that 'Hooker' became really the most familiar name to me in all Rome; and this began thirty-five years ago. And now last year in that great whirlwind of panic which swept away half the banks in Italy, the House of McQuay & Hooker went down, and recently Hooker himself has passed away. The very name has vanished from Rome, for the House is now known by another name; and there remains nothing of Hooker, but a pleasant mention of him in a recent newspaper. He was a New England man by birth, but went abroad in 1847 for his health and was told by the Roman physicians that 'with great care he might live a year.' *De Mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and it is sweet in M. H. to narrate so much that is good; I feel as if I had neglected my opportunities in not cultivating his acquaintance; 'a good man,—simple, and lovable': I dare say, but he did give a very low rate of exchange. Also I have read with pleasure an article in the *Advertiser* relating to the establishment of a Professorship of Russian Language and Literature at Harvard. It is really disgraceful that such a Professorship should not have existed all these years. It is a dreadful language, to be sure, the Russian; and dreadful are all the Slavic tongues; and there is not much literature in any of them, except of late some dreary, outré Russian novels, of a morbid and wholly unnatural character. But nevertheless from the point of view of philological science it is a tremendous tongue, the Russian, when taken in connection with all its Slavic affiliations ; and it is certainly befitting our great University,—the only *University* in the country, for such I hold Harvard to be,—to possess a Chair of Russian ; to do that, it could afford to let go a good deal of its bric-a-brac.

I am at present an invalid. I have had more attacks of pain, and am now under medical care. I have already lost six pounds (English). I do not go out anywhere, except for a walk in the afternoon, and I never go out at night ; I am in a state of apprehension all the time, for I can never be sure that I may not have a fresh attack of pain at any moment. These pains are very trying, and altogether disheartening. To be free from pain seems to me sometimes the only thing worth living for in this world ; certainly life is not worth having when these pains are on :—and there seems to be no relief. At any rate I have found none,—not even in hypodermic injections. However, my physician bids me be of good cheer, and assures me that the diet he has prescribed,—the *Cur* as he calls it,—will add ten years to my life ; let us hope so, but I don't believe it ; there is a hitch somewhere in my machinery ; the works are shattered ; and henceforth, I fancy, it is but a kind of wobbling to the end ; but I shall know betimes.

The last odd word I have come across is *skringe* ! It is very singular indeed, what curious words and phrases one may find here and there in English books. Those you give me from Raleigh's book on the *English Novel*,—'educating the public to *distaste* plays,' 'but one soul bilocated,'—show that neologisms,—by which I understand new words, or new phrases,—are springing up all the time. Sometimes they take root and abide in use ; sometimes, they don't ; and when they don't, and we come across them, like so many corpses of words once possessed of life,—well, they look very odd, not to say dreary. I am always extremely entertained by the specimens in this line which you send me ; singly they are very amusing and often most instructive but I fancy a collection of them filling a book would quite overturn the brain of an ordinary reader,—else I should suggest to you to make and put forth such a collection. You are so admirable a critic of English literature, and so well versed in English words and etymologies, that it seems to me a pity you don't pull yourself together, and make a raid on the attention of the public in this matter; you might make a happy delivery of something useful. And yet I know that the impulse to deliver oneself will take form of its own accord; and that all attempts to force an impulse are prolific of futilities only,—burdensome to all men. Therefore confine yourself to sending me the plums you may pick out of these half baked puddings, which in a dried state fill the shelves of libraries. That will be something; for these plums are valuable to me, who never get hold of any puddings at all.

We have had varied weather of late:—much gloom: dull skies and heavy coal smoke: and now at last a really severe cold,—one night the mercury sank to 18° *below Zero*, and it has not been higher than 15° above Zero since. However, this really Icelandic wave will I hope soon pass, for I do not believe that an extreme cold is good for man or beast. I look upon extreme cold as extremely inimical to the vitality; its bracing properties I think are much overrated; and contrary to the popular notion, statistics show that a mild, so-called open Winter, is more favourable, so far as the death-rate is concerned, than a severely cold Winter. At any rate, I hate the cold and I hate the snow, and ice, and all the gloom of these Northern regions; and if by chance I get another Winter I shall put it somewhere in the South. We have just had a letter from her Excellency, the Prussian Warrior,—of whom I wrote you last Winter, when we were in the Schweizer Hof in Lucerne. The cold and snow there this Winter proved too much for her and her comrade; and so the two Warriors, now feeble and well-worn, did pull themselves together, and journey Southward through the Gotthard. They found all Northern Italy under snow: from Milan to Genoa one mass of snow: snow all along the Riviera even to San Remo, where the orange trees were white with this unaccustomed powder.

However, the sun soon came out bright and strong, and the snow in San Remo disappeared; and warmth set in; and the aged Warriors' hearts did melt in the same. And speaking of snow, a train from Geneva to Lausanne stuck nine hours in a snowdrift the other day,—on the vine-clad shores of the placid Leman Lake! The Winter has turned out to be relentless everywhere; but I will not bore you with this topic any longer, though in a way it is always a justifiable topic in a letter, for letters spring directly from the superficial personality, so to speak,—from the totality of that personality,—and not from profound workings of the mental faculty on any lines of thought. Now weather is one of the environments of the superficial personality,—more or less important to the person who writes, according to the nature of his temperament; and hence weather as I say, is a justifiable topic, provided it be not availed of as in the present case, merely by way of padding.

Dresden is very far from being now a cheap place provided one wants to live well and partake of the frivolities of the world. It may be no dearer than other places, but it is no longer cheaper than other places. Three marks used to be the ordinary price of a music lesson; now fifteen marks is considered a low figure for the same thing. The natives brag that Dresden is a *Weltstadt*; and in spite of the higher level of expense, it is really incredible,—the number of English and Americans here. They swarm everywhere; there is more English heard in the *Pragerstrasse* than German; in almost every house in this quarter there is a Pension—in many houses, two Pensions. What will become of this horde of limited-income Americans, when that gang of pestiferous politicians in the Senate has succeeded in blocking all financial reform, and has plunged us into the Abyss of the Silver Misery,—when a dollar will buy only two marks instead of four? It is really sickening, this spectacle of a debauched Senate ruthlessly sacrificing the good of the country to partisan and personal interests, or rather, greed, of its own members. You can't think what an impression all this makes upon Germans accustomed to an honest and an intelligent government.

Europaeischer Hof, Dresden,
5 *March*, 1895.

My dear H.,—Send me any paragraphs you may see in the newspapers about the old Tremont House. I do not care anything about the new building which is to be erected on its site,—a fourteen story monstrosity, I suppose, like all the rest of these recent creations of architectural and capitalistic wickedness in our crowded cities. Fancy a long street lined on either side with buildings from fourteen to twenty stories high! What kind of light and air would there be for toiling humanity in such a street? And yet we rather brag of these big things as we do of other noxious things: shutting our eyes to the fact that they are all a curse.

I have read an article by one Denison on 'The Survival of the American Type.' It is very sound,—many wholesome truths; and I should be glad if it could serve in a measure to counteract the false, inflated writing which is now prevalent in regard to the working classes. As someone said to me the other day, 'we hear a great deal about men's Rights nowadays, but nothing about their Duties.'—Denison reminds men of their *Duties*. But it won't do any good,—nothing will do any good; there is a Utopian craze abroad and it will have to run its course, like any other disease, mental or physical; we shall be lucky if it do not cause an explosion and drown us, or those that come after us, in seas of blood. Take for instance the so-called Nationalists,—a party formed on the Ideals set forth in Bellamy's novel. Was ever anything so idiotic taken up by men of sense and a common school education! as if introducing new institutions could effect, from the outside so to speak, a thorough-going reform of the moral nature. And besides, what tyranny is involved in a social order such as the Nationalists would bring in!—This social order is called *Collectivism*, is it not? It strikes me as the dreariest, most brutal order ever dreamed of; for suppression of the individuality is in itself and always must be something dreary and brutal. To have your line of work chosen for you, and to work in that line under dictation all your life, or rather till you are forty-five years old,—Bellamy lets you go at forty-five,—what is this but an all-devouring tyranny! fatal to all spontaneity of effort and to all joy in life? I mention this particular sect merely as an illustration of the Utopian craze, which under one form or another is pervading men's minds: the result of a mawkish sentimentalism and a profound misconception of the fundamental laws of human nature: aggravating the universal discontent which is ever present in all society: making the lot of the poor and hard-worked still worse by filling their minds with a fatal notion that the Utopian Ideal,—an Ideal if possible at all, possible only after five thousand years of continuous regeneration,—may be reached to-morrow, and that to-morrow they might all be having a good time, could they but escape to-day from the clutches of the Rich, who are sucking their life-blood. It is this kind of thing that is bringing us to the verge of Chaos.

The other day I came across the following anecdote of Julia Ward Howe. In a conversation with Sumner she had invited him to a party to meet Booth, the actor. Sumner was disinclined to come: 'the truth is,' he said, 'I have got beyond taking an interest in individuals.' Mrs. Howe made no reply: but in her diary that night she wrote: 'Charles Sumner has got beyond taking an interest in individuals. *God Almighty* has not got so far.' Poor Sumner: what a conceited, arrogant malignant creature, he was, to be sure! I wonder if anyone ever reads now his drivel about 'The Fathers.' We pass quickly in these days from one phase to another. 'Abolitionism' didn't bring in the Millennium; we are now trying if Bellamyism won't do it; and as we pass from phase to phase, we forget the old idols, in bowing before the new ones. All the old names pass away, and all that they stood for; and we run about in quest of 'some new thing.' Alas! if we could only stick for a time to some of the old things, such as Justice and Wisdom and Common Honesty.

Well, I have been keeping strictly to the regimen prescribed to me. But I should be glad if I could soon bring myself down to two hundred English pounds, and feel that

I might with impunity put *one* lump of sugar in my *one* cup of morning coffee ; and eat a sweet at dinner,—or at any rate, a helping of *haricots verts.* From this you may see what I have come to : a thimbleful of cold water at dinner : no more of ‘ the mysterious gladness of the vine ’ for me : no joy in ‘ cups ’ : and only four cigars a day : however, I am not particular to tell the shopman to give me mild cigars.

Of the dreadful muddle in which the country is wallowing,—through political obstinacy and narrow-mindedness, and fraud and greed in high places,—of all this I will say nothing,—it makes me *sick,*—as does a writer in *The Nation* who uses the word *timeously* for timely : I will add only that the spectacle of one of our Massachusetts Senators blackguarding President Cleveland : the only public MAN in the country, who possesses Character and Will : and of whose efforts to save us from a dreadful peril we may justly be proud :—is it not altogether disheartening ? . . . And to add to all this misery, the peril of Silverism is as imminent as ever : in fact, I do not see how we can escape for many months longer the catastrophe of the Silver standard. Was there ever a country misgoverned like ours ! when it needs but half a dozen able men to come together and pull us in a twinkling out of this bog.

Well, Lent has come, and the wife being a good Churchwoman I am kept in mind of it ; formerly I never knew anything about it. In my young days Lent was never mentioned among Unitarians. I remember looking the word out in a dictionary occasionally. There is an *Americanische Kirche* here (Episcopal) and during Lent services are frequent. In the *Englische Kirche* there are services every day,—sometimes two or three times a day : High Church and very crowded : not a seat to be had : all England seems to be running to High Churchism. Our little parson, however, having nearly danced his legs off, and quite worn himself out with midnight whiskies and soda, is at last on the eve of departure :—*exit* the funniest little man who ever wore ‘ *cloth* ’ in England. He is very small of stature : and his tiny patent leathered feet would make a Trilbyish study.

EUROPAEISCHER HOF, DRESDEN,
21 *March*, 1895.

MY DEAR H.,—Well, now about Universities,—when I said that I looked upon Harvard as 'the only University in the country,' I was not thinking of the methods of study pursued, nor in any way of the greater or less strictness of the undergraduate arrangements ; I was thinking only of its freedom from Sectarianism,—in that respect a university,—universal,—taking in all, of whatever creed. All other colleges are tied to a sect or creed. Yale, for instance, would never appoint a Jew to be a Professor, nor even a Unitarian ; Harvard appoints both. I must confess, however, that I had quite forgotten the existence of all the great young Universities, such as Johns Hopkins, Chicago and so forth. Perhaps they are also Universities in the sense in which I called Harvard a University. You see I don't in the least keep up with the times ; I can't ; the times outrun me. I ought to go into a Monastery and live in a cell far away from this harrowing, addling world of turbulence that is turbid ; but then the monastery must be situated on some sunny strand, festooned with vines of grape and with groves and glow of orange and lemon in the background.

I am very glad indeed that Eliot has expressed himself clearly in condemnation of football. I look upon it as a wretched, demoralizing game, sure to bring out all the *beast* in those who take part in it. But whether his opinion as to its evil character will prevail, is doubtful. The craze for 'athletics' which possesses the young of all classes nowadays must run its course, like other crazes ; we are a race given to crazes, in politics, in finance, in religion, and everything else,—always seeking some new thing, but always finding some very old thing : to wit, human nature, in one phase or another, and altogether unregenerate. I am glad to learn that T. enjoys tobogganning ; it is my favourite pastime, when not occupied in reading Arabic ; but 'coasting on skees'—I have not come to that yet ; not even in the dictionary.

EUROPAEISCHER HOF, DRESDEN,
16 *April*, 1895.

MY DEAR H.,—I am doing all I can in the way of walking; but I get tired very easily, an hour and a half's walk is enough for me. My doctor recommends me to walk uphill,—this sort of exercise being beneficial for the heart; but it is very tiresome. How very true is it, as the Roman poet remarked, *non est vivere sed valere vita* ! If one must give all one's time and energy and thought to the conservation of one's health, to the end that one may avoid the pains which do wait upon a disturbance of the bodily machineries,—well, I will not fill up the other half of the sentence. It doesn't help us to moralize; such as we are, we are; and we are here and can't help ourselves and it remains only to make the best of what is left of us. And that reminds me to recommend to you an interesting volume entitled *Menschen und Werke, Essays* von Georg Brandes. Brandes is a Danish *litterateur*—who lives in Copenhagen I believe. At any rate he writes in German; and I am indebted to this book for an Essay on Nietzsche, which gives me all the knowledge in relation to Nietzsche which I ever wish to have. The man is hopelessly mad now; and I fancy he must always have been more or less insane. Yes, Biographies are almost always interesting reading; in fact any Life if properly set forth is worth reading,—at any rate, so old Doctor Johnson used to say; and I hope some day to come across the Life of Symonds; I fancy he will prove a *simpatico* subject. At any rate he was a European; and I must say I never took much interest in Lives of Americans, —it is such a dreary country, America, and the lives of Americans are all so prosy. But I must explain, adscititiously, that what I say does not apply to 'Boston.' 'Boston' is not 'America.' Boston stands for itself as the Seat of all Culture; or at any rate it will be such at last, if not wrecked by outcomes of diabolism. However, I must make an exception. I fancy a Life of Dr. Holmes written in Boswellian fashion, giving his Table Talk and other talk, and all his witty sayings would make interesting reading;

but I despair of seeing such a Life, biographies are so serious and prosy nowadays.

The Spring races are ‘ on ’ here, and the Hotel is swamped with the *jeunesse dorée* and other *doree'd* folk of Berlin and Vienna ; also with folk wearing good clothes and speaking strange tongues. What idiocy is all this ! and besides, I believe one of the riders broke his neck yesterday by a fall from his horse. I never saw a horse-race in my life ; and what is still more satisfactory, I never kicked in a football game but once in my life,—in that memorable game which came off in the ‘ Delta,’—between Freshmen and Sophomores in the autumn just after I entered College nearly forty-nine years ago, when I kicked everybody sore, and everybody kicked me sore. I made up my mind then that it was a vile game,—football ; at any rate, as it was played in my time ; and I have never seen any reason to alter my opinion. Hence my regret when I *redde* in the newspapers the other day that the Board of Overseers of Harvard had overruled Eliot's wise decision and were permitting the playing of Intercollegiate Football games.

HEIDEN, CANTON APPENZELL, SWITZERLAND,
26 *August*, 1895.

MY DEAR H.,—No, I don't remember that you ever told me you were writing an autobiography. I have no doubt that your descendants will prize it highly. Sixty-three I look upon as a respectable age, and altogether ripe for reminiscences ; and I must confess that for myself I do not share in that feeling of confidence with which you seem to look forward to ‘ later periods.’ The only wonder to me is that I have lived so long ; and though it may be all very true that modern civilization by its superior arrangements for salubrious living has extended the old Jewish term of seventy years to eighty years as the proper limit of life, yet after all, how very small a percentage of those who attain seventy years have any comfort in their age,—rather are the years a weariness and a burden, the inevitable infirmities of senescence pressing upon the springs of life and overwhelming the mind with gloomy forebodings of suffering and decay. At best, after seventy, life is but a prolonged flickering of a candle, which any sudden gust of disaster or disease may blow out altogether. There are indeed exceptions to this precarious senescence,—men of a strong innate vitality which runs them buoyantly up into the eighties; and it is these exceptions which make an impression, while the vast mass to which they are exceptions is forgotten: just as people look only upon the successful rich and forget how many fortunes have been swallowed up through innumerable failures, leaving the successful few swimming upon the surface of a great pool of misery and ruin. Yet there is something interesting in living long. How many careers now closed can we already overlook from their beginning to their end! and very commonplace after all is the tenour of life for the most part in all of them. But so it is,—nature wraps us in illusions in our youth, and carefully veils the future from our eyes, and we never once suspect that it will be to us as it has been to countless numbers before us. We fancy that we stand for ourselves, while we are in fact but the flitting shadows so to speak of a Will that rules all things by everlasting laws.

The weather has been very hot: soft balmy air blowing: the *Föhn* (or South wind). In the shade, however, there was a delicious coolness, and all the air aromatic with perfume of new mown hay coming in through the open windows, and altogether refreshing, when borne on the damp cool air of night; for in the whole region, on the slopes of all the hills is nothing but grass, and hay-making has been going on for miles roundabout (the second crop) with much vigour, in these dry sunny days.

We took a drive to St. Gallen one gloomy wet day. The road lay over rolling hills, giving wide panoramas,—ravines and streams and grassy slopes: houses everywhere: a thrifty people, this, but in this region without agriculture: a people silent, industrious,—in fact, altogether monotonous and humdrum. It rained all the time we were in St. Gallen, and we *did* none of the sights, the museums and such being mercifully closed. The ladies paddled about in the wet, and tried to find embroideries, but couldn't; St. Gallen deals in embroideries by wholesale only. However, I got some money and some tobacco,—which I believe are mentioned by the classic authors as being, even in their time, the *nerves of things.* We drove home by another road, full of wildness and picturesqueness and gloom; but no rain, either going or coming; rain only in St. Gallen; yet the very air was wet, and the skies seemed almost to drop upon the earth.

The house has kept pretty full; but it is a mixed lot of Alsatian Jews and other Jews, of French folk and German folk: mostly in families: and we have had nothing to do with these *Sommer frischlers* as a rule, barring a few exceptions, such an utterly uninteresting 'crowd,' the greater part of them being patients of a physician here, a German, who has a reputation for massage and electrical treatment and such: several pitiable cases of paralysis.

HEIDEN, CANTON APPENZELL,
9 *September*, 1895.

MY DEAR H.,—Willard's book interested me more than I fancied would be the case. I knew personally, or at any rate by sight, almost all the lawyers and judges whom he mentions; their physical appearance and characteristics are all familiar to me, and therefore their jokes and such, however rude and often idiotic, have a significance which they could not possibly have to one to whom their names are nothing but names. As you say, many of the anecdotes 'illustrate nothing but the habit of the old-time lawyers of hurling brutal personal insults at one another, and even at unoffending witnesses.' Also, it is amazing to me that lawyers and judges could indulge in the *idiocies,*—I cannot think of an apter word,—which crop up in the pages of Willard's book. In the paragraphs which make up the 'funny column' of an American newspaper such idiocies may pass; though to me they illustrate in a painful manner the low level of thought and talk which prevails in the public to whom they are addressed. You rarely find such absolute idiocies in foreign newspapers. But that men of education, indeed of severe intellectual training, can take pleasure in such empty absurdities,—this is humiliating to the Boston man of decorous demeanour, ambitious of culture. However, the book did really interest me. It carried me back, quite forty years, into a world altogether buried out of sight and out of mind now ; and I lived over again the days when I used to haunt that miserable old Court House in Court Square,—and listen to Choate's fervid harangues to a jury,—what a head he had to be sure !—and what a vocabulary !—or to Ned Sohier's cross-examination of a witness, always a masterpiece of skill. In fact, in reading the book, I felt as if I were walking in a dream of the past, altogether phantasmal. In fifty years everything changes,—men, streets, edifices ; a world disappears, and another world rises in place of it. It seems to me a different race which peoples Boston in these days. We are all different in our temperaments and in our attitudes to the external world. To those to whom the external world is still a vital reality,—something to be compassed, something to cling to,—the old places, however changed, will always appeal with a kind of pathos. But there are others to whom places are indifferent, and old associations a weariness ; let each for himself stand on his own feet, and respect the individuality of his brother. It takes all kinds of people to make a world ; no two human beings will ever see or think or remember precisely alike. It is this diversity which makes the charm of life, such as it is. Dogmatic uniformity, such as bigots and despots have tried at times to introduce and support,—what a curse has it been to mankind ! so with all varying conceptions of duty,—all ethical standpoints for the time being made into rules by which to judge others,—to what narrow-mindedness and dreariness do they lead ! No, I affirm that the tramp and the idler,—I need hardly add that I do not mean by tramp a vulgar vagabond living on honest folk, nor by idler, one who neglects his plain duty of taking care of himself and of others who may have *claims* on him,—I affirm that the tramp and the idler, in the higher sense,—in short, that the ‘contemplative life’ has its justification in the nature of man, quite as much as the ‘always doing something’ kind of life, which is a frequent ideal in New England. Great thoughts, great enterprises, great world-shaking revelations never came from ‘always doing something’ folk: no, such things spring from the ‘contemplative life.’ As for me, I never *do* anything while I am smoking; I can't; smoking is therefore for me a ‘contemplative habit.’ Yet I have not yet passed out of the earthly into the contemplative life properly so called; I am still wrapped in vapours of the weeds that perish in the using. What you say of Martineau's *Study of Religion* makes me desirous to get hold of the book. There is nothing I like so much as suggestive writing. It is an ineffable charm of the ‘Contemplative Life’ that it lends itself to all inspirations, rejoicing above all things in the words of the ‘Seers.’ Still reading on in your letter, I come to what you say of the blind. I have observed with more or less attention the characteristics of the blind woman who is with us; but doubtless owing to my own want of faculty for this kind of study, I have not collected from this observation any items of psychological or other interest. I remember only that one afternoon, when I was sitting with her on a bench in front of a house where Embroideries were sold while the other ladies were making purchases, I said to her there had been a clear sky all day up to that moment,—‘Clouds are gathering overhead and I am afraid we may get rain before night.’ ‘Yes,’ she replied, ‘I know it; I can tell by the sounds; it 's just as if a roof had been made over us.’ This struck me as showing a wonderfully sensitive ear for sounds.

I cannot tell you anything about the dialect spoken here, for it is impossible to make it out. I cannot understand it when a person uses it in speaking to me. As a rule, the natives, when addressing a stranger here, use the German of the educated classes. I do not know if there are any printed specimens of this dialect. Years ago in Lucerne I saw printed specimens of the Lucerne dialect. They are all different,—these dialects,—and all horrible, except to the student of philology; for they do really make hideous noises,—these people when they talk among themselves. We have had an uninterrupted succession of heats: 98° in Paris, 101° in Dresden, the crops drying up, the earth all over Europe parched and withered; it is really prodigious. Here, my thermometer has not marked above 78° in our rooms. From half-past five to six a coolness sets in, and then we walk till seven or after. But even in the hottest afternoons, it is delightfully cool in the shade of trees; there is generally a slight breeze; hence the heats are not inclement. On the contrary, taken all together, it is the most *Summery* Summer which I can remember to have passed in Europe: a delicious New England Summer: uninterrupted sunshine: bluest skies, soft balmy air: no mosquitoes: hardly a fly: altogether a serene and beautiful season. Of Heiden I have really nothing more to tell you: it is a mere *Dorf*: often noisy: school children running about, whooping: and Swiss boys firing at targets all over the place, after the manner of Tell: a tiresome place: but the air,—yea, it is the air of Paradise.

Hôtel du Parc, Lugano,
27 *September*, 1895.

My dear H.,—I posted to you in Heiden a little book entitled *Sang und Klang aus Appenzell*, being *eine Sammlung alterer Lieder für vierstimmigen Männerchor: herausgegeben von Alfred Tobler: Wolfhalden* 1892; also two small books (unbound) out of a library of *Schwizer-Dütsch* publications, entitled *Aus den Kantonen St. Gallon & Appenzell*. I made some inquiries about the *Appenzeller Mundart* of a native. Her father was a Pfarrer (Zwinglian) in a *Dorf* just under the Santis. She told me that although among themselves the Appenzellers always speak their native dialect, yet that it was difficult for her to read it, for she never sees it in print; nor does she write it; in writing letters, she, like the rest, uses the German *Schriftsprache*. Also in the schools the *Mundart* is forbidden to be used; a child must always speak with its teacher in good German. Hence this *Mundart*, as was the case in Lucerne, is almost wholly an un-written language,—and as such, I fancy it must, like all purely *oral* languages, vary and change from age to age. And how incredibly minute are the subdivisions of these dialects is shown by the fact which this lady mentioned to me, that her brother,—who is a physician in charge of the hospital in Heiden,—can distinguish between a native of Wolfhalden,—a *Dorf* just below Heiden, and a native of *Rehetobel*, a *Dorf* just above Heiden on the other side of it,—both Appenzeller Dorfs : and each having a slightly different dialect ! Also in the matter of Catholicism and Protestantism, it is very curious how sharply the lines are drawn. There is for instance the village of *Oberegg*, not quite an hour's walk from Heiden. It belongs to *Inner-Rhoden* and is entirely Catholic, although wholly surrounded by *Ausser-Rhoden* which is Protestant,—Inner and Ausser Rhoden being the two halves of the Canton Appenzell. Also, the Canton of Appenzell is entirely surrounded by the Canton of St. Gallen. St. Gallen is Catholic ; Appenzell *Ausser Rhoden* is Protestant. Heiden is in *Ausser Rhoden.* Our only level walk was on the road leading to St. Gallen,—most picturesque walk, along the base of great grassy slopes. Now, a mile out from Heiden on this road, you come to the dividing line between the Cantons of St. Gallen, and Appenzell *Ausser Rhoden* ; and on one side of this dividing line is a small Protestant Church with a sharp slim spire,—on the other, a Catholic Church with that red bulbous spire with which one is familiar in Southern Bavaria. The *Dorf* on each side of the line is called *Grub* :—Protestant, Appenzell Ausser-Rhoden Grub, and Catholic, St. Gallen Grub !

Well, finally we left Heiden, and descending to Rorschach on top of a railway carriage, took the train to Zurich. It was a delightful Summer day,—altogether radiant, and the ride gave us picturesque scenery. Arrived in Zurich, we walked across the street from the Railway Station to the Victoria Hotel, where we passed the night. Opposite us at the *table d'hôte* seven o'clock dinner sat that popular novelist, Conan Doyle, the creator of *Sherlock Holmes*, and such. Youngish man : large : and less bibulous than

I should have fancied a popular and successful novelist to be. The next morning we left Zurich in a through carriage for Lugano, via Rothkreuz and Arth-Goldau: brilliant sunny day. Indeed we have not had a cloudy day anywhere for now these six weeks. The scenery of the Gotthard is wonderfully fine; but the tunnels are trying,—I believe there are fifty-six of them. We did the great tunnel, nine and one half miles, in seventeen minutes by my watch: very hot and a tremendous noise. The *loops* by which the railway is brought up to Göschenen, where is the entrance to the Tunnel on the Northern side, are really stupendous. At five o'clock we reached Lugano, and alighted at a nice hotel close to the station and high above the town. I was sorry that we could not remain there, but the house was too full; we could not get satisfactory rooms. We descended therefore to the Lake by a funicular, and 'arranged' ourselves here: in an old Palace, very sumptuous: a *Dépendance* of the Hôtel du Parc. We are directly on the Lake and all surrounded by mountains: the air is delicious: soft Italian air: hot in the sun: and the town is smelly: but that too is delicious, for is it not Italy?

HÔTEL DU PARC, LUGANO,
7 *October*, 1895.

MY DEAR H.,—I was out all this morning,—a very rare occurrence for me, and an occurrence which always breaks me up for the day. It was a most brilliant morning: an azure sky: stimulating air: breeze blowing in from the Lake. The bit of a town lies along the Lake: narrow gloomy streets, all *arcaded*, running back from the sparkling water of the Lake: all in a picturesque setting of green mountains, rising steep out of the water: shabby shops: dirty streets: very musty: everybody looking as if out at the elbows. We wandered about, in and out, all over the place. I bought Italian paper money at the bankers at the rate of 104·70 francs in Italian paper rags for one hundred francs in French gold,—4 7/10 premium. When I was in Lucerne two years ago, the premium on gold in

Italy was from 18% to 20%! and we thought at one time of going down there and living on the premium!

Yes, 'Things' are dreadful tyrants if one does not possess a house in which they may find a home; even my trunks, stored here and there, are a constant bore. Books indeed are different; they *can be* stored with safety; but unless one has a definite outlook for sufficient space somewhere in which to dwell among them, it is better to let even books go by the board. I have found all along that it is wiser to accept unreservedly the conditions of one's lot in this particular, even though I cannot suppress now and then a sigh of regret for the many sacrifices which they entail: but *cui bono*? Regrets never did any good; what one can't help is there to be accepted; all is wisely ordered doubtless,—at any rate it is ordered; and so the pleasant library of which I once dreamed that I might be the possessor has gone to some other 'feller'; and I hope he will enjoy it as much as I might have enjoyed it. Well, then we did *flâner*, as the French say, and looked over masses of photographs. It is astonishing how much 'dry shopping' as I call it, women have the face to do:—all kinds of idle errands, in the little vaulted, dark, stone shops,—always 'dry shopping':—until at last we came out upon the lake front, and revelled in the sunlight and sight of the soft green mountains rising straight out of the sparkling waters. I wish I could describe the geographical configuration of the mountains and the slopes and such that make the situation of Lugano and all these places so picturesque; but I can't give you the least idea of the scenery by the use of words. I have no faculty in that direction; and I never met with any writer who could do much that was satisfactory in this kind of word-painting. But then of course much depends on the reader. I dare say there are persons who can catch a fair conception of a landscape, from a few lines of description, I never could. I can't describe scenery myself, nor can I understand other folk's descriptions of scenery: a mere mass of unmeaning words. I suppose this comes from a lack of imagination on my part; it comes from something no doubt.

GRAND HÔTEL VILLA D'ESTE, CERNOBBIO, LAKE OF COMO,
18 *October*, 1895.

MY DEAR H.,—Yes, that Monday afternoon became gloomier and wetter as the hours went on; and in the night arose a great gale, which I fancy might have swept us into the Lake, had we not been anchored on the rocks,—or I should say, imbedded among rocks; for the houses in these parts of course are all of stone, and being all old, are of portentous thickness of walls. However, the windows and shutters rattled wildly and the winds swept through their cracks as if all in a rage; for two days and nights without ceasing did the winds howl and the rains fall in torrents. Such blackness of skies! such preternatural gloom! It all reminded me of those days of flood in Cortina in the September month of 1882: except that in Cortina the waters fell in masses, like dead weights dropping from the near skies with a thud on the earth, for there was no wind in Cortina,—an awful stillness and blackness: not a leaf stirred: not a sound was heard: a downpour of water for four days and four nights, steady, uniform, without ever the slightest thinning of its immense and all devastating mass:—I say, four days and nights,—this was the period of the awful mass of water, but heaviest rains still continued,—rains that anywhere else would alone almost have excited consternation,—continued for at least a week longer, day and night. But I am wandering.

Well, on Thursday morning the storm passed away; the sun shone victorious from out of the black clouds,—and with a supreme effort we pulled ourselves together, and abandoning Cadenabbia, came straight to this place, passing Cadenabbia and Bellagio on the way down the Lake of Como from Menaggio. From Lugano we went by steamboat to Porlezza, which is across the frontier in Italy,—Italian Customs officer coming on board at one of the landing places, the name of which I have forgotten. The officer was young and wore a smart uniform; also he was civil and lenient, and spoke German; German speaking folk I have always found more human than other-speaking folk. The 'revision' was easy. At Porlezza,—after an hour's uneasy sailing, we embarked in a tiny train for Menaggio: two cars only: one, first class: the other, second class: charming ride of an hour across the intervening country, through a pretty valley,—finally ascending mountains and then descending upon the Lake of Como, radiant in the sunlight, with its shores, under overhanging mountains, lined with gay villas. The tiny train came down close to the landing-place of the steamboat and we embarked at once on a fine, large boat for Cernobbio. The scenery was very pretty,—quite up to its reputation. I should guess that the Lake was nowhere more than a couple of miles broad: mountains, not very high to be sure, on either side: and little towns and scattered villas stretched all along the water, at the base of the hills,—struggling to hold on, as it were, and often apparently having a precarious hold, as if a heavy rain might wash them into the Lake. I have discovered however that, in many cases at least, there is a good deal more space on these mountain sides, and especially along the narrow ledges at the base, than there seems to be to one looking from the Lake. Well, our boat was late as usual, and it was after dark when we reached the landing-place at Cernobbio. However, we were in time for the *table d'hôte* dinner at seven o'clock; and the change from the blackness of the outside world to the bright interior of the hotel, with its electric-lighted marble-pillared corridors, and the great white dining-hall, brilliant with pendant chandeliers, the spotless linen of the dinner-table, and the ruddy tinge of an excellent Chianti,—this was altogether gladsome: not to say, expensive. However, these are frivolous details; but then one cannot be on the Lake of Como without 'dilating with the proper emotions,' and certainly this hotel, and the situation of it, are altogether unique even in my experience, who have seen many hotels and many fine sites.

It is an historic site too, and the hotel was once a villa occupied by historic characters; the Manager gave us a pamphlet in French, setting forth its history, and I meant to have picked out of it all the interesting facts I could find regarding its origin, and its subsequent ownership, but I can't at this moment lay my hands on the pamphlet; and the wife has gone to Milan for the day in company with a blind lady and her friend who came with us from Munich to Heiden.

GENOA, 7 *November*, 1895.

MY DEAR H.,—It was hard to tear ourselves away from the Villa D'Este, and besides, as the weather became rainy, we thought it better to wait for a fine day; and we waited until the house became emptied of everyone except ourselves and three New York Butterflies. They were very amiable Butterflies, and we enjoyed their company in the stillness of the great marble halls; but we found the ghostly silence of the house, and its vast corridors, hung with great portraits of departed old heroes and heroines, somewhat uncanny, especially in the fading twilight, and at night the sepulchral gloom of the deserted halls was even depressing. However, the clouds lifted at last, and a bright sun lighted up the hidden mountains, disclosing a white mantle of snow all along their summits, opposite the Villa and far up the Lake. A crisp, tonic air came in place of the wet or humid atmosphere of the preceding days, and the landscape was radiant, as we rattled down to Como in the hotel omnibus, taking our last look at the beautiful Italian Lake. We left Como by rail at three in the afternoon and at half-past five we were in Milan. The next morning we left Milan at 9:50 o'clock: and in about an hour reached Certosa, where is the famous Carthusian Monastery, to which it is the fashion to make a pilgrimage. The Monastery is now suppressed; but owing to the wonderful beauty of its architecture and sculptures, it has been preserved by the Italian Government as a National Monument. The façade of the Church is exquisitely beautiful. What work must have gone into all its sculptures! an inconceivable richness and beauty in every minutest detail! The interior is also wonderfully beautiful: exquisite chapels: but I can use only these general phrases. To obtain even a faint idea of the architecture one must resort to photographs. Adjoining the Church is a great open enclosure, around which are ranged twenty-four cells, formerly inhabited by the twenty-four Trappist Monks, who seem to have made up the Brotherhood: very silent all now, and deserted.

Finally we caught the great Gotthard express for Genoa, where we arrived at 6:15 o'clock.

EUROPAEISCHER HOF, DRESDEN,
10 *October*, 1897.

MY DEAR H.,—Yes, Sir George Bowen is 'an entertaining man to meet once,' as you remark; and if you had met him as many times as I have, you would emphasize the word *once*. The man has a wonderful memory, and is in many respects good dinner company. We met him in the Winter of 1889-1890 at the Hôtel Royal in Rome. He was there for a good while. We were there for about six months; and there was also an Australian family there, from Melbourne, excellent people who knew a good deal about Sir George Bowen, but they had nothing to say in his favour: in fact they hated him bitterly. His wife was a Greek (she is dead now) from the Ionian Islands where Sir George was formerly Governor before they were ceded by England to Greece. He is very clever in languages and talked Italian fluently, and French also. I think he was once Governor of the Mauritius. But I am not sure. At any rate he bothered us a good deal; and for reasons too disagreeable to set down—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*,—we were glad when he took himself off.

The cook here has been giving opposite the usual French *menu* a German translation of the same, so that I have had an opportunity of making interesting studies in German culinary terms. And I have made the following notes:—*Consommé à la Royale* becomes *Kraftsuppe nach Königlicher Art*. We have no word in English for *Consommé*: or could we too, say 'Power-soup after the fashion of Kings'? *Charlotte Russe*,—this is most interesting and wonderful,—becomes *Kalte Eierspeise mit Schlagsahne vermengt*. *Sandre au Gratin* becomes *Sandor ueberbacken*. Really the Germans have no æsthetic sense for *words*. Take the heading of one of the columns in a Dresden newspaper: *Fernsprech- und Fernschreib- Nachrichten*: did you ever? 'far-spoken and far-written news': how does that sound in English?

GENOA, ITALY, 2 *December*, 1897.

MY DEAR H.,—It is all true what you say of Carlyle's *Friedrich*. I read the book when it first came out, now nearly forty years ago. In those days I was equal to reading even Carlyle, but I could not read this kind of thing now. One can, to be sure, pick out of his volumes a good deal of information, but the verbiage is colossal. One feels with every word the utter absence of the æsthetic sense in the writer,—for literature is an art; there must be proportion, perspective, in the conception of the subject, as well as *style* in the construction and flow of sentences. Carlyle was wholly lacking in the *literary sense*, as I may call it; he could heap up piles of stuff,—and is often good at pulling it to pieces and throwing out the chaff; but he had no constructive faculty, no literary sense; his mind was coarse; his perceptions never went beyond the outside. Events he could analyze, and also describe battles; everything with him was *objective*,—he had no subjective faculty, no intuition into character and soul; hence he is at times picturesque, but never philosophic. Still, I suppose he had a work to do in the world; and whatever it may have been, he did it; but such a book as his *Friedrich* is dead matter now; there is no vitality in it; no one will trouble to read it in the future; life is too short. Fancy mankind being burdened by a dozen such heavy works! What a contrast to the 'luminous page' and the tremendous grasp of Gibbon! Gibbon will never go out of date; Carlyle has already had his day and is now drowned in his own muddy torrent of words,—words.

On the Italian Riviera,
14 *December*, 1897.

My dear H.,—Here I am again on ‘the Azure Coast,’ and I feel as if I had reached at last the Kingdom of Light; so blue is the sky, so clear the air, so all-irradiating is the sun; and as it is only seven and a half months since we were here last, I feel as if I had never left the place. We came down from Genoa by the morning train: a brilliant day and the air mild as in the blossoming Springtime: but we had no sooner descended from the train than out of the blue Empyrean came a furious *Orkan* that, speaking figuratively, might have swept us into the sea. We took a cab and rode in terror up the hill on which our little hotel is situated. They are really terrible, these occasional gales. One cannot stand up against them. We had three in the three months we were here last year. The wind comes in gusts, and every gust breaks upon the windows and the casements with a furious rattle; one feels as if the house itself might go; but I look at the stone walls of our rooms,—at least two feet thick,—and feel reassured; nothing but an earthquake can throw over those walls. But I am not sure that an earthquake won't do it some day; for it 's an earthquake region; and I have seen several houses here standing desolate and shattered these many years, wrecked by earthquakes. But one can't have everything all at once in this world; and besides, everything one enjoys must be paid for in one form or another,—if not in money, yet in cyclones or earthquakes, or somehow; and even sunshine is growing dearer from year to year on the Riviera strand.

The House was silent: not a sound to be heard, except the distant moaning of the sea—moaning as if weary of lashing the shores these millions of years under its merciless taskmaster, the Wind,—for there is not a guest in this villa, except ourselves. In a villa close to us, however, is an interesting family,—that of Garibaldi:—Garibaldi's second wife, Donna Francesca, and her son *Manlio*, Garibaldi's youngest child, and daughter *Clelia*. Menotti Garibaldi, the General's eldest son, is also there off and on. *Manlio*

Garibaldi is a young officer in the Navy, but he is very ill, and was brought here on that account. It is a case of quick consumption.

On the Italian Riviera
11 *January*, 1898.

My dear H.,—I picked up at our pleasant little library here the other day a book entitled *Surnames as a Science* by one Robert Ferguson (London 1883), who writes himself *M.P.* and as 'author of the *Teutonic Name-System.*' Well, I used to think that my name *Hermann* came from that of the old German hero *Arminius*, for so the derivation was always set down in the books, but Ferguson writes :

'The old idea that Armin is properly *Herman*, leader or warrior, has long been given up by the Germans. The name, of which the most correct form is considered to be *Irmin*, is formed from one single word of which the root is *irm*, and the meaning of which is, as Grimm observes, entirely obscure.'

And so we are flung about from one thing to another by the etymologists ; and then flung back into darkness, from which we fancied we had emerged. This comes from overmuch learning,—altogether a weariness of the flesh to the deluded reader. However, it is not a book to read, this of *Surnames as a Science* : one can only *durchblättern* it and pick up odd things here and there :—for instance, how *Swearing*, *Gambling* and even *Gumboil* and *Earwig*,—all surnames,—are not half so hideous as they look, when one comes to inquire into their origin. The proper form of *Gumboil* is *Gumbald*, signifying 'bold in war' : 'a name borne by many a Frankish warrior, and by a Burgundian King fourteen centuries ago.' And in the case of *Earwig*, 'the animal which it represents is not the insect of invidious repute, but the sturdy boar so much honoured by our Teuton forefathers,—*ear* being a contraction of *Eoor*, boar ; so that *Earwig* is 'the boar of battle.' Also *Bugg* (a surname) is very ancient and respectable ; likewise *Flea* (also a surname). But still I don't wonder that a man named

Bugg changed his name not long ago for *Howard* :—and the wife was telling me this morning that she had just seen in her Philadelphia newspaper a notice of the death of an old acquaintance of hers, a widow named *Mummy*. Mrs. Mummy bore the name bravely and carried it to her grave; but the children all changed their names to *Worthington*. In the chapter entitled 'Ancient Compounds,'—I find, under the rubric of 'Wern, in the sense of "nationality"' the following: '(*Hari*, warrior), O.G. *Warenher*, *Warner*, Eng. *Warrener*, *Warner*. Also in the chapter entitled 'German Origin of Great Italians,' I find, 'among those who were accessory to music as instrument-makers, we have *Stradivarius* and *Guarnerius* (Old German *Guarner* for *Warinhar*), corresponding with our own names *Warriner* and *Warner*, and present French names, *Ouarnier* and *Guernier*.' Again, under the heading of 'Names Apparently from Office or Occupation,' a list of names is given, in which the name Warner is mentioned; further on, it is said, '*Warrener* and *Warner* may be taken to be from an Old German *Warnehar* (*Warin*, *Wern*).' But what 'nationality' does *Wern* indicate? However, I seem to have the choice of fancying that the name Warner means either *warrior* or *maker of fiddles*; this is something; but I must add that Robert Ferguson M.P. his learning seems to me to be of an altogether uncertain and tentative character. He is certainly very clever in his conjectures; but it is a cleverness that muddles whatever he touches. And did you ever read Hazlitt's *Essays*? They too are clever; but every now and then he flings out a rubbishy remark for the sake of effect—a kind of pothouse, or *Bierkneipe* effect,—which makes one sceptical of his intellectual soundness in general; —as when he says for instance,—'No college-man writes a good style, or understands it when written. Fine writing is with him all verbiage and monotony,—a translation into classical cantos or hexameter lines.' Fancy!

On the Italian Riviera,
3 *March*, 1898.

My dear H.,—There is only one other man in the House, and he is a German, a wiry, whiskered little man from Kiel, here for his nerves : *insomnia* and such : a judge in Kiel : his wife is with him : nice people : most intelligent and friendly: finds everything pleasant and wholesome: I have not met a German,—man or woman,—in these parts whom I was not glad to meet, and sorry to lose ; they are truly human ; always intelligent, cordial in their manners, talkative, incurious (they used to be curious and ask questions, but they don't do that any more), nothing disagreeable about them ; and they never try to make you believe that they are related to a Lord, and never sneer at poor people ; they are sane and wholesome, and above all, free from cant, and all infection of *caste*. Of Americans I don't speak, because there are none here, with the exception of a couple of ladies whom we know and who live permanently in their own villa ; but as a rule I prefer Germans even to Americans,—I mean such Americans as I come across ; for it is absurd to generalize upon such topics, and I never generalize. The concrete case is enough for me ; often too much.

Well, I have just finished reading Charles Lamb's *Letters* : a new and I fancy exhaustive edition in two handy volumes, which I picked up in our charming little Library here,—compiled and edited by Alfred Ainger. I had anticipated much pleasure from the perusal of them, but I must confess I have been disappointed. There is less humour than I looked for ; and even the puns (I am fond of puns, and occasionally make one myself, though as a rule of course the practice is detestable) even the puns are not wholly satisfactory. In writing to Southey upon one occasion, he says : 'You 'll know who this letter comes from by opening slap-dash upon the text as in the good old times. I never could come into the custom of envelopes ; [this was in 1825] 'tis a modern foppery ; the Plinian correspondence gives no hint of such.' In this I agree with him. How much more interesting and statelier the old letters look,

—written on broad large quarto sheets, nicely folded, and sealed with one's crest (we all have crests) or a motto! Receiving a sending of that kind one must have felt really set up, as if something of importance had come; not a mere idle note scribbled hastily and shoved into an envelope, licked with crude saliva, as nowadays. And now that the domestic rate of postage with us carries one ounce, I wonder that old-fashioned leisurely people,—who have time for letter-writing,—do not recur to the old mode, write themselves out at length on large sheets, and fold and seal the same with wax. But they won't: writing notes and shoving them into envelopes is easier, by humouring indolence, and besides, in these days of newspapers and rapid posts one fancies that one has little to say beyond *personalities*. But this is a mistake; there is just as much or just as little to say as ever. The mistake however will remain chronic; letter-writing has gone out of fashion and will never be revived; note-scribbling has taken the place of it—and it will not be long before even that passes away under the click of the typewriter, and one will know a friend's handwriting no more than one knows one's friend's middle name. There is ever so much criticism in Lamb's Letters of the poetry sent him by Southey and Wordsworth and others: but it is all of a verbal kind, and excessively tiresome, at least to me. In fact, I found but little in these Letters that interested me; but after all, it may be my own fault, or defect. Perhaps I am beyond being interested, except by a thoughtful Essay now and then; but in order to ascertain whether this be so, I am thinking of reading Madame de Sevigné's Letters carefully if I can get hold of them anywhere. Once in my youth I read through the whole of Voltaire's voluminous correspondence, and found it excessively interesting and stimulating; but I don't believe I could do that reading again. Cowper's Letters too were delightful; but I couldn't even do them again,—nor the vast masses of memoirs, French and English, chiefly French,—St. Simon and Grimm and the rest which used to please me. Did you ever read Grimm—I don't mean the German Brothers Grimm, but the Grimm who wrote in

French and from Paris in the last century, though a German by birth ? He is extremely voluminous ; but there is much interesting matter in him. Letters of our own time I detest ; I hate anything that has to do with this present. The newspaper of the day is enough for the day ; for the rest let me, if I can, bury myself in the ' quiet annals of the past.'

CHAPTER VII

AN ENGLISH SOJOURN,—AND AFTER

1898–1899

A French Railway Wreck—The Spanish-American War—Hove and Brighton—Charles Francis Adams and Anti-Imperialism—The Tar-Walk—Still more Words—A Memory of Brunswick, Maine—English Libraries—English Prices—English Monotony—Caedmon's Monument—Adulterated Milk—A Visit to Paris—The *Fundbureau* at Basel—Idling in the Riviera—Julia Ward Howe—John Holmes—Jowett and Freeman—The Powder Explosion at Toulon—Histories of Literature—Mark Twain—A Voyage from Naples to New York.

HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND,
17 *May*, 1898.

MY DEAR H.,—I have been passing through weary days, and am at this present in a house of mourning, under very sad and dreary circumstances. I left Genoa on Sunday morning, May 8, at 8:35 o'clock, and rode to Milan which I reached at noon. At 12:30 I went on in the superb First Class express over the Gotthard to Lucerne. It was the last train that got out of Milan for a week, for terrible riots had broken out there on the preceding Friday, and they were still raging. The railway station was guarded by troops, as were also several stations on the way up to Milan from Genoa,—Pavia and others. The riots were all over Italy; but in Milan the outbreak was more than a riot,—it was almost a Revolution,—with a big *R*. Had I waited until the following day, Monday, as I had thought of doing, I could not have got on by this route at all, for the railway service North from Milan was suspended. I reached Lucerne on Sunday night somewhat before seven, and slept the night there. The next morning, Monday, I strolled about the place,—delightful May morning, sunny and fresh, and renewed the pleasant associations of former years. And it was well I tarried the morning there, for had I gone on by the morning train to Paris, you would probably never have received this letter. I took the night train to Paris, though travelling at night is much against my inclination; but I was desirous to 'get on.' I left Lucerne on Monday night (May 9) at seven o'clock; at nine we were in Basel, and at ten I embarked on the *Rapide* for Paris. There were not many passengers and I had a fine first-class Smoking Compartment all to myself,—a *corridor* carriage,—that is to say, a passage down one side, out of which the compartments open. I rode on restless and tired, hardly dozing, through the night until half-past three o'clock in the morning, when the train stopped. It was a bright moonlight: and looking out I saw that the train had been shunted on a siding, as I supposed in order to let another train pass; but we stopped so long that finally I felt sure that something must have happened. I went out into the corridor; and to my dismay I learned that the *Rapide* of Monday morning from Basel to Paris had run into an omnibus train coming down from Troyes to Belfort on the preceding afternoon at two o'clock in a tunnel, near the entrance to which our train had stopped; that the tunnel was blocked with debris and that we should have to descend and go on foot over the mountain or hill, through which the tunnel ran. This was harrowing. However, we didn't have to go over the hill; it turned out that the debris had been cleared away so far as to make it possible to go on foot through the tunnel. But this was bad enough,—at least for me; for the tunnel was seven hundred feet long, and so clogged with the wrecks of the shattered trains that it took two men to get me through it. The *Rapide* was going at the rate of eighty Kilometres (fifty English miles) the hour, and the shock was awful; half a dozen persons were killed and no end of persons bruised and wounded. I never saw a railway wreck before: a ghastly sight: the *Rapide* had simply *telescoped* the weaker omnibus train. The tunnel was a black darkness, alternating with glow of torches, the smoke from which nearly suffocated me. However, at last we reached Paris at ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, three hours late; but the luggage did not arrive until seven o'clock that night. I 'descended' at the great Hôtel Terminus at the Gare St. Lazare, passing two nights and one rainy day there, and on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock I took the train for Dieppe: four hours and a half steaming across to New Haven: comparatively smooth sea: sat on deck—not a qualm—and enjoyed the salt air. In New Haven at five the wife met me and brought me to this house of woe.

Hove, Sussex, England,
30 *May*, 1898.

My dear H.,—There was one paper in *The Forum* which I found especially interesting,—by Sidney Low on '*The English Governing Oligarchy.*' I was struck by the superiority of style in English writing of this kind (Low is an Englishman) over the American style. Take up some English Review and compare it with a similar American Review, and you will see what I mean. To be sure, the papers in an English Review read as if they were all written by the same hand, but the style is uniformly good for that kind of writing: no flippancy: solid and clear thinking: faultless grammar: no colloquialisms: no eccentricity: no effort at *smartness*. In all our American writing,—or rather in the greater part of it,—there is an immaturity of style, a superficiality of thought, a *thinness* so to speak,—a kind of watery flow of words, characteristic of young and rapid writers. But to go from one thing to another,—there was an old English lady taking tea one afternoon here with us. We were served with some nice toast, cut into small pieces and heavily buttered; she ate it with zest,—or to speak precisely, with voracity,—saying it was 'scrumptious.' She is from the North of England and 'scrumptious' is the word they use in those parts for anything especially good.

I take in here the *Morning Post* for reading after breakfast. It comes at about nine o'clock, and we breakfast at half-past nine. The breakfast hour is most unseemly. I am in the habit of taking coffee at eight, and to wait till half-past nine is very tiresome. At this season of the year I am in the habit too of rising at six, but I can't do it here. I tried it one morning, and almost fell over from sheer exhaustion before the breakfast hour came round. The Lunch and Dinner hours are well enough. I like dining late, because I am not able to do anything of an evening, except smoke and talk till I go to bed. But I observe that everything is late in the morning in England. The day 'seems' to begin two hours later than it does anywhere else. The milkman comes late: ditto, baker: ditto everything and everybody: result in my case, premature exhaustion before entering upon the business of the day,—and no sufficient recovery afterwards, for I find myself drowsy all the time. They say it 's the liver, and that Hove is notorious for bringing on a bad state of that organ. In the evening I take in the *Globe*. They say it 's the best of the London evening newspapers, but it 's very poor. I take it in merely in order to catch any war news that may be coming during the day, but for a good while now there has been no news of any kind: mere rumours and surmises: no one even knows whether the Spanish Fleet is 'bottled up' in the Harbour of Santiago in Cuba,—no one knows anything. Hence a wild rumour that the American Fleet had been destroyed and Admiral Sampson killed. However, coming events cast their shadows before, and I am in great fear lest we run into a fatal catastrophe in Cuban waters: a catastrophe the more to be deplored, because it *does* seem to me that if we could at one blow destroy the Spanish Fleet off Cuba, the war must come to an end:—a war that ought never to have been entered upon: a stupid, senseless war,—a war made by a scurrilous press and by demagogues, a war in my opinion altogether disgraceful to our intelligence, and whatever may be the issue, a lasting dishonour to the nation: a war too that is sure to bring upon us disasters and miseries in the future. But I will not dwell upon the subject. I quite lose control of myself when I contemplate this colossal idiocy of the American People. On the Sunday I buy at breakfast time from a newspaper hawker, the *Sunday Times*, and this only with a view to war news. The

American ‘Sunday newspaper’ has not yet reached this side of the Atlantic. But I think it will have a howling sale when it gets here, for the English are a newspaper-reading folk: witness Hove,—that is, Brighton,—three hundred churches and not *one Library*! the nearest thing you can get to a Library is a stationer's shop advertising to be ‘in connection with Mudie's.’ Brighton however is not the town in which I am living: I am living in what is called *Hove*,—a distinct municipality, adjoining Brighton, and hence popularly called West Brighton: mostly a residential quarter,—long, broad avenues, still as the grave, lined on either side with two to three storey houses,—detached ‘villas,’ or semi-detached,—that is, in separate blocks of two, or in continuous uninterrupted blocks:—and all very dreary, except for the white strand of the sunlit sea, which somehow seems to me to belong to another world. Horribly cold month of May too,—the first week I was here was colder than we ever had it all Winter on the Riviera; now it is somewhat warmer, 60° in my room, in the early morning, but for the most part cloudy and gloomy: now and then a bit of sunshine. However, we get good walks of an afternoon, chiefly along the water Front: an Imperial promenade,—they say it is four miles long: most comfortable benches everywhere, and if the air be not too raw I often take a sitting,—sitting is my strong point,—and respire the salt sea breeze, and gaze upon the restless waves, and watch the fishing-boats, and follow afar off the trailing smoke of some great Atlantic Liner.

HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND,
27 *July*, 1898.

MY DEAR H.,—There is a meagre report of C. F. Adams' speech at the Harvard Alumni Association Dinner in a newspaper you sent me, and a full report of President Eliot's answer to it. It is a pity that Adams' speech was not reported in full. All that is said of it is,—‘It was keyed in a tone of bitter contempt for the “glittering illusion of imperialism,” and contrasted the motives of the men of

1861 with those of to-day, whom he accused of going to war for conquest.' It is not good taste to go into people's motives in a crisis like the present, for motives are very much mixed; some men may have gone into this war with Spain in the spirit which Adams reproved, and many may have gone into it out of a conscientious sense of duty; many also for the mere pay or hope of glory or love of excitement. But it is cowardly to suppress the remarks of a man like Adams upon the danger which the country is running in evoking and encouraging a spirit of conquest and imperialism,—fatal illusions both of them. President Eliot's reply is of course in line with popular opinion and altogether goody-goody; but I must say I like the spirit of a man who has the courage to say things that he knows will be disagreeable to the people who hear him, when he feels that the good of the country requires him to do so. I like a bold vigorous man who is not afraid to speak out his convictions, though the populace may hoot him, or even though his audience may receive his speech in solemn silence.

And by the way, there is an article in the July number of the *Atlantic* entitled *A Soul's Pilgrimage: Extracts from an Autobiography* by C. F. B. Mill, which interested me,—not at all because of the account of the Soul's Pilgrimage, which was of the usual kind, religious doubts leading a priest of the Roman Catholic Church to throw off his priesthood and take to the pure theism of Theodore Parker and such. That story is told often enough, though it would be well for the world, I think, if this kind of pilgrimage took place oftener,—even *en masse*. However, the story of such a pilgrimage has never been told better, with more searching psychological scrutiny, than by Zola in the study which he has given in his *Rome* and *Paris*, of the tortured Abbé Froment. But the article above-mentioned interested me solely by reason of the Boston reminiscences of the writer; and I take it for granted that you must have seen or heard of him in the years from 1855 to 1860. He must be now *about* eighty years old, having gone up, as he says, from his native village to Paris in 1843, in his twenty-fifth year.

From the United States whither he came, apparently like the old Puritans to worship God in the wilderness, he was sent by Seward to Paris at the outbreak of the Rebellion, in order to work upon the Paris press and bring it round to our side. And when that mission was accomplished, he turns up in San Francisco under the wing of Thomas Starr King, where he rings down the curtain upon his reminiscences at the date of King's death in 1864. And *àpropos* of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in the May number, there was an extremely clever article which entertained me very much, entitled *The Evolution of the Gentleman* by S. M. Crothers. It was capital, and who is S. M. Crothers? I hope you know him, for then you might ask him to write some more such clever things.

We have been having warm and pleasant weather for now a good while: delightful Summer days: about 70° in our rooms for the most part: out-doors in the sun of an afternoon it might be called hot. But of the dreadful heat which you report and which I have so often experienced, there is no question. I shall never forget the July month two years ago, which I passed in New York: 95° night and day: a nasty, humid, sticky heat. No, the air here of late is truly Summer air: soft and pure: odorous of green fields and flowers, as it were. In the very early morning, it is an exquisite air, moist and fresh as the verdure which glitters in it. In fact, the Summer in England is warmer and far more delightful than I had fancied; or rather, I should say, such is the case this Summer; for I remember two Summers in my life, in which I set out to see England, failing each time,—the Summers of 1860 and of 1879:—wet and cold and gloomy,—in a word, horrible. But long afterwards I happened to fall in with a copy of *The Times* in which was a leading article upon the Weather of England; and curiously enough, I read therein that the worst Summers of this whole Century were precisely those Summers of 1860 and 1879. Truly, this was the irony of fate. However, it is only on the side of the sea as it were that Brighton is at all inviting; the rest of it is dull and sodden and wearisomely hilly; but the sea front is superb. We walk and sit there every afternoon, cooled by the breezes which have travelled straight from Boston across three thousand miles of Ocean. This sets us up :—and what a busy strand it is,—four miles of ‘ shingles ’ : breezy, merry Brighton,—it is all to be seen on the ‘ Tar-walk ’ where we sit and look out upon the water. This is indeed joyous ; but behind us is nothing but dreariness and Tamplin’s Entire.

Hove, Sussex, England,
8 *August*, 1898.

My dear H.,—I am interested, as always, by the curious words and phrases which you give me, culled from various recent books. Let me add to your list a few others, which I have come across and noted of late. In an article in *The Speaker* it is remarked that a short story is unfitted for a close and *meticulous* ‘ study of small variations ’ ; also the phrase ‘ pawky deliberation ’ occurs. *Meticulous* and *pawky*,—do you know these two words off-hand, without having recourse to a Dictionary ? I don’t. In an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* entitled ‘ English Literature and the Vernacular ’ the author speaks of ‘ ears still tortured with (by ?) the *griding screech* of the trolley cars.’ Is there such a word as *griding*, or is it a misprint for *grinding* ? Also there is the phrase ‘ clear, forthright English writing.’ The word *forthright* is also used in several other cases by the same writer. I suppose *forthright* means something like *outspoken*, or *downright* : clear, vigorous. But it must be a very old-fashioned word. Mr. Liddell is now a Professor of English Literature or of the English Language somewhere in the State of Texas. Articles by him on English language and grammar, have been appearing of late in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He seems to me to have some excellent ideas, but to labour under unusual difficulty in making his meaning clear. One point which I remember he makes, is the necessity of studying the language historically in order to understand even so comparatively late a poet as Shakespeare. In fact, he makes out that the language has altered so much, even in the course of two or three centuries, that it would probably be difficult for us to understand a person talking now as a person of Shakespeare's days would have talked, and I am inclined to think he is right in this.

Another unfamiliar word may be found in a late number of the *Spectator*, in the notice of a novel entitled *The Lake of Wine* by Mr. Bernard Capes (the *Lake of Wine* by the way is merely the name of a famous ruby). The reviewer says, 'There is good portraiture, again, in the *raffish* Baronet, sobered by his gambling losses,' et cetera. Also in the same notice, the following choice passage is cited: 'She glinted at him with adumbrated pupils.' Again, in the *Spectator* *àpropos* of monopolies and 'corners,' a writer says: 'we can see no moral objection to laws to prevent the *regrating* of necessary articles, except of course the difficulty, long since proved of carrying them out.' *Regrating* is I suppose a term used in Political Economy; but I should have to go to a Dictionary in order to understand the passage quoted—'He who sups with the Devil must have a long spoon.'

Well, at this writing, you are in Brunswick, and I have pleasure in placing you once more in the familiar ways of that quiet old town. I remember how six years ago this Summer we sat out of doors near the Library, on chairs borrowed from the Librarian. I remember the shade and the rustling wind and the whirling leaves, and the stillness; and also the silence and musty air and twilight darkness of the Library Halls as we poked about among them: a ghostly place,—in fact, like many another quiet New England village: all Brunswick seemed to me to be full of ghosts of departed worthies. But I dare say the place is alive enough in Term time; vacation was on when I was there, and there was a temporary suspension of vitality. This place too where I live is deadly quiet: a residential quarter. I could drop a pin out of my third-storey window and hear it click upon the pavement,—*Amerikanisch*, sidewalk; and when I first came here, accustomed as I had been for so long to the infernal noises which the Italians make, I really couldn't sleep,—so still was it: and one night I dreamed that I was assisting at my own funeral!

Hove, Sussex, England,
23 *August*, 1898.

My dear H.,—I have not much just now to contribute to your collection of curious words and phrases, but I have made a note of the two following cases. In a notice of Tolstoy in one of the English journals, the reviewer remarks: 'Tolstoy has various of the qualities that define a consummate actor!'—fancy,—*various of*! Again, one day I had my hair cut, and I told the barber to cut it short,—especially the whiskers, remarking that the wife always scolds if the whiskers be not trimmed close. The barber said he would do so, and thereupon inquired whether I came from Yorkshire, or the North of England. I parried the question, and said that I lived in Italy. But then it immediately occurred to me to be very odd,—his taking me for a Yorkshire man; and I asked him why he did so. He replied, 'why you said that your wife *calls* you, if your whiskers ain't clipped short.' 'No,' I said, '*scolds* me.' 'Oh, beg pardon, I thought you said *calls*; in the North of England they say *calls* instead of *scolds*; a man would say of another for instance, he 's been calling me,—meaning, he 's been scolding me,'—funny, isn't it? But the funniest thing I have read lately is the suggestion of an anonymous journalist that in view of the fact that the term America is a misnomer as applied to the United States, the abbreviation U.S.A. might give the word *Usans*, to distinguish the inhabitants of the United States from the other peoples on the American Continent. But after all, this is not perhaps so supremely ridiculous as it might seem; for *Americans is* a confusing term. We *do* need some one term for the inhabitants of the United States,—for to say that *Americans* means *par excellence* the inhabitants of the United States is assuming a good deal in the way of conceit, in view of the millions, constantly increasing, of Canadians and Mexicans and such; and especially as Canada, geographically speaking, occupies a larger part of the North American Continent than does the United States.

It has been hot here for now a long time. I cannot write very hot, for the thermometer has never marked above

79° in our rooms, and that only once; but 76° has been a standing figure: a long, long spell of pleasant sunny weather. I should not have fancied that the English climate could have produced the ideal Summer days which we have been enjoying for now at least a fortnight,—perhaps longer. We are living here in entire seclusion, and so far as I am concerned, pleasantly enough; but the place is tiresome. In fact, any place in which I am obliged to live would be tiresome; for it is altogether an unaccustomed sensation, this of being tied down,—after having been for so many years entirely my own master, to go or to come. To be sure we often live for months together in the same place; but then we have the consciousness that we are free to depart the next day if we wish. You will hardly understand this state of mind; but I fancy it is mainly this state of mind which makes me hate Brighton. Yet not entirely, for apart from its sea front, as I must already have told you, Brighton is not in the least an interesting place. It is all hills, closely built over: no walks whatever except along the sea: the outlying country is a mass of bare, swelling hills,—not a tree visible on the horizon: in fact, nothing but dreariness and an occasional picturesque begrimed old windmill on the summit of a vast grassy slope. Cowper belonged to the Lowland region in England, and it is related of him that 'he was appalled when he saw the Sussex scenery owing to the size of the hills.' I should think so. There are the *Southdowns*, where famous mutton is grown; they are mostly laid down in grass, and where not grass, with turnips or such. They are a beef-eating, mutton-eating race,—the English: and their animal food disposes them, according to an article which I read the other day, extracted from the Medical Journal, the *Lancet*,—disposes them I say, to cancer, when the use of meat is accompanied by insufficient exercise. At any rate, the increase of cancer has been prodigious in the last twenty years,—the statistics are harrowing,—especially as to the increase of the disease among men, which has been in a much greater ratio than among women. I can't say that I take to England. I dislike it I suppose for much the same reason that I dislike American cities,—it is too expensive. One can live cheaply enough, I dare say, even in London; but how? Cheapness in England as with us is nastiness, whereas in Germany or Italy one can be cheap and genteel at the same time. In England that is impossible; also in Boston. So at least the case strikes me. In Boston, however, one can at least get books; but there seem to me to be no libraries in England, which are of any practical value to the average man: of course there is the British Museum, a tremendous storehouse. But what is the good of it to me? I must live close by it, if I would avail myself of it; for it lets out no books; and how awfully depressing it is to read books in a big Library! Of course for people who are making researches the case is different; the British Museum is for such a prodigious treasure; elsewhere, there are no Libraries worth talking about.

Yes it is an admirably printed newspaper, *The Times*, and I must say it is a pleasure to open a fresh copy of it, after morning coffee and kippered herrings,—and having stuck a long (India) Dindigul cigar into my long Carlsbad cigar-holder, to roam over its ample pages, surveying mankind from Peking to Peru, while perfumed breezes from the garden blow gently in through the open window, and the bottle-fly may be heard pulling himself together for the work of the day. This is what I look forward to, mainly: in fact, I might *almost* say that this is all I live for at this present.

Hove, Sussex, England,
5 *September*, 1898.

My dear H.,—Did you ever come across the word *snippet*? also the slang phrase, much in vogue in England, *a large order*? Well, in a recent *Spectator* is a notice of a magazine entitled the *Girl's Own Paper*; and the reviewer writes that an article by 'Darley Dale,' on 'Modern Slang' in that magazine 'manages to condense into one page a great number of *snippets of out-of-the-way* knowledge, such as that when a person uses the popular phrase 'a large order,' he is probably unconsciously quoting an Aristotelian phrase which has degenerated into modern slang from Attic Greek.' After all, there is truly nothing new under the sun!

We have been enjoying a long, long Summer here: day after day, fine brilliant weather: somewhat warm in the sun of course, but in the shade altogether delightful: ideal Summer days. Yesterday was one of the hottest days we have had, but the thermometer in our rooms did not mark above 92°; and the nights are cool and comfortable: no mosquitoes by night and hardly a fly by day. But there is a cry for rain all over the land. It is very long since we have had any rain to speak of,—now and then a spasmodic downpour, but no continuing wetness; and in London there is *almost* a Water Famine; while here in Brighton grouse are ten shillings a brace and partridges six and sixpence, and the poulterers' shops are full of both; showing what opulence there doth exist in this Land of England. Fruit too is plenty here, but it is mostly of an expensive kind: muscatel grapes (hot-house) at one and sixpence the pound, for instance: peaches and nectarines,—how superb they look,—at a shilling and more each: pears of a common kind, imported, come at one ha'penny apiece: the really fine pears,—dear me, I don't know what they cost: I have never had the cheek to ask: but there are melons of a good size, brought from Spain,—which I like very much, and fortunately they are cheap,—sixpence apiece. But my previous impression that England was a cheap country has been considerably modified. I do not believe that on the whole it is any cheaper than Germany,—dear as Germany has grown in recent years. House rent to be sure is comparatively cheap, except in fashionable quarters. Confining myself to Brighton, I have seen large, double houses here, three-storied, in eligible parts of the town, which may be hired for £200 per annum, exclusive of taxes which would add I suppose from ten to fifteen per cent. to the rent. There are no such houses to be had at all in Boston,—or certainly not under three to four thousand dollars. Even on the 'front,'—the grand esplanade running along the sea,—I know of a large, three-storied house, which may be had for

£300 a year. The party that formerly occupied it having come to grief was obliged to retrench. Fifteen hundred dollars for a house like that would be a bagatelle in Boston,—and think of the situation, the most fashionable in the place. Nevertheless were I to settle here, which Heaven forbid, I should not care to live on ‘the front,’—one has no idea until one has actually experienced the force of a gale here, how terrible is the wind that blowing in from the sea, laden with spray, thunders against the front windows of these houses. Twice I have tried to reach the front while a gale was on, in order to see the dash of the waves upon the esplanade, and was foiled each time. I could not make head against the driving spray and pelting rain. Yet what a front it is,—of fine houses,—fine houses in a line fully three miles long: a truly Imperial esplanade. Of late the wife has been going down there at night with one of the ladies, after dinner, from nine to ten: moonlight nights: they say the scene is superb: moonlight bright upon the sea, and the Tar Walk all life and gaiety.

HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND,
19 *September*, 1898.

MY DEAR H.,—You speak of the word *trolley* as if you had never heard of it except in connection with our system of overhead electric traction; but it is a word in common use in England, being applied to large, low four-wheeled carts drawn by two or four horses, bearing a *flat platform*, on which are rolled all sorts of heavy merchandise,—barrels, casks and such. It was some such four-wheeled vehicle with flat platform that Lady Burton intended to designate when she spoke of getting on ‘by dint of mules, walking, riding and occasional “trolleys.”’ I note an odd phrase here now and then. The only one I can remember at this moment being ‘doing the cloth,’—for ‘setting the table.’ The first time I heard it I was talking with the maid one afternoon about her going on an errand, an errand which would take up some time; she replied that she couldn’t very well go just then, for it was late, and she wouldn’t have time ‘ to do her cloth ’ when she returned ; she meant, ‘ set the table ’ for dinner.

I agree with you that something ought to be done to the man who invented the word *biograph*. It is odd that Bartlett’s *Familiar Quotations* should give so much bibliography in respect to the saying about ‘ having a long spoon ’ if one would sup with the devil, and yet not convey the slightest hint as to its meaning. I have never heard of Green *Harbour* ‘ on the shore beyond Cohasset.’ When a boy I used to spend my vacations in Cohasset ; but it was then a secluded far-away village,—nobody there but the natives,—who were mostly farmers or fisher-folk,—and occasional *Sommerfrischlers*. How changed is it all now ! I do not like the place at all in its character of fashionable Summer resort ; and when now and then I have paid a visit there I have felt almost heartsick at the desecration, as it were, of all the secluded picturesqueness of the place by the invasion of a rude opulence.

Thanks for information in regard to *dago*. I dare say your etymology of the word is correct. It is a word that must have come into general use since I was in Boston two years ago, for I do not remember ever to have heard or seen the word used when I was there. It is amazing with what rapidity a word will spring up and grow into familiar use. But the word *Hobo* I never heard of at all before.

Yes, the heat in *U.S.A.* seems to have been dreadful ; but strange to say, we have been experiencing here what no man now living in England has ever experienced, to wit,—the *hottest September on record* ; and it strikes me as an irony that I should come in for this kind of thing,—I who have had experience of just the opposite, to wit,—the two worst Summers known in England in the present century, the summers of 1860 and of 1879 : yet, after all, this great heat has been confined chiefly to London. The thermometer in our rooms has never marked above 78°, and even that figure once only, ranging mostly from 70° to 74°, often steady, night and day, at 72° :—week after week of blue skies and soft air : altogether ideal Summer days : but I must say the air has been rather debilitating and I feel much run down.

But then to spend six months in one place is enough to run anyone down. And Brighton is surely a tiresome place: nothing whatever interesting about it, except of course the grand promenade by the Sea, of which I never tire. We go there every afternoon and sit on a bench on the *Tar Walk*, and breathe the soft air fresh from the sea, and watch the Bath-chairs that file in slow procession before us, and the young men and maidens that skip laughing by, and the white-robed nurses trundling chubby red-faced cherubs in perambulators draped with white muslin. Nursery-maids by the way in England are always robed in white from head to foot, Summer and Winter. There is a uniform of some kind for every class and condition of men; house-maids all wear a white cap,—yet I believe it is not a cap after all,—but I hardly know how to describe it,—something white on the top of the head,—and long white aprons with white streamers; and I must say it improves their appearance, and gives them a jaunty picturesque look. Saleswomen dress all in black; and the gentlemanly male 'assistants,'—they never use the word *clerk* to indicate salesmen,—all wear very large long flowing black frock coats. Every possible employment and condition of life is marked in some way by an outward sign; every possible circumstance of life, so to speak, is thought out and arranged for. A widow's mourning is prescribed by strictest rules, and is to last one year; for another year there is a mitigated mourning prescribed; a brother-in-law is to wear mourning for three months, and so on. But all this produces a deadly monotony of life,—a monotony positively depressing: everything just the same,—houses, maids, mournings: Monday you have a certain thing for dinner: Tuesday another thing: and so on through the week until you get round to Monday again when the same order begins once more. And then Sunday,—oh! the dreariness of Sunday in England! In Brighton one goes to Church in the morning, and afterwards parades on the green turf of the Brunswick Lawns by the sea, where the ladies display their prettiest toilettes. This is *de rigeur*. There are no services in the afternoon; but there is an evening service at six-thirty o'clock, and those who frequent this service dine in the middle of the day; and those who don't, dine as usual at seven-thirty. I am speaking of the Established Church. What non-conformists, dissenters, chapel-folk do or don't do is a matter of no interest to the Established Churchman; such folk are mere rubbish—the existence of which is an unintelligible fact in the social organism.

HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND,
5 *October*, 1898.

MY DEAR H.,—Thanks for your *Classified List of a German Dialect Collection*—a most useful collection certainly,—in fact, indispensable from the point of view of scientific philology, and of the evolution of language. But I must confess I have no great sympathy from a literary point of view with dialect writing. I cannot really enjoy, as literature, writing which I cannot read fluently, with full knowledge of all the words used. I can study anything,—for the sake of facts or of ideas; but literary form is a thing to be enjoyed; and I cannot find literary form in dialect writing.

I sent you a copy of *The Times* containing an account of the unveiling of a monument in Whitby in commemoration of Caedmon, the first English *Christian* Poet. The monument is in the form of a cross, twenty feet high, of hardest sandstone. Whitby is the place in which Caedmon dwelt, in a Saxon Monastery under the rule of St. Hilda; he died A.D. 680. Whitby is near Scarborough, which is a noted seaside resort on the East coast of England, in harsh and gloomy Northumbria. I went over there once,—it was in the Summer of 1879,—from Scarborough, where I was spending some weeks: a wild, rocky, gloomy, forbidding, dangerous coast,—scenery, which Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, prettily describes in his little oration delivered at the unveiling of this monument. It all comes back to me in the picturesque passage where he says: 'here the sea-gull yet wheels and wails, here the eagle still screams and towers, here the heather blushes and the bracken mellows: and here the multitudinous horses of the northern main still flash and fling themselves against the long dark line of yon Northumbrian Coast.' The English call *white caps*, *horses* as you know. So do the Italians; or rather, the Italians call them *little horses* (*cavalotti*).

Also in *The Times* is a notice of a biography of *Sir Frank Lockwood* by your favourite author Augustine Birrell. I must confess that I never heard of Sir Frank Lockwood. How many lives there are of which biographies are published,—and one never heard of the subjects of them while they lived! Yet a well-written biography of any clever man written by another clever man cannot fail to make good reading for a leisure hour; for after all, I think the majority of mankind are far more interested in the lives of their fellow-men,—if one can only once get at them,—than in what they did; for it is not so much what they did,—it is given to but a few to do much of anything, and they of course are heroes—as how they lived and did it.

We made an excursion one day to Hastings and St. Leonard's: contiguous towns, like Brighton and Hove. We walked along the water front,—magnificent promenade,—from Hastings to St. Leonards, where as the time had come for the wife to take her afternoon Tea, we looked about for a place where that absolutely imperative function of English life might be celebrated. We found it at once,—a fine *Cafe* as one would say in Germany; but here they called it *The Healtheries*,—fancy! 'However' did they come to make a word like that, if as stated a few days ago in *The Times*, one third of all the cows in England are tuberculous, and one half of all the milk sold contains the bacilli of tuberculosis! It 's a terrible country for the adulteration of foods, is England. I don't believe there 's a thing coming on the table in this country, that isn't adulterated. In *The Healtheries* one can have most delicious cream with one's coffee,—I speak from experience,—and it is not dear; nor should it be, for as I have learned, it is made from a *chalk*. It leaves a filthy taste in the mouth: I have tried it but once, and it kept me in a fearful quantity of superfluous saliva for at least two hours afterwards.

Grand Hôtel Terminus, Gare St. Lazare, Paris,
13 *November*, 1898.

My dear H.,—We were thinking of tarrying here for a few days only ; but Paris has a great fascination for the wife. She has a good many old friends and acquaintances here, whom she has not seen for a long time ; and besides, shopping is a special attraction of the place ; and she has been touching up her wardrobe ; and also partaking of those peculiar delights which are to be found in the animation and gaiety of the street life of Paris ; and I was very glad that she should have a little pleasure and diversion after all the dreariness of our wearisome sojourn in Brighton. We have roamed through the great galleries of the Louvre too, and worshipped once more at the shrine of the Venus of Melos. What delight and refreshment it was to me,—to gaze once more at the old familiar marbles : Socrates and Nero and Augustus and all the Satyrs and Nymphs and Muses ! I am extremely fond of beautiful marbles. And the Luxembourg gallery we did also. But walking through galleries fatigues me beyond words. The streets fatigue me too, prodigiously ; the traffic is dreadful. It was always bad enough, but in the last dozen years it seems to me to have increased a dozen fold ; such crowds on the boulevards ; such a mass of vehicular traffic : huge, electric trams : huge steam trams : huge omnibuses drawn by three horses harnessed abreast : two-horse omnibuses : bicycles,—tricycles, —steam (petroleum) bicycles : ditto tricycles : hideous, shrieking automobile wagons : equestrians, pedestrians,—a vast and fearful jumble. Bedlam is no word for it. I am filled with terror every time I go into the streets ; and I do not know whether it be a greater misery to walk or ride in a cab. An old friend of the wife, a widow lady who has lived here for years, told her that not long ago she saw with her own eyes a cab upset on the Place de la Concorde, and a lady thrown out and killed on the spot. I tried cabs at first, but soon gave them up,—feeling safer in an omnibus ; but now I have just learned that even an omnibus was upset the other day, and its occupants all spilled into a wine-shop. There is really no safety in Paris, and I expect to take only one more drive in the place ; it will be the most agreeable drive of all, since it will be to the railway station : for we are leaving soon for Lucerne. It is to me a delightful place,—Lucerne : the prettiest spot in Europe : serene and beautiful : I believe I should become delirious if I stayed much longer in Paris. However, the streets are quiet here, except for the noise and confusion of traffic,—the Nile Valley storm having passed over ; but it has left the French in a very bitter, rankling mood. A young man whom we met here,—an Episcopal clergyman who has come abroad for a sojourn of several years with a view to a thorough acquisition of the French and German languages,—was going along the streets the other day when he encountered a Company of French soldiers on the march ; he stopped to look at them, and as they passed, two or three of them knocked off his hat, shrieking to him to *salute the flag* ; also, they hustled him. In this hotel I hardly ever hear the sound of the English tongue. It is crowded with French folk ; and I must say I really dislike the French language ; it makes one nervous to hear it ; and to hear it all day long adds another weariness to the place. I fancy the English have been pretty well shaken out of Paris, but the war-clouds have not yet been all dissipated by any means ; and I observe that Lord Salisbury in a recent speech has adopted my view of the situation,—in fact, he has borrowed my very words,—‘ war may come nowadays between any of the great Powers suddenly,—nay over night.’ And then in France is this dreadful dissension over Dreyfus. I hope you have not read over much about the case, for the more you read, the less you will understand it ; really, it furnishes a study in the psychology of the Völkerseele. But I am glad to see that with us the Goldbug is slowly eating up the Silver-viper.

Hôtel Schweizer Hof, Lucerne, Switzerland,
27 *November*, 1898.

My dear H.,—The ride to the railway station in Paris, being my last ride, and hence the pleasantest, as I fancied would be the case, proved to be a turbid kind of enjoyment. On account of the mass of our *impedimenta* I was obliged to engage a small two-horse railway omnibus to convey us from the Hôtel Terminus at the Gare St. Lazare to the Gare de l'Est, where the train starts for Lucerne. It came at eight o'clock in the morning, accompanied by a raw, dense fog. However, we were soon rattling away from the hotel,—it is a long ride,—and when we had come within, say, ten minutes' walking distance of the Gare de l'Est, the horses *jibbed*, or as we say, *balked* and refused to function. The driver was furious ; he lashed them with his whip ; and then began turning the vehicle round and round ; he was altogether beside himself with passion, and I feared a catastrophe. It was a narrow street, and in spite of the early hour, was jammed with traffic ; a crowd soon collected ; and I am sorry to say there were jeers and screams of laughter as I managed somehow to drop out into the mud. The wife followed me with a bound, and we hurried to the railway station as best we could through the slippery streets and crowds of pedestrians and rattling cabs, and great steam trams looming out of the fog. It was a bad ten minutes. However, the wife somehow got me through it all safely,—carrying her mandolin in one hand and holding up her draperies with the other. We reached the Station ; the omnibus came up finally with the baggage ; and at nine o'clock we were bowling out of the place in the *Rapide* for Lucerne :—and as the tall houses of the neighbourhood loomed up through the fog, when we passed out of the station I uttered a pious ejaculation,—'if so it shall please the Lord, may I never see Paris again ! '

Well, we had an easy ride ; but as the day wore away and night came on, I became very tired, and when we reached Basel I decided to remain there for the night. We left the train therefore and crossing a wide, deserted, silent street on foot came into the Hôtel *Euler*, opposite the station : a poor hostelry : but it answered for the night, and besides, was I not out of Paris ? It was deliciously still,—a heavenly serenity in the place, after all the tumult and worry of the last two weeks ; I felt that I had come to myself; and though it was a wretched beefsteak they gave me for supper, I washed it down with joy in the red wine of the Land of Tell,—'redeemed, emancipated, disenthralled,'—like Ireland in the Speech we used to spout at School. I slept like an infant, though I had smoked my last two French cigars before going to bed. And the next morning we set out gaily to explore the town, in order to find the *Fundbureau* of the Railway. I call your attention to the term *Fundbureau*,—beautifully concise: is there any language except the German which could put out so short a word to signify 'Magazine of Lost Articles'? We went first to the Railway Station and made inquiries in regard to an umbrella and two canes which I had left standing on the platform of the Railway Station in Basel upon the departure of the ten o'clock night Express for Paris on Monday, being the Ninth day of May last past. An official there hunted up the books and found an entry corroborative of above loss. He gave me a minute on a slip of paper, containing particulars of the case, and sent me to the *Fundbureau*, where the articles were deposited. It was a long way off, and the search for it took us all over the place. It is the first time I can be said ever to have *seen* Basel. Fortunately it was a sunny morning; the air was fresh and tonic, and the stillness of the streets altogether a joy: and we wandered on and on, asking questions at every turn, until at last we brought up in front of what I fancy must have been an old patrician Palace on the Hirschberg,—a narrow street paved with cobble-stones,—old-fashioned and dingy. They took us into the *Fundbureau*. It was the oddest sight one can imagine: *cords* of canes and umbrellas: *piles* of hats, baskets, shawls,—in fact, every conceivable thing: including my old umbrella and two canes. The umbrella was of no value; I hated it; but of course by the usual irony of fate, that which is lost is sure to come back,—provided it be not wanted. However, I must admit that the irony of fate is sometimes kinder; for with the umbrella I have now also recovered a precious relic,—to wit, a cane which my Mother brought me from Niagara Falls in the Spring of 1846. It bears a silver plate inscribed with my name and the year, 1846. The other cane is worthless, and being worthless I might have expected to see it again. Well, we have the same two sumptuous rooms,—one of them fronting upon the Lake and Pilatus, and the snow-covered mountains,—which we occupied in that calamitous Winter of 1893-1894 when everything in 'U. S. A.' *seemed* to be going to pieces. You may remember the whirlwind of panic which swept over the country at that period, wrecking many fortunes, and leaving me in particular in fragments, as yet ill-patched together.

It is a delightful spot,—Lucerne, and for me it is a joy to be here, even in a fog; for until day before yesterday in the afternoon there has been a heavy fog all over the place ever since we came here, hiding the mountains and throwing a prodigious gloom over the face of Nature. Yesterday was the first sunny day we have had: with a soft balmy air: altogether delightful and exhilarating. It is indeed a grand scenery here: the beautiful Lake and the snow-covered mountains and Pilatus directly in front of us.

ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA,
28 *January*, 1899.

MY DEAR H.,—I forget whether I told you that when we were in Lucerne, on our way Southward, we bought a Kodak,—Eastman's: largest size: I fancied that it would be an agreeable occupation for the wife to take pictures,—for she is an extremely active person: never resting: always doing something. But alas! on account of the sad condition of her eyes, there are few things that she can do; she cannot read for more than half an hour at a time, and though she has a considerable faculty for painting and embroidery and such, she is now absolutely precluded from engaging in any of these interesting occupations. She can play the mandolin however, and in that art she has made considerable progress, though I am no judge; for though (like Charles Lamb) 'I even think that *sentimentally* I am disposed to harmony, yet *organically* I am incapable of a tune.' She can also ride a bicycle; and climb mountains; and also she takes an interest in flowers and plants, especially now that I have shown her the difference between an agave and an aloe. But these are only occasional excitements to activity. The kodak offers a steady business; for though pictures can be taken only when the sun shines, yet there is no end of indoor work, in the way of developing films and printing them when developed. Well, I enclose a specimen of her handiwork, being a picture of myself standing in the Piazza di Caricaminto in Genoa. It is one of the first pictures she took; and it seems to me creditable work for a mere beginner. The statue, to the right as you look at the picture, represents the Italian Merchant, *Rubattino*, founder of great Italian Steamship Lines to South America and elsewhere.

But before I forget it, let me set down the few notes of odd things which I have made:—in San Remo, a sign over a shop reads,—'Specialty of confectionery for Ladies' Jackets': 'Pure and *styptic* style,'—said by some one of Cardinal Newman's writing: 'umbrageous and altogether patulous': 'facund joys of the Cafe' (speaking of the French). I shall soon have to begin and learn English, such is the torrent of new words,—or at any rate of words of which I am ignorant,—that pours in upon me daily from newspapers, books and magazines. In *The Nation* I noticed the phrase 'summary *evaluation* of the book'! And that reminds me,—did you ever know what word the Ancient Romans used to express 'yes.' I found the following in a little book published last year in Manchester in England, entitled *Riviera Nature Notes.* The name of the author is not given: but I learn that he is Mr. C. Casey. The book was lent to me by Mr. Baker, formerly Keeper of the Herbarium at Kew Gardens in London. He has just resigned after thirty-three years of service, and is now as he says 'a free man'; and of course as a free man he did at once the most sensible thing he could do; he came to this villa on a forty-five days' round trip ticket, and he wishes now he had made it a ninety days' ticket. He is a most interesting and agreeable man, an enthusiast for plants and flowers,—always telling me something worth knowing. However, he amazed me by remarking one day that at Kew they say agave,—three syllables: second, short, whereas it should be long. The agave is ‘all over the place here’; one often sees wonderfully fine specimens of it. The agave is monocarpic, you know; and I have just seen a prodigious flower of an agave shooting up like a tree from the dying plant, at least twenty feet high. But I am wandering. What I was about to quote is this: ‘As Dante called Italian the language of “sì,” the word for “yes,” so the Southern French took the name of the *Langue d'Oc* from the Latin “hoc,” used for “yes,” and the northern Dialect that of *Langue d'Oil* from the Latin “*illud*.”’ But I fancy that Mr. Casey is not much of an authority; for in speaking of the word *mesembryanthemum*, the name of the beautiful creeper which hangs down from many an old wall in these parts, covering it in the springtime with gorgeous flowers of every hue, he calls it ‘flower of the midday’: and this rightly,—mesembris-anthemum: but he goes on to add,—the same root ‘occurs in *ephemeral* et cetera,’—fancy!

Delightful weather here for the most part: 64° to 66° in our rooms without fire: but just now cloudy and gloomy and wet.

On the Italian Riviera,
23 *February*, 1899.

My dear H.,—Have you read Julia Ward Howe's *Reminiscences* now going on in the *Atlantic*? I must confess I am disappointed in them; they seem to me very thin. But having been for several years intimate with the Howes, first in Chestnut Street and afterwards in Boylston Place,—also at the Blind Asylum in South Boston, and once for a week with them as their guest in Newport,—of course I take a personal interest in what Mrs. Howe relates of herself, especially of her earlier years of which I did not know much. The writing is sprightly enough, and possibly it might afford entertainment even to a person unacquainted with the Howes or their circle. But Mrs. Howe's writing is not picturesque; her Reminiscences have nothing in them which lifts them above mere personal notes, interesting only to those who know her; and she is not a sufficiently important literary character, either as a poetess or prose writer, to make these notes valuable in the way of illustrating her intellectual development. Do you fancy that a century or two hence, when she and her circle have faded into nothingness and not a human being lives who ever met her in the flesh, and hardly anyone could be found who ever heard even of her name,—do you fancy, I say, that these reminiscences could be in themselves interesting reading? But perhaps this is pressing the matter too hard. What anyone will care for, two centuries hence, it is difficult to conceive,—nor is it worth thinking of. However, there are very few people whom I have known in life more attractive to me than Mrs. Howe; I always liked her; she was genial and sweet: much common sense, though she lacked, like many men, a knowledge of the limitation of her faculties. She was too discursive in every direction, trying to grasp too many things,—Greek for instance. At her request I sent her from Dresden some thirty years ago a lot of Greek books, together with some of the German classics. What good to take up Greek for the first time after one is forty! and so on in many other lines. I believe in trying to *grow*, intellectually as well as morally all along the years; but the growth, to be of any real good, must be along certain established lines, running *a priori* as it were out of the very essence of the character, and cast of mind. I do not believe in miscellaneous *fishing* after new things, simply because the things have a name which it flatters vanity to be supposed to possess. There is a fearful frittering away of valuable time in this quest, and a weakening of the moral fibre as well: at any rate of the intellectual energy.

And now it so happens that the recollection of another of the few people whom I have known comes back to me in an obituary notice printed in one of the *Transcripts* you sent me,—John Holmes, brother of Oliver Wendell Holmes. But it is many many years since I have seen him, and I did not know that he was still living up to this late time. Years ago I had an office in Court Street,—a street which has been built over again since my day. Well, my office was up one flight: up two flights in the same building was an office occupied by one Storey, and there were others with him; one of them was John Holmes,—who, though he did not practise law,—used to come there regularly, and somehow I made his acquaintance and he used often to come into my office and chat with me. I remember very pleasant talks upon all possible subjects. He was a most cheerful little man: always joking and laughing; but I can't recall anything particular in connection with him; I can remember only a general impression of his personality. And so he has lived to fill up eighty-seven years; it is a great age; but I did not know that he 'wrote verse and short sketches,' and I hope they won't do him the injustice to print any of either; for if a man's lucubrations are not worth finding their way into print in the course of a life of eighty-seven years, they are surely not worth printing when he is gone forever.

Well, I have finished the reading of the second volume of Jowett's *Life*,—or rather, I should say, I have finished turning the leaves of it; for to read such a mass of words as are set down in the nearly five hundred octavo pages making up the volume is altogether impossible,—at least for me; and besides, there is not enough in the volume to reward so prodigious an effort. I can only say that the general impression left upon my mind in regard to Jowett's character and aims is most favourable; a really remarkable man; not only for what he did as a College Professor,—though that is a branch of life in which I have never taken much interest, Professors always seeming to me to be pedants or prigs; of course they aren't, at least not all; many are most estimable men, but estimable men are very tiresome companions, I fancy. A certain effervescence of humour and an underlying knowledge of the world and its absurdities and follies are needful to make a man an interesting companion, except of course a man is capable all the time of imparting knowledge; or capable, like our good old friend Dr. Hedge of clothing abstract philosophical themes in an intelligible and fascinating style; to such men I listen with reverence. But then such men do not make companions precisely; they are *talkers*; and as there was never any talk in me I cherish a profound respect for good talkers. But as a matter of fact, I never come across any; certainly not in these parts, where the proportion of men to women is hardly one to five. But, as I was going on to say, Jowett seems to me remarkable,—remarkable I mean for a man in his position, for the freedom of his thought. He was no more a Church of England man than I am; evidently he did not believe any more than any free-thinker, so called, believes nowadays in miracles. 'You cannot base religion any more upon miracles,' he says somewhere. He did not believe in the Old Testament story of creation, and all the rest. He said that 'Voltaire had done more good than all the Fathers of the Church put together.' 'The spiritual is an echo of the past,' he writes, 'derived from great prophets and leaders, hardly anywhere to be found at present in the human bosom; yet something like this is what the better mind of the age is seeking—a religion independent of the accidents of time and place.' 'A man of sixty should lead a quiet, open-air life. He ought at sixty to have acquired authority, reticence and *freedom from personality*.'

This strikes me as profound: and hence I have underscored the last three words. The following in regard to style seems to me noteworthy: 'Jowett had a number of curious little rules about writing; he would not, for instance, allow an abstract word to be the nominative to a verb of action; the balance of the clauses and the cadence of the sentences were also most carefully considered; and in this respect he would contrast the majestic sounds of the classical languages,—the long words and constantly recurring assonance of cases in agreement,—with the large number of monosyllables and comparative poverty of sound in English. Sentences were more likely to attract the mind if they attracted the ear, and at times a 'jingle' was permissible if it caught the reader's attention. The result of this minute care was that Jowett was more successful with sentences than with paragraphs,—the exposition of his thoughts was sometimes clearer than the connection of them ; and he was better at an epigram than an argument.' In 1893, Jowett writes to a friend : 'I have read lately a book which has greatly delighted me : Captain Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power in History*, and on the Napoleonic power especially. The book is American and *yet* quite *faultless in point of taste*,'—fancy. He adds, 'it is also perfectly impartial and shows immense knowledge of the subject.'

Well, I have been reading too Edward A. Freeman's *Life and Letters*. He was a tremendous journalist and wrote hundreds of articles for the *Saturday Review*, and for all possible other journals, magazines and what not. He wrote a *History of the Norman Conquest* which I never read, and a little book of sketches of French Cathedrals and towns and sites of towns which I tried to read ; but anything drier I fancy could not be found in any literature. His life was a striking contrast to Jowett's. Jowett was a man of *spirit* : Freeman was a man of *facts*,—facts the minutest which it is possible to conceive, facts historical and archæological. He spent months and months at a time in Sicily, working out all kinds of obscure archæological conundrums, of no interest, it seems to me, to any human being ; yet I will not say that deliberately ; for after all, I suppose any fact in the past may somehow turn out to be of interest in some way, when the right light is thrown upon it, however ridiculous may seem to be the search for it. His letters are almost unintelligible to me and I fancy to the 'general reader' also ; at any rate I cannot conceive of anyone reading through those two closely printed volumes word for word. I could only turn the pages in the hope of picking up an item or two of interest, and the hope was constantly disappointed. There is only one letter which I could make out fairly well ; it was written at Taormina in Sicily on March 30, 1890 (I wish he had given the name of his inn and then I could have placed him, but he doesn't). He says :

'I have been looking at things here again, and revising all that I had written about Tauromenion. I have altered a good deal in order to bring in your view that the *μία ἀκρόπολις* that Dionysius took was not the Castle hill as I thought at first and as Holm thinks, but the hill of the theatre; and that the two ἀκροπόλεις are the hill of the theatre and the Castle Hill,—not the Castle hill and the Mola,' and so on. This I can understand, because I was in Taormina,—for a fortnight in April, 1896, when we made a little tour in Sicily; but nevertheless I can't see that it is in the least worth understanding. Taormina is situated on a crag six hundred feet above the sea, and that suffices,—*basta*; but observe,—not a word about the ruins of the old Greek Theatre, on a high hill, directly above our inn, the Hôtel Timeo: most interesting ruins: the stage better preserved than any that survives: a wonderful site, looking over the Tyrrhenian sea: crags rising all around it,—among them the *Mola*, which I ascended half way and then gave out: and on the top of the Mola a town still inhabited: a most extraordinary and picturesque situation: not a word about the entrancing views from Taormina, over across to Ætna towering white and threatening high up towards the blue sky, and all along the whole sweep of the coast down almost to Syracuse. Nor in any of the letters is there a word upon Greek art or architecture; nothing but dreary inquiries into the *sites* of hills, and towns and parts of towns and walls and such: archæological investigations of greater or less worth, but who cares for such outside the pages of *Fach-Schriften*? —a very dreary book. Freeman was a free-thinking lance however; and I fancy was as far adrift from the orthodox English Church standpoints as even Jowett. He was also a partisan in politics, but on the right side for the most part. He did not believe in Royalties and such; rather, in Leagues and Confederations. He went over to the United States in the Autumn of 1881, and gave lectures. I was amused by some of the remarks upon American ways in his letters from the United States. Among other things he mentions the following three *Illaudabilia Americana* (unpraiseworthy things of America): 1st—They give you no drink-water in your bedroom (of course not, for no one would drink it: the American drinks only pitchers of ice-water): 2nd—They sit with the door of the room open (of course they do, the whole house being heated; hence it is not manners to shut a door carefully upon entering a room, as in England and Germany, where the entries (they call them *passages* in England) are as cold as out-doors in Siberia): 3rd—They eat their meat *raw*, which they call *rare* (and so do at least one half if not two-thirds of the English people, though they use the word *underdone*; but our word is better, being more expressive).

And that reminds me, one of the few agreeable English women whom we have seen here this Winter, told me that the English were now dropping the word *clever* and taking up the American word *smart* in the sense of clever; *guess* will come next, I fancy; though it will probably be a good while before they get over being *sick* in their restricted use of that word. In the latter half or third of his life Freeman was incessantly travelling on the Continent, chiefly in Eastern Europe,—the coasts of the Adriatic, and especially in Sicily. He died of smallpox in Alicante in Spain on Wednesday March 16, 1892, at the age of about sixty-nine. It is very odd that about the time you were reading Dr. Birbeck Hill's Johnsonian Miscellanies,—that day when the snowdrifts lay heavy about your house, and a good old-fashioned New England snowstorm was raging against your window-panes (how much I used to enjoy that kind of thing when I was young; but now,—no, not for worlds!) I was making a note of that very book,—here, with windows open, and a blue sky overhead and a balmy air making the sunlight even more joyous; for I was reading a book entitled *Studies of a Biographer*, By Leslie Stephen, and in the first volume of it was a paper upon *Johnsoniana* for which Dr. Birbeck Hill's work served as the text. I have since read the second volume of Leslie's book, and I commend it to you; there are many clever and interesting *studies* in it.

On the Italian Riviera,
9 *March*, 1899.

My dear H.,—You may have noticed in the newspapers the announcement of the death of 'our old friend,' Sir George

Bowen. He died in Brighton on Tuesday evening, February 21, after two days' illness only,—from bronchitis. There was a brief obituary notice of him in the *Morning Post*, containing mention of the leading events of his life. He was born in 1821, and 'in 1856 he married the Countess Diamantina, only surviving daughter of his Highness Count Candiano Roma, G.C.M.G., President of the Ionian Senate (she died in 1893); and secondly, in 1896, Florence, widow of the Rev. H. White, and daughter of the Rev. T. Luby, D.D.' He was therefore seventy-five years of age when he married a second time; this was characteristic.

It was most interesting, the account which you give of your snowbound state. The last great snowstorm in Boston at which I ever assisted was in the early part of 1867, and I must confess I rather enjoyed it; but I was 32 years younger then. I could hardly bear up against such a horror now; yet I could fancy you repeating serenely Heine's lines. I came across them on the very day on which I received your letter, in a rubbishy little book by Sir John Lubbock, entitled *The Pleasures of Life*, which, seduced by the title, I had borrowed from our little Library, eager to see what could possibly be made out of that pleasing theme. These are the lines:

> Outside fall the snowflakes lightly;
>   Through the night loud raves the storm;
> In my room the fire glows brightly,
>   And 'tis cosy, silent, warm.
>
> Musing I sit on the settle
>   By the firelight's cheerful blaze,
> Listening to the busy kettle
>   Humming long forgotten lays.

And these lines, by the way, are set down in Lubbock's little book under the rubric of 'Pleasures of Home.' But àpropos of the night,—in the night between Saturday and Sunday last,—it must have been between two and three o'clock in the morning (of Sunday) as I *guessed*, and it turns out that I guessed correctly,—being half awake for a moment I heard a tremendous sound as of a cannon or an explosion. I could not conceive what it might be, for I knew there were no cannon in the neighbourhood. Then a terrible thought occurred to me,—it might be the boom of an earthquake, for I have often read of loud sounds, as of explosions, accompanying or preceding earthquakes. I waited and listened in terror ; the house was firm ; the bed did not rattle :—the momentary terror died away. I turned over and went to sleep. But I remembered the next morning to ask everyone whom I saw whether he had heard the noise. The wife had heard nothing ; several persons in the house however had heard it, and they all ascribed it to an earthquake ; but no tidings had come of any earthquake. In the afternoon, however, there came over from Nice copies of French newspapers, and we knew what had occurred :—that terrible explosion in the Powder Magazines at Toulon, one hundred and twenty-three miles distant by rail ! Some said that the vibration had run along the mountain tops ; others that the sound had traversed the Mediterranean, the greater distance by land being occasioned by the incessant windings of the coastline. It seems that these Powder Magazines were situated at a distance of three kilometres from the town. Had they been situated in the town, not one stone would have been left upon another ; as it was, everything in the neighbourhood was shattered and torn, fifty persons killed, and several hundred wounded. New kinds of powder were stored in these Magazines ; and I have no doubt that the explosion was spontaneous,—precisely the same kind of thing which happened to our warship the *Maine*, in the Harbour of Havannah : an explosion which it baffled the acutest American researchers to trace to an act of malevolence, and yet the whole American people believe firmly to this day that the Spaniards blew up the *Maine*.

The guests in this house are women,—elderly women ; I should say, musty old women, except that such a phrase is impolite, and besides I am old enough in all conscience myself, not to say musty. Yet there are even older folk here than I. There is a Colonial Bishop in an adjoining villa, eighty-five years old ; and last night there arrived at this house a sprightly old German lady, aged eighty-six, accompanied by her daughter,—the daughter is a pious Baroness from Berlin who goes about distributing tracts to the wicked. She gave me a tract in German,—one of the tracts which she scatters broadcast among the other sinners,—being a spinster of sixty. The wife goes now and then into the Salon, and has some conversation with the Americans; she reports them however to be a very silent, secretive lot. You see, this is what I mean by the term musty: no frank talk: no responsive manner: on the contrary, wariness, secretiveness, *monosyllabicalness*, in mere trifles: no sense of companionship,—cold isolation: the barren side of New Englandism, not its sunny side: for in spite of the Puritan taint in our blood, there is still a sunny, cheerful, frank, and winning side to the New England character,—if one only understands how to get at it.

We have had more or less bad weather lately; for the last three days a most disagreeable *tramontano* has been blowing, followed to-day by the usual change to a soft air, and wetness and gloom. Yet we ought not to complain, for as a rule the days have been brilliant and the air mild ever since we came here in December. And this gloom will not last for more than a day or two longer; already the fig trees are budding, and the peach is blossoming, and there is a delicious perfume of orange flowers in the air. The almond trees blossomed long ago; but the fragrant mimosa is still everywhere: and sweet smelling thyme: radiant landscapes and a shining sea. *Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre*, as Musset said.

And by the way, I have been looking through a *History of Italian Literature* By Rich and Garnett. It is one of the short histories of the Literatures of the World series edited by Edmund Gosse; but I found little in it that was either interesting or useful, though I dare say this may have been partly my fault. It begins at the beginning like all these Literature-Histories, and goes on briefly, and with an awful wearisomeness through succeeding centuries. The art of book-making seems never to have been extended to *Literatur Geschichten*; if it had been, the world would be richer in entertaining books. Take the beginnings of a Literature:

they run through a long period as a rule, and the first period is just as different from the last period as a man in the ninth century is different from a man in the nineteenth. Of course a good book on the man of the ninth century is interesting, but the man of that century should stand by himself and not be mixed up with the man of the nineteenth. Oh, this bother of the beginnings of Literature! can anyone but a specialist understand them, or be interested in them? how painfully dreary is it all! And as for recent Italian Literature I can't find anything—or hardly anything,—that I did not know before, except in regard to *D'Annunzio* (born 1863), who seems to be the rising genius of the country: Poet and novel-writer. Well, I do not care for Italian Poetry; there never seemed to me to be anything in it,—or if there were anything, it was something nasty, as a rule. Of course there are exceptions,—and of course I do not speak of Dante whom I could never more than half understand; though I really can recognize in a way the splendour of his genius in the *Divina Commedia*, but not in his other things, the *Vita Nuova* and such, which impress me as mere drivel. I suppose there is some mental infirmity which prevents me from seeing into this kind of thing, or comprehending it otherwise than as an ocean of dreariness. Well, D'Annunzio has written novels: and I find it written of him in this book of Garnett's:

'As an artist, D'Annunzio is almost as admirable in prose as in verse: and if with his descriptive he combined the creative gift, all his immoralities could not bebar him from permanent renown. D'Annunzio's novels are important literary events. They have earned him renown and circulation in France and the United States. The most celebrated are *Il Piacere, Il Trionfo della Morte, La Vergine delle Rocce*, the last of which is exempt from most of the objections justly urged against the others.'

I have an indistinct impression that one of his recent novels was prohibited by the police somewhere: is he really so bad as that? And by the way, the wife is now reading aloud *More Tramps Abroad* by *Mark Twain.* I do not remember ever to have read any of his writings, though

I have a vague recollection of once looking into his *Tramps Abroad*, and the part that I looked at seemed to me silly. However this book is worth reading for the sake of the vivid flashes it throws not merely upon the physical character of many countries, Australia and India in particular, but also upon the ways of people,—customs and superstitions, especially in India. Still I must confess that two volumes of this humorous, semi-serious style of writing are somewhat tiresome, though I am often struck by the happy way he has of putting profound truths. He is always in a certain vein ; there are no contrasts in his writing, no lights and shadows ; always a frolicsome bubble of witticisms, of which a little goes a great way. Some of his stories however, like *Huckleberry Finn*, are said to be inimitable ; but I have not yet come across them.

THE MURRAY HILL HOTEL, NEW YORK,
26 *June*, 1899.

MY DEAR H.,—We left Genoa at ten o'clock on the morning of Thursday, June 8 : and in the afternoon of Wednesday June 21,—a day late,—we were landed on the Pier at Hoboken. It was a smooth voyage,—placid sailing o'er Summer seas : only one bad day,—but that was very bad : a dreary, gloomy day : sea running very high : ship rolling and pitching, and screw racing. I was not in the least seasick, but in great peril, through being flung about. The stewards however were very kind and somehow managed to get me into my chair on deck,—which was lashed to the railings ; and I sat there the greater part of the day reading Trevelyan's *Life of Charles James Fox*, and all about the American Revolution from Fox's point of view : an interesting narrative : also watching the ship roll, and wondering whether the taffrails would finally get into the water. There were somewhat less than forty First Class Passengers, and they mostly *went under* during that uncanny day. But it was a singular experience,—how the storm rose and spent itself in a period of precisely twenty-four hours : for the preceding day the sea was smooth, as it had been all the days since we left Genoa up to that sickening Monday, June 19. And on the following day,—the sea going down as fast as it had come up,—there was also smooth water: and so it remained until we landed. ‘Racks’ on the tables but once only—that stormy Monday,—or ‘fiddles,’ as the English call them; the German term is *Schlangeneisen* but it is not much used, *rack* being generally adopted on the German Atlantic boats.

We had a delightful run down to Naples, which we reached early on Friday morning (June 9). I was on deck from five o'clock in the morning, wishing to enjoy a sight of Vesuvius and all the beautiful scenery round about; but unfortunately there was a heavy veil of mist over the land, and I could but dimly make out shadowy forms of mountains, and Vesuvius hardly at all. By eight o'clock we were made fast to the quay in front of the Custom House in Naples; and there we remained until half-past five in the afternoon, taking on board coals and cargo (oranges mostly, so far as I could see) and eight hundred and thirty-seven Italian emigrants! Emigration from Italy is now going forward on a tremendous scale. The day we left Genoa, three great Italian steamers sailed from that port for South America, laden with emigrants. Indeed the emigration is chiefly to South America,—so much so that ‘America’ means to the ordinary Italian, not North America, but South America (Brazil or the Argentine). It was pretty hot in Naples, although not by any means as hot as it is now in New York, where it is 80° in our rooms night and day,—and I did not go ashore. There was a cool breeze blowing; and I sat in the shade under an awning on deck and read novels, and watched the shipping of the emigrants. The Company gave each emigrant on coming on board a woollen blanket, a pewter basin, mug and knife and fork; and I dare say these poor creatures lived better on the *Saale* than ever they did before in their lives. There have been great abuses connected with the emigrant traffic, and the Italian Government is now very solicitous to see that the emigrants are well treated. It compels the German Company to carry an Italian physician, and also a Royal

Commissioner whose duty it is to see that the steamship company fulfils its contract with the emigrant in regard to the quantity and quality of his food, and the necessary ventilation and such things. The little Italian physician whom we had on board amused me very much. He was in full uniform and spent almost all his time on deck, buzzing about, smoking cigarettes and trying to talk English. Whereas, the regular German physician wore only a uniform cap, and never showed himself; in fact I could never make him out until in the last two or three days of the voyage.

On Monday morning (June 12) I went on deck as usual between five and six o'clock, and there was Gibraltar, massive and frowning in full view. However, it is by no means so imposing a sight as I had always fancied it to be. There was an early breakfast,—at seven,—and at eight a tender came alongside, ready to take the passengers ashore at fifty cents a head. I did not go ashore; it was too troublesome; but of course the wife went. They had but two hours ashore; she brought back for me a dozen Manilla cigars, price a penny each. I have no doubt that such cigars would cost at least ten cents each in this country; I have still one left, which I am keeping for the Fourth of July; I shall show my patriotism—one must do something for one's country,—by smoking it on that historic occasion and wishing I were still off Gibraltar. Also great black figs and tiresome apricots, and sweet-smelling carnations did she bring with her; and at half-past ten o'clock we steamed out upon the broad Atlantic: sea smooth as a mirror, all the way from Genoa to Gibraltar, and on to the Azores, which we sighted early on the morning of the following Thursday (June 15). It was a brilliant morning; but there was a cold wind blowing, and later, it became somewhat cloudy. We ran in very close to the shores,—sometimes hardly half a mile distant. The great mountain *Pico* (7600 feet) was invisible, wrapped in clouds, except once when the clouds fell away from the summit, and we caught a glimpse of it glittering in the sunlight. We passed also very close to *Horta*, the Capital of the Island of Fayal:

charming situation, in a little bay, with green hills behind it; and refreshing indeed, after so many days upon the water, was the sight of the white houses scattered all over these islands, and the green fields carefully cultivated, for corn and wine, and here and there a white church,—and a big monastery. And so the voyage went smoothly on until the following Monday, June 19,—that sickening Monday of which I have already spoken; and then smooth again all the way up to the Pier in Hoboken.

The Customs inspection on the Pier had been a great bugbear to everybody on board the ship, though I still cherished an underlying conviction that I should go in easily, as I had done many times before; and I was right. We went through easily: four trunks, two travelling bags, and a mandolin in a wooden case, very handsome case too: all chalked free at once: *nothing examined.* We have always had good luck with Customs Houses; there must be something in my venerable appearance which inspires a beautiful trust and respect in the average Customs Official. Also there is something in being on old hand, and knowing how to do it. There was no talk of one hundred dollars' worth of wearing apparel, and no questions that I can remember were asked. You know a Customs Officer boards the steamer as she is coming up the harbour, and seats himself in the Saloon and each passenger in turn goes up to him, and receives a card with a number on it. This card is to be given to an officer on the Pier, who assigns an Inspector. But before you get this card one makes a declaration before the Officer in the Saloon, as to whether one has any dutiable goods; also saying where one is going and whether one has been abroad more than two years and so on. Of course I declared nothing, having nothing to declare. I think the Officer must have asked me a dozen questions, but I didn't hear any of them distinctly, and he didn't wait for any answers, but scribbled away rapidly in a great blank form, which he gave me to sign; and I signed it. Our baggage as usual was the last to be brought on the Pier, and while we were waiting for it, an Inspector came up to me with my declaration in his hand, and entered into friendly conversation.

He was a very nice man: extremely polite: and even came round outside of the shed to the street where our carriage stood, and saw us off in a heavy-laden five-dollar landau. But when we reached this hotel, I found that I must have lost a five dollar bill somewhere on the pier, or in the street while waiting for the baggage to be loaded upon our carriage, —fancy ! !

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